

DEMON QUEEN SERIES, BOOK 1

# HELL'S BELLE



EVE NEWTON

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# DEMON QUEEN SERIES, BOOK 1: A DARK REVERSE HAREM FANTASY

# EVE NEWTON



# CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Chapter 32](#)

[Chapter 33](#)

[Chapter 34](#)

[Chapter 35](#)

[Chapter 36](#)

[Chapter 37](#)

[Chapter 38](#)

[Chapter 39](#)

[Chapter 40](#)

[Chapter 41](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Also by Eve Newton](#)

**Hell's Belle**

**Demon Queen Series, Book 1**

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*A year and half ago*

**Annabelle**

I fluff out my vivid red hair and adjust my huge tits in the black leather bustier. Leaning in closer to the mirror, I pucker up and apply a coat of red lip gloss to my full lips. I wink at myself, my green eyes alight with admiration. I know I'm gorgeous. I don't even have to adjust anything about myself, even though I could.

"Happy birthday, Sis," my twin brother, Shax says, lounging in my doorway, tapping his fingers on his thigh. He is dressed head to toe in black which makes his light blond hair look even brighter.

"Baby," I cry at him and fling my arms around him. "One year today, I will rule Hell! Fucking can't come soon enough."

He grunts at me. He hates it when I call him 'Baby'. He was born before me, or should I say, *my* dad, with the help of *his* dad, pulled him out of our mother before me. It was positioning, nothing more, but he prefers to think he's my older brother. My precious twin by some twist of celestial fate where we have different fathers. I would die without him. We are inseparable.

He loops his arm through mine. "You will kick ass," he says, telling me what I want to hear, when I want to hear it as he always does. He props up my ego and I adore him for it. Not that I require validation, I know I will kick ass, but it's nice to hear as well.

I bend down and pick up Babe, my nail studded bat, that is leaning against the wall by the door. "Time for the Daily Dealings. You in?"

"Not today," he mutters. "Watching you deal with the disobedient Demons in this place, while a delight, isn't on my birthday wish list."

"Oh?" I inquire, now full of curiosity. "Who is the lucky female?"

He rolls his eyes at me. "Wouldn't you like to know," he drawls.

"Yes, that's why I'm asking," I reply with a tut.

"Go and do your thing, Belle. I'll catch up with you later." He leans forward to give me a kiss on my cheek.

I pout at him but let him go.

“Ready?” Dad asks me, flaming in beside me with a broad grin. He is the Devil and he indulges my evil side with a fatherly delight.

“Always,” I say. “Do we have some really bad Demons on the docket today?”

“As it is your birthday, I ensured that there were,” he says with a laugh, but then he goes serious. “You are carving out your destiny, Annabelle. I couldn’t be prouder of you. We have one year left to make sure that when you take my power to rule Hell, you are ready.”

I frown at him, the thrill I had dissipating quickly. “What do you mean ‘take’?” I ask him carefully. He has never mentioned ‘take’ before. I assumed he would hand it over and I’d be the Demon Queen.

He sighs and takes my hand. “I can’t give it to you. It’s something you have to take. You have to be prepared to do whatever you need to do to take it.”

“What?” I snap at him. “Don’t be ridiculous.” What he is suggesting is out of the question. “I am not fighting you for it.”

“You’ll have no choice,” he says.

“We will find another way,” Mom says, slipping in next to Dad and fixing him with that glare that makes even the most powerful Demons quake in their boots. The self-appointed Queen of Hell is a delicate, small blonde female. But looks can be deceiving. “I told you, I will find another way,” she adds.

He bends down to kiss her. “And just in case you don’t, Annabelle needs to know what is required of her to rule,” he says.

I look between the two of them, my anger flaring up. “Way to ruin my fucking birthday. Thanks a lot,” I snarl and march away, pissed off and scared at what my father wants me to do. I cannot leave it to my mother alone to find another way for me to get that power. I’m going to have to help her because one thing is damn sure, in a year’s time, I’m becoming Queen. I just don’t want to have to kill my father to do it.





### *Present day*

### **Annabelle**

My eyes fly open.

I wriggle on the black satin sheets of my bed and then look down.

I sigh.

“What are you doing?” I ask the Demon that is tongue fucking me – not that well, I might add.

He stops and looks up. “Uhm...” He has absolutely no idea what to say.

“One nighter means one night,” I inform him, bending my knee so that I can push him away from me with my foot. “It’s not that hard.”

“I—I’m sorry, Your Majesty,” he stammers and scrambles off the bed.

“Get out,” I grumble as he fumbles with his clothes.

He runs naked out of the room as my pet Hellhound, Musmortus, growls at him from the corner, her three heads snapping their jaws, eager for a bite of Demon ass.

“Good girl,” I murmur to her and sigh as I climb off the bed and stretch.

I walk over to the glass wall on the far side of the room that looks out over the den of iniquity several floors down on the ground. All of the rooms in my new residence look out over the entertainment area.

I smile as I watch my minions. Each one has been hand-picked by me to provide the fun I do so enjoy watching. The Seven Deadly Sins in action, all day every day. It sends a shiver down my spine and peaks my nipples, exciting me way more than the little Demon had with his tongue up my cunt only moments ago.

I’m past this. I want more, but I *need* more than any one Demon can give me. For starters, my sex

drive is too high for only one Demon to keep up with up. But it is more than that. I haven't found a single male that can handle *all* of me. I know I'm high maintenance in every way and I totally know that I have anger issues. It is something that I'm trying to work on.

I hear the door, that the Demon had left wide open, close quietly and then a warm body presses himself against me.

"Drescal," I murmur as his hands come around to pinch my pebbled nipples before he nuzzles my neck, brushing his lips lightly over my skin.

"Anna," he croons.

My blood tingles. He has a slight accent which makes him pronounce my name *Ahna*. I enjoy it far more than I would like to.

My body responds to him, warming up at his touch.

He dips his hand lower, gliding over my clit before he slips a finger inside me.

"You know that my pussy is already full of Demon cum," I whisper wickedly.

He withdraws his finger and pushes me gently up against the window, my huge tits squashing against the glass for everyone to see, if they look up.

"I'd be disappointed if it wasn't," he whispers in my ear before he nips my lobe and then licks my neck.

My breath catches and I spin around, taking him in.

He is the stereotypical tall, dark and handsome. Although, 'handsome' doesn't really cut it. He is gorgeous. His dark hair flops over his forehead, making my hand itch to brush it back. He towers over me, his dark eyes sweeping over my face as I give him a once-over that I know will make his cock hard.

I part my lips, staring at his and he leans down to delve his tongue into my mouth in a sensual kiss that makes my knees weak. He is good at seduction. It's his damned job. He is an Incubus. His powers don't work on me – I'm immune to all Hell-ish powers. The heat between us is natural and as much as I want to explore it, I'm afraid that if I do, he will come up short and then this fire will die.

He wraps his arms around me as I kiss him back and he walks us over to the bed. He pushes me down gently, stripping off his black duster, his eyes hot with desire. He starts to unbutton his black shirt, but I stop him from taking it off.

"Leave it on," I order him.

He narrows his eyes at me but does as I ask. He knows now this is a hard and fast fuck and nothing more. He swiftly undoes his black pants and they drop around his ankles.

I fall back and part my legs. "No need for foreplay," I state. "I'm already well-lubed."

He snorts. "Oh, Anna," he murmurs. "How many Demons did it take to make you come last night?"

"Too many," I sigh. "How many females did you seduce last night to make *you* come?"

He chuckles, ignoring my question. He leans over me, bracing himself. I wrap my legs around him, pulling him closer. He wastes no time in thrusting deep inside me. I arch my back and cry out softly.

He knows how to get this done. He makes me orgasm like no other male ever has. He knows it, he uses it to keep coming back and I let him because the high I feel when the climax tears through my body from his long, hard strokes is something that I cannot recreate, not for lack of trying.

"Yes," I pant. He hits my G-spot and the tingle in my blood from his nearness sets alight. "Fuck, Dres, that's it, baby!"

He grunts and fucks me harder.

I dig my sharp, black-lacquered nails into his back as I squeeze him with my thighs, riding the high that he's bringing to me even before I come.

"Anna," he moans, pulling all the way out and then slamming back inside me with such force, the bed rocks. "You drive me wild."

"Ah!" I scream as my climax hits me hard. My blood roars through my body, my nipples are aching they are so erect, my clit pulses as my pussy clenches around his enormous cock.

"Fuck, yes," he mutters and then he pounds me one last time before his own orgasm explodes and he drenches me with his cum. "No one else makes me come so damn quickly," he adds with a laugh.

"You'd be a piss-poor Incubus if they did," I retort with a chuckle and push him off me. "See you later."

It's his cue to leave.

I ignore his brief forlorn look as he re-clothes himself. I have somewhere that I need to be, and I have a stop to make on the way.

I throw him a bone. "I'll come find you later. Now go."

He beams at me and bows, "Yes, Your Majesty."

I roll my eyes at him. Only he can make it sound like he is mocking me. "Why do I keep you around?" I ask, bending down to pick up a human thigh bone from the middle of the floor that Musmortus has slobbered all over. I throw it back to her, but she is too busy giving Drescal the evil-eye to notice.

"Because no other male down here can fuck you like I do," he says darkly and then he sweeps out, his coat majestically swishing behind him.

I growl at him. He got the last word and that pisses me off. If I wasn't already running late, I would go out there, drag him back and let him see the business end of Babe.

I slam the door shut and head for the en-suite. I have to shower, get dressed and see Shax before my appointment.



I DON'T BOTHER KNOCKING AS I BARGE INTO MY TWIN'S ROOM THAT IS SITUATED A FEW DOORS DOWN from mine. It used to be next door, but he got tired of listening to my screams of pleasure. His words, not mine.

I stop short of slamming the door shut behind me as I take him in. He is naked to the waist and has his wings out. Black feathers flapping lazily, causing his hair to stir gently. He gets those from his dad, Dashed. The second ever Angel to fall from grace. The first, of course, was my great-grandfather, the original Lucifer. *My* wings are made from fire and they can burn a Demon from several feet away.

Shax turns towards me with narrowed eyes. He knows it's me and he doesn't bother to fold his wings back in, nor cover up the fact that he was about to screw some female. His wrist is slashed, his dark red blood dripping onto the carpet now.

I give the female a look of utter disgust.

Shax's blood burns Demons. But he uses it during sex as some kind of game. They line up for it, reveling in the scorch marks that it leaves on their skin momentarily.

I don't have a problem with pain, especially during sex, but I do have scorn for any bitch who comes sniffing around my brother. He is aloof, mysterious, eye-wateringly powerful and, not said in a

creepy way, he is fucking gorgeous. The females eat it up around here.

“Belle,” he says in that quiet, level tone that is his trademark. He never shouts, never whispers. “What’s up?”

I gesture to the door for the bitch to leave, which she does hastily. Shax gives me an annoyed look, but then puts his wings away and does up his pants.

“So sorry for interrupting,” I say, sarcasm dripping from every word, “but I need you to help me keep looking.”

“Now?” he asks.

“In a bit. I have an appointment, but I wanted to make sure you carved out the time later.”

“Fine,” he huffs.

“Shax,” I bark at him. “It’s important. You know how much I need to find it. Find *him*.” I look down, the feeling of guilt overwhelming me. I shove it aside as I have no place for guilt. Not even for this, but it keeps popping up like an irritating Hell-pit fly.

“I do, but our mother was very explicit. She said you had to wait a year and it’s only been six months.”

“I don’t care,” I hiss at him. “He did this for me, and it worked. Now, it’s time to bring him back.”

He gives me that mild look that crosses his face whenever my temper zings up a notch or two. I don’t scare him. I can’t hurt him. Even if I could, I wouldn’t. I take a deep breath and count to three, then give him a bright smile.

He rolls his eyes at me. “Therapy in practice?” he asks with a smirk.

“Yes,” I say steadily. “And I’m late for it, so promise me, you’ll meet me in the dungeon later.”

“Much later,” he replies with a yawn and flops back to the bed.

He is asleep within seconds.

“Great,” I mutter and head out to my appointment, over half an hour late.



### **Annabelle**

“Hey, Doctor Gregory,” I purr, leaning in the doorway of his open office, hand on my hip.

“Just Gregory is fine, Annabelle,” he clips out in that British accent that kinda makes my panties melt a little. “You’re late.”

“Spank me?” I ask wickedly.

“Sit,” he says, ignoring me and pointing to the chair opposite him.

I huff at him. He is the only male that is somehow resistant to my charms. It makes me want him even more. He is hot, in a nerdy kind of way. Light blond hair, cut a bit longer than would look cool, blue eyes behind glasses that are shrewd, yet somehow disinterested at the same time. He is taller than me, which is not hard as I’m only five feet one, but not Demon tall. Maybe five, ten or eleven.

I sit, doing as I’m told like a good little Hell Queen. I lean back, crossing my legs, showing him a large amount of thigh before my black leather skirt starts and my pussy is just about covered.

He doesn’t look.

“Are you gay?” I ask him bluntly.

“Are you?” he asks back blandly.

“Nope, not gay. I mean I’d do a female if she got me off real good but wouldn’t go looking for it. I like cock.”

“Hmm,” he mutters and writes something down in his notepad.

I tap my fingers. I know I had Shax bring this human down to Hell so that he could be my therapist, help me with my anger issues and teach me how to control my temper so that I come across as a cool-headed leader and not a spoiled brat. I think I’m doing okay. Although, he has never told me that I am, so this is something that I’ve assumed about myself. He’s been here for two months now, living in Hell as a human. He’d adapted quite quickly after an initial meltdown. Must be that rational, scientific brain of his.

Problem is, he wants me to initiate conversation and I have no idea what to say to him. I don’t want to come across all whiny and shit, nor do I want to scare the living daylights out of him by rambling on about torture and how much fun it is. He is a hard nut to crack and that is less fun.

“Soo...” I drawl.

“So?” he repeats.

“Do you think I’m hot?” I ask him.

He searches my eyes for a moment. “Do you want me to think that you’re hot?”

“Fuck’s sake!” I snap at him. “Why do you always answer with a question?”

“This is about you, not me. Do you require an honest answer, or do you want me to prop up your ego?”

“Honest,” I mumble. I have a feeling I’m about to get shade thrown at me in a big way.

“I find your features interesting,” he starts, but it is *not* a compliment. He is evaluating me like some kind of asset. “Your attire is too revealing, there is no need for such overtness. Your make-up is too heavy, and your hair is too long.”

“Oh,” I say, feeling a blush rise up my overly made up cheeks. Who needs enemies to insult you when you have a therapist to do it? It pisses me off. “Who are you to decide anyway?” I snarl at him.

“Deep breath, one, two, three and smile...”

I narrow my eyes at him as I could’ve sworn I just saw a flicker of a smile pass across his face.

“Asshat,” I mutter. He’d been baiting me. But I have no idea if that’s what he really thinks or not and that also pisses me off. I sigh. “I feel like a fraud,” I add after a beat.

“Why?”

I watch as he taps his pen on his chin, his eyes never leaving mine. He is riveted to what I have to say and that is a first. Usually the male’s eyes are on my tits, ass or pussy, as they think only about nailing me.

“Ooooooh,” I breathe out as the realization hits me of what he is trying to say with his hurtful words. I nod at him. “I get what you’re saying.”

“About what?”

“Fucking fuck-fuck,” I snap. “Stop asking questions.”

He blinks at me and I take a deep breath. “You think that males don’t take me seriously because of the way I dress.”

“Is that what *you* think?”

“RAHHH!” I roar at him, clenching my fists and flashing my Devil’s eyes of fire at him briefly before I grit out, “One, two, three and smile.” I plaster a smile on my face, but judging by his look, it’s probably more of a grimace.

I need to refocus. This session is supposed to be helping me with the pesky shame I feel about how I got my rule. “I feel bad because I didn’t kill my father to get his power.”

He gives me a fleeting incredulous look and I realize that my words weren’t perhaps said in the way that I meant them.

His bland look descends again. “No, your mother found another way for you to get your power, which *did not* include having to kill your own father for them. But you feel it has lessened your ability to rule or lessened the impact of it?”

I grit my teeth. “Both.”

“Only your family knows of this development.”

“And you,” I remind him with a warning note in my voice.

He nods slowly. “You are worried that if someone finds out, they will use it against you?”

I nod. Now we are getting somewhere. “Not just that, though. I feel...” I choke on the word, “... guilty about how it all went down.”

“It was his choice, was it not?”

“Yes,” I say in a small voice.

“Then what is there to feel guilty about?”

“He gave up a year of his life to do this because he knew I didn’t want to kill him. He knows that I didn’t have it in me and that makes me feel like shit, okay?” I fold my arms across my chest and sit back with a mutinous look on my face.

“The way I hear it, you have no problem killing,” he states, his eyes boring into mine. “You love your father, that is plain. Of course you don’t want to kill him.”

“He killed his father,” I point out.

“Maybe his father was a prick?” he says with a sexy smirk that catches me off guard.

I snort laugh. “Word is,” I agree.

“There you go.”

I smile at him and actually feel marginally better about this situation than I did before. “Thanks,” I mutter.

“No need for thanks,” he says. “You did most of the work.”

I regard him for a moment and then unfold my arms, uncross my legs and open them wide for a few seconds before I cross them again.

His eyes drop for a split second, but then focus on my eyes again.

I give him a wicked smile, but what he implied before resounds in my head. “Same time tomorrow,” I say and stand up.

He stands too, putting his notebook on the table next to him. “I choose to believe that you aren’t a bad person, Annabelle,” he says carefully.

I narrow my eyes at him. “Shows what you know, Gregory. I’m not even a person.” Then, just to prove my point, I leave his office engulfed in the flames of Hell, the Devil’s power to be one place one second and another the next.



OUTSIDE OF GREGORY’S OFFICE, I LOOK DOWN AT MYSELF. I BITE MY LIP AND WITH A SINGLE thought, change my outfit to a crisp white blouse and black pants. My shoes are still high with little spikes sticking out of them and the heels are wickedly sharp, useful for eye gouging when the need overtakes me. I don’t know why it never does with Gregory. He is a pain in my ass, and I need him, but somehow the killer urge doesn’t manifest itself in his presence. I don’t know if it’s because I find him really sexy and want to screw him on his office chair, or another reason that I don’t even want to think about, but it worms its way into my thoughts anyway. He *knows* me. He is the only male, apart from Shax, that seems to understand me and knows *some* of my secrets. Not all of my secrets. He would run a mile I’m sure, if he knew of my secret desire to make a male scream by peeling his skin off inch by inch. I shiver in delight and then find myself heading off to the training room for newbie Incubi.

Drescal is ancient and the absolute best at his vocation. When he is here, he teaches the noobs how to work their magick on Earth’s females. His little booty call this morning was him telling me that he is back from seducing, screwing and damning females to Hell.

I pause outside the door to the room. It is wide open, and he is standing there all commanding and gorgeous as he weaves a lull over the new Demons that Roberta has sent him from Inbound. They are the damned souls, recycled into Demons and have then been assigned here, depending on their

“qualifications.”

My mother was a Seductress. The female version of Drescal. I wasn't supposed to look in her record, but curiosity bit my ass, so I went searching and discovered she was a prostitute when she was human, destitute and depraved. No wonder Dad made her into a Seductress. His very best, so I hear, before she retired when she had Shax and me.

Drescal looks up and sees me standing in the doorway. His smile goes from brisk to eager in a second. “Come so soon, Your Majesty? Did I not satisfy you well enough this morning?”

The trio of newbies look over at me, mouths agape as I saunter into the room, suddenly getting the feeling that Drescal is going to test these little fuckers out, using me as their guinea pig.

Well, who says being Queen of the Demons isn't fun?





### Drescal

I gaze at her, loitering in the doorway. My heart pounds a little, my blood tingles slightly at her nearness. It has nothing to do with her being a female, the one creature that I can sway no matter who they are. I have screwed thousands of females in my nine hundred years as an Incubus. From Earthly peasants to their Queens, but *she* is different and not just because she is *my* Queen. There is something between us that she denies, but I know she feels.

“My Queen,” I say with a slight bow.

She raises her eyebrow at me and saunters forward. I take in her attire with surprise. She is dressed conservatively. She lacks her usual confidence in this outfit. She isn’t comfortable in it and it makes me wonder why she chose it.

“You look ravishing,” I murmur.

She looks down at herself with narrowed eyes. “Better naked?” she asks, causing the three newbies in front of me to gasp in surprise but then look at me with the admiration that was lacking prior to her two words.

I mentally roll my eyes at them.

“No matter how you dress...or not,” I answer skillfully and it’s her turn to give me an eyeroll.

“So smooth, Drescal, do your victims fall for that?” she scoffs.

I take no offense to it. She knows I can seduce a female with less. She is my Queen, so my powers don’t work on her, not even a little bit. Everything that is between us is real and that makes it adventurous, thrilling and *new* for me. I think it excites her too, because she knows I’m not swaying her to be with me.

“Every now and again,” I reply with a wide smile, letting her know she hasn’t gotten to me, if that was her purpose.

“Humph,” she mutters and stalks closer.

I wonder what is on her mind. She has an even more wicked air about her than she usually does. She drives me crazy because I can’t read her the way I can any other female. They are transparent to me. I know what they like, how they like it and how long for. It’s part of my powers of seduction. The

Seductress Demons have it easy. Men are pigs. They are uncomplex unlike the females. It takes way less finesse for them to do their jobs than it does for me to do mine. Anna, though? She is a creature that beguiles me completely and keeps me on my toes. I enjoy it. I have become complacent after so many years doing this. It's good to have a challenge and there is no greater one than the Demon Queen.

"You're teaching?" she asks, even though she knows the answer to that.

"I am."

She is almost all the way to me. I can smell her heady perfume and find it intoxicating.

"Do you want to show them how it's done?" she asks, reaching me and sliding her hands up my chest.

My dick, that was already hard in her presence, twitches in response to her touch.

I stifle my groan of contentment. I crave her touch. It does things to me that no other female has. My heart beats faster, my blood rushes through my veins. It is like the beginning of the absolute best orgasm and something that I need to see through now that she has touched me. I could have avoided getting between her legs had she stayed on the other side of the room, but now all bets are off. I will take her in front of these wet-behind-the-ears-would-be-Incubi and there is fuck all she can do about it. But first...

I wrap an arm around her waist and pull her even closer.

Her breath catches, her lips part, expecting a kiss. It takes everything that I have to lower my mouth to within millimeters of hers and whisper, "Not me. Them." I turn my head to look at the three drooling Demons as they realize what I've said.

She hisses, but her indignation is false. She knew exactly what she was doing when she came in here. I played into her silent demand and I can smell her arousal.

I pull away from her before I drag her pants down and delve my tongue straight into that sweet, wet haven.

"Bold," she murmurs to me, but her eyes are alight. "You want to use me to teach these newbies?"

"I do," I reply. "We usually reserve the female part of the lessons for much, much later, but seeing as you are here, their powers don't work on you and you are extremely hard to please, why not?" I offer up the challenge and she accepts it with a slow, sexy-as-fuck smile.

"Why not indeed?"

She turns to the three panting Demons, but a movement catches my eye. I scowl as I see Shax lounging in the doorway, slicing off pieces of an apple with a wicked looking knife that glints in the glow from the room.

He crunches as he gestures to Annabelle with the knife. "Don't mind me, Belle. Continue."

"Shax, what are you doing here?" Even though her words are curt, her tone is loving, and it pisses me off. I want her to use that tone with me, but I never get that side of her. I get her wicked, sensual, sexual side, not the side that cares about anyone or anything. No, that is reserved solely for her twin. Perhaps also her Hellhound. Damned creature.

"Couldn't sleep, thought we'd do that thing after we go see Mom," Shax says, ignoring me completely. He dislikes me as much as I dislike him for reasons that are probably just as vague as each others.

"Mom?" Annabelle asks sharply, and stalks over to Shax. She mumbles something to him and then with a look back at me, she blows me a kiss and waves and then she is gone.

I sigh and look back at the three Incubi in front of me.

"Is she coming back?" one of them asks hopefully.

“No,” I snap at him. “Now, where were we?”



### Annabelle

“Is she okay?” I ask him for the hundredth time. He hasn’t really given me a straight answer yet and it’s pissing me off.

“See for yourself,” Shax states and opens the door which leads into a separate, private wing of the residence where my mother and her three husbands live.

I gulp.

*Two* husbands.

Her other husband, my father, is currently housed somewhere I can’t find him.

We silently walk down the hallway, side-by-side.

I wonder what I will find when we reach our mother’s sitting room. The door is at the far end of the corridor. Shax pushes it open and strides in without knocking.

What I see surprises me and punches me in the gut just a little bit.

Our mother is crying.

She quickly brushes her tears away as she sees us, putting a bright smile on her face.

“Mom,” Shax says, leaning down to kiss her on top of her blonde head. He gives his father, Dashed, a smile and then sits on the coffee table next to him and opposite Mom.

“Hi,” I say, scooting in between her and her other husband – my Head Reaper, Evan.

She leans over to kiss me on the cheek. “Baby girl. You okay?”

“I’m fine,” I say. “Are you?” I give her a shrewd look.

“Yes, I just miss Luc, that’s all.”

There is no accusation in her tone at all, but it still makes me bite my lip and feel a bit awkward.

“Tell me where he is and I’ll get him,” I blurt out after a moment of unease.

Her sparkling blue eyes go livid. She looks like Angry Barbie as she spits out, “Absolutely not. We said a year.”

“Yes, exactly, *you* said a year. He has been locked away in that painting for six months now, practically dead so that I could have my powers without actually killing him! I refuse to let him stay in there any longer!” I rise up, my flame wings sprout and everyone ducks out of the way. Sure, some

of them, namely my mother and twin are reasonably immune, but it'll still burn them if my temper is hot enough, and it definitely is. I want my father back so that this sliver of pesky guilt can fuck off.

"If we release him now, your rule will be undermined, and it will all be for nothing," she snarls.

"Axelle," Evan says, taking her by her hand from the other side of the sofa. "Stay calm for the baby, please."

I grimace at my mother's protruding bump. She is currently growing a baby Reaper inside of her and while I'm not one to begrudge my mother any happiness, I was content with it just being me and Shax.

I count to three and smile. "Look, Mom. It's not going to make any difference. Now or in six months time, everyone is going to wonder why their ex-Ruler has miraculously come back to life. I would rather it be now."

"So would I," she mutters. "But your father made me promise."

Dashel goes to her and takes her other hand. "There is going to be no easy way out of this, regardless. I agree with Anna, we should do it now. That way we can start to do damage control instead of sitting around on our asses. The Demons are going to want to know what happened and someone, somewhere, might just figure out about the paintings. And if they find out about Luc, maybe they'll also find out about Lucifer."

I shudder. Not out of fear for my great-grandfather, but if he gets released from his painting prison, he is going to be as mad as a Hydra on acid. You see, my grandfather imprisoned him instead of killing him to take his power. He knew there was no way he could beat Lucifer. Lucifer never gave up his powers in the rightful battle, he had them taken from him. He was placed in the painting as a long-term power move, by all accounts dead, but all it takes is the right being to touch the painting and he will be released and by fuck, he'll want his power – *my* power – back.

My mother is one of those beings. We have no idea if anyone else is, but I'm willing to bet my Demonic crown that I'm also one of them. I have dreams of these damned paintings. They are taunting me, calling to me, but I can never find them. I have no intention of releasing the original Lucifer back into Hell, but neither am I going to give anyone else a chance to. My father is another matter. He's coming home, whether he likes it or not.

Mom looks at Shax. "What do you think?" she asks.

"I think Belle and Dad are right. We do this sooner rather than later. Belle's rule is solid. The Demons respect her and fear her. Luc carved her path out when she was still a baby. She is the true ruler of Hell, he made sure of it. Him returning will be neither here nor there."

We exchange a look of solidarity. He *always* has my back even if I'm wrong. He will bitch me out about it afterwards if I am, but this time, I *know* I'm right.

"Very well," Mom says after a pause. "But there are several obstacles between us and him. I don't know where he is and I don't have the key to the lock. You have to find it."

I glare at her, feeling my temper start to grow hot, but I take a deep breath. "Oh?" I grit out. Why the Hell didn't she say this sooner? I could've been looking for the damn thing all along. "What if it takes me a year to find it?" I add, hands on my hips.

It's only then that she seems to realize that I'm dressed more like her than me. She raises her perfect eyebrow at me, but wisely doesn't say anything.

"It won't take you a year," she scoffs at me, but she doesn't sound all that convincing. "Besides, I may not know exactly where the key is, but I have a clue. He said: look to your pet."

I wait for more, but apparently that was it. "Look to my pet?" I repeat, puzzled. "What does Mouse have to do with any of this?"

She shrugs. "Musmortus is the clue. That's all I know."

"Fan-damn-tastic," I mutter under my breath. "Fine," I add louder. "I will find that key and jump through whatever other hoops Dad left for me. Fear not, Mom, he'll be back with you soon, I promise you that."

She grins at me and my overconfidence. "That's my girl," she says, tears springing to her eyes despite her smile. She flings herself at me and squeezes me tightly, pressing her bump against me. I step back a bit. There is one thing and one thing only that skeeves me out and that's babies. Ugh! I know I have to conceive one of the little fuckers at some point to pass my rule onto, but it is something that I'm kinda hoping I can get around, like, by making one from scratch in a glass jar or something. Or maybe by finding a Demon male that gets pregnant instead of the female. There has to be one down here somewhere.

Mom kisses my forehead and then lets me go. I hastily move over to Shax and take his hand. He knows of my discomfort and heir worries so his strong hand squeezes mine and he chuckles at me.

"Catch ya later," he says as we are already at the door, and then we leave our parents' section of the residence to head back to ours.

"Why are you dressed like Mom?" Shax asks me a moment later.

"Gregory," I drawl in disgust. "He totally insulted everything about me in our session today."

Shax snorts with amusement. "He wants to hit that," he says knowingly.

"Pah," I scoff, but secretly hope that he's right. I wouldn't mind mounting that hot nerd in his leather armchair and riding him like a cowgirl. I bet he's hung. Well, for a *human* anyway.



### Shax

I leave my sister to do her search. She doesn't need me for this now. I will only get in her way. She is on a mission, so she is best left to get on with it her way.

I slip into my bedroom and over to the dresser, taking my black jacket off as I go. I pause and look across the darkened room.

A naked figure emerges from the dim light and I smile. "Shadow," I murmur.

"Hi," she says, giving me a small wave.

I stride over to her, shoving my hand into her tawny locks and fisting it tightly to draw her head back. "I've missed you."

"I'm sorry," she says. "It takes it out of me being in this form. I feel I need to double the amount of Griffin time to human time."

"Hmm," I mutter, staring into her yellow eyes and then dropping my gaze to her full lips.

I bend down to sweep her into a kiss so powerful, I feel my knees go weak. She kisses me back briefly, but then she shoves me away from her, flinging a pair of black lace panties at me.

"You know I don't care if you screw other females, but at least have the decency to tidy up after them," she says, her tone level. There is no spike of jealousy and it pisses me off.

I taunt her anyway. "Jealous?" I ask, taking the panties and shoving them into my jeans pocket. Her eyes follow my movements, but then she raises her chin and glares at me.

"You wish," she spits out.

I do wish that she would be mine, but she has made it very plain that this is casual, so I have to respect that. She says she doesn't care about me screwing other females, so I do. It means *nothing* to me. It is a place to stick my dick until she returns to me, my pet, my heart. The only female who seems to understand my struggle. I'm a Dark Angel. The only one to have been born, and only one of three to have ever existed. My mother conceived me with my father at the same time that she conceived Annabelle from the Devil himself. It is a perfect anomaly. Annabelle is Hell's heir, the Ruler now, and I am caught between two worlds.

I sigh and lean down to brush my lips against Shadow's. She accepts my form of apology for

being an asshole and clings to me briefly.

She pulls away and looks uncertain. It is rare to see her so vulnerable. “Shax, I know how you feel about me, but you must understand that I am an abnormality. I wasn’t supposed to be this way. Griffins aren’t shifters. I’m not supposed to have this human side. I can’t sustain it and I don’t know how to...*be* this way.”

“I know,” I say, taking her hands. “I know.” I kiss them and then let her go again as she is getting skittish.

If I push her, she will run and who knows when she will come back. She is difficult, a lot of work when I have females who drop their panties for me in a heartbeat. But she is worth it. I will keep playing by her rules until she sees that we belong together.

“Your sister did this to me,” she murmurs, and I nod, biting the inside of my lip.

I don’t know what to say to that because it’s true. Annabelle gave her to me when she was just a tiny Griffin as a pet, rescued from the pits, abandoned and alone. It was after I gave Musmortus to her. She felt like she owed me, even though that wasn’t the case. Somehow, when Annabelle handed her over to me, she sent magick into the baby Griffin. It was like an electric shock, a bolt of red lightning.

“Speak to her, see if she can undo it,” Shadow whispers desperately, clutching at my hands, squeezing them tightly.

A lump forms in my throat. I had been dreading those words. I’d known they were coming one day, and it tears at my heart.

I shake my head slowly. “No, if anyone finds out about you, they will take you away to breed you, try to make more like you. I—I can’t do that, Shadow.”

Her face falls as she takes in my words, but she knows I’m right. She will suffer and I can’t allow that to happen, even if she remains unhappy, it will be better than being raped constantly to see if she can produce another Griffin shifter.

She slowly leans against me, almost forcing herself to wrap her arms around me. It hurts, but I take it because I feel peace when she touches me.

I run my hands down her back and she shivers. She looks up at me, those mesmerizing eyes going sultry as she licks her lips.

“Enough talking,” she murmurs and shoves me back to the bed. She pounces on me and I forget about everything else except the two of us for a time that doesn’t last nearly long enough.



I WATCH HER SLIP OUT WITH A SINKING HEART. SHE WILL SHIFT AS SOON AS SHE GETS OUTSIDE, AND I have no idea when she will be back in her human form again. I stare at the ceiling and then reach down to the floor for my jeans. I pull the knife out of the back pocket and glare at it. An incredibly old and powerful Demon made this for me. He cursed it so that it cuts me. I’m invulnerable as is Annabelle, to all forms of destruction.

Except self-destruction.

I slash the blade across my arm and see the dark red blood well up and drip down my arm. My blood hurts Demons, burns them and the more depraved of the females enjoy it. For me, I get a sense of relief from the shackles that I feel are growing ever tighter around me. The one being that I can usually talk to about everything can’t help me with this. Annabelle wouldn’t understand. She sees



things in black and white. There is no gray area with her. Normally I adore her fiery passion in her convictions, but it won't help me with this.

I watch as the wound slowly heals and disappears.

I take the knife and slash myself again and again and again until the bed is full of my blood. I will have to burn it, but I don't care. I have sated the war inside me for now. It has made me horny and hungry.

I get off the bed and get dressed. I wave my hand over the bed and it sets alight. Only the bed. I got this contained Hell magick from my mother, along with a vast array of other powers which I can amuse myself with on occasion.

I open the door and decide that if I run into a willing female before I hit the kitchen, then horny will get satisfied first.

As it happens, I do...much to my dick's relief.



## Annabelle

I grit my teeth and clench my fists. Losing my temper won't get me anywhere with this blasted beast.

Mouse has taken it upon herself to snarl and snap at my fingers as I try to search her for a clue. Sure, I have *no* clue what I'm looking for, damn riddles, but I'm getting nowhere. She can be a very temperamental creature. Typical Hellhound trait. She can be the sweetest thing one minute and the next, well...here we are. I don't want to hurt her, but for the love of all things unholy, I'm going to have to place her into a slumber if she doesn't stop fucking biting me, which will hurt her in a way. I'm in no mood for pain, which is unusual. I just want to solve this puzzle that my father has laid out.

"Mouse," I murmur to her. "Let me look at your collar."

Snap, snap, snap.

Three jaws with wickedly sharp teeth aimed at my face isn't great, especially when I'm also being slobbered on.

"Fine, you leave me no choice but to bring out the big guns. I'm going to get Elijah!" I remark with a triumphant glare at her which only pisses her off further. "Too damn bad," I add, standing up and marching over to the door.

I yank it open and head off down the hallway to find the fearsome Master of Hellhounds. He is enormous, arrogant and aggressive – and that's in his human form. I've only ever encountered his Hellhound shift once before and it's not an experience that I'm ready to repeat in a hurry. I wouldn't say that he terrifies me as nothing does, except... well... maybe later for that, but if I was anything less than the Demon Queen, I'd have peed in my leather pants.

Speaking of which, if I go down to the kennels looking like *this*, he will eat me alive.

I click my fingers and once again I am dressed in my usual black and red leather, spiked heels, and I have Babe in my hand. I march through the sin bin, taking in the pretty sights of pain and pleasure, wishing that I could linger. I lift the bat to my shoulder so that everyone can see it as I continue on my way. I have killed more minions with this thing than I can count. The secret is Shax's blood. I dip the nails in it every now and again and if one of them penetrates the skin of a Demon to

mingle with his own blood, he will burn from the inside out. Slowly. Painfully. Deliciously.

I give a wicked grin and see more than one Demon shy away from me. It surprises me that some of these females want to risk it for the thrill. It hits the skin; they burn, but they heal. My heels clack on the stone floor as I make my way over to the other side and then turn left, right and out into the courtyard. The black and red scorched earth under my feet crackles. With every step I take, little flames pop up signifying even more death. I have never walked on the Earth's soil before, but Dad says it's the same. Things corrupt, wither and die. I feel my nipples harden as the thought turns me on so bad, I suddenly find myself with an itch I can't scratch. At least, I *could*, but where is the fun in that? I will have to get it seen to when I make my way back indoors.

I stride over to the kennels on the far side of the courtyard. The noise is deafening, but as soon as I walk in, swinging my bat loosely at my side, the hounds quieten down and start whimpering.

"Who the fuck is there?" A male voice thunders through the kennels. The ground shakes a little bit as big, stomping footsteps come towards me and then I see Elijah looming over the wall that separates the kennels from the back, where I think he lives. "Queenie?" he snarls. "What are you doing disrupting my hounds?"

I grimace at him. *Queenie*. It's such a derogatory term. It says everything he thinks about me with one word.

"Seems to me that I calmed them," I point out, waving my bat around.

"Pah," he grunts and then marches over to me. He is about seven feet tall and built like a brick shithouse. His nostrils flare, his eyes hood and his lips curve up into an evil smile.

I shudder as he can smell my arousal from earlier when I thought about corrupting Earth.

"I could see to that, Queenie," he says with a loud laugh, which sets the hounds off again. "Is that why you came here? So you could fuck a real male instead of that little prick Incubus?"

"You wish," I snort, choking back my laughter. There is nothing little about Drescal's prick. "Actually, I came for some help with Mouse."

That changes his attitude immediately. His ruggedly handsome face goes concerned and he rubs the scar that is etched into his skin from the outer corner of his left eye all the way down to his mouth. I don't know for sure, but it doesn't take a genius to figure out that one of the Hellhounds made it.

"What's up with her?" he asks gruffly.

"She's being a little bitch!" I complain, "She won't let me near her to check something out."

"What do you want to check?" he asks, now running his hand over his shaved head. He's not completely bald, there's a bit of length of dark hair, but not much.

Suddenly, I want to run my hand over it while he kneels panting at my feet like one of his hounds.

"Uhm," I blink as my focus deviates and I forget what he said.

He takes in a deep breath and comes slightly closer. "Like that is it, Queenie?" He brushes a strand of damp hair out of my face. It is as hot as Hellfire out here and it's starting to affect me. *He* is starting to affect me. I don't know where it's coming from but when I look up into his dark eyes and he stares down into my wide green ones, it's like a whack to the head. In the next second he has swept me up into his arms, hoisting me up so high that my pussy is now right in front of his face and my legs are dangling over his shoulders.

"Ooh," I gasp, dropping my bat and steadying myself with my hands on the sides of his head.

He sniffs in between my legs appreciatively with a soft moan.

I could remove my leather pants with just a thought, but something stops me.

I know what it is when he murmurs, "Let me taste, my Queen."

My heart thumps. He has never called me that before, always choosing to mock and undermine

me. I want him to beg me.

He slams me up against the wall, nuzzling my cunt through the leather. The rush of juices only makes him groan louder. "Let me lap it up," he growls.

He has gone back to being aggressive after that one milder moment. Demanding rather than beseeching. He can get fucked, and not by me.

"In your dreams," I snarl at him, shoving on his huge head and then using the top of it to balance myself as I leap over him, helped along by some kickass Demon swiftness, and land behind him on my two feet.

He spins, the rage on his face making me tremble slightly, but not in fear. I'm deeply in lust right now, but I won't give him the satisfaction of claiming my pussy with his hot mouth. I *will* make him beg for it now. I have no doubt that he will come sniffing around again. He is seriously turned on. I can see the eye-watering bulge in his pants. Kinda makes me want to give in to him.

"Mouse!" I snap, clicking my fingers under his sensitive nose.

I lower my hand as he snaps his teeth at me, and I reach out for Babe. It flies into my hand and I swing it up to my shoulder again.

"I want her collar, get it for me by the end of this hour," I order him and then I flame out before I jump on him and split myself in half with that gigantic dick of his.



AS I SAUNTER BACK THROUGH THE ENTERTAINMENT AREA, I PAUSE TO WATCH A FEMALE THAT IS SPREAD-eagled on a large wooden wheel and has been bound up so tightly she can barely breathe. Her tits and pussy are the only things on show as the ropes cover the rest of her. I'm interested to see what her Master will do to her as he approaches her. He flicks out his whip and with a sharp crack, he catches her across her nipples, making her bleed.

I smile and settle in to watch as this appears to be my kind of show.

It's just getting to the good part, the Master spins her upside down, fucking her pussy with the whip handle while he fucks her mouth with his cock, when I catch the enormous figure of Elijah lurking in the distance. He holds up Mouse's collar and waggles it at me.

I slip through the growing crowd and snatch it off him when I reach him. "That was quick," I grumble.

"You wouldn't say that if I'd got your pants off earlier," he guffaws and then peers down at it as I turn it around and around, looking for something to point me in the direction of my Dad. "Why did you want it?"

"None of your business," I snap at him, lowering the collar and scrunching my fist around it.

"Well, you owe me one," he replies.

I glare at him. "I don't owe you fuck all. I gave you a direct order, it was a case of obey me or face the consequences."

He bends down so that he can whisper in my ear, "And what would those consequences be, Queenie?"

"You'd be first on the docket for the Daily Dealings and dealt a severe beating for disobeying your Queen."

"Oh, promise?" he scoffs and straightens up.

"Get out of my sight," I seethe at him. He is infuriating. He doesn't give a crap that I could

incinerate him with one flap of my wings. I regard him as he laughs harder at me. But no. He is the only one down here that can control the hounds. They would run rampant if he didn't keep them in check. Damn him. I need him and he knows it.

I spin on my heel and storm off, only to have Drescal sneak up on me a few moments later.

He slips his arm around my waist even as I don't break my stride. "Are you screwing him?" he asks, looking back over his shoulder.

"Who?" I ask, my focus on the collar again.

"The Hound of Hell," he tuts at me as if my lack of interest in him is personal.

I look up at him with a frown. "Ugh, he wishes," I mutter and then disentangle myself from Drescal. "I've got something to do, but..." I step closer and look up at him, all sultry and sexy. "...I was quite looking forward to seeing what you had in mind earlier. Rain check?"

"Absolutely," he murmurs back, brushing his fingers over my lips. "Count on it, Anna."

I shiver in delight at his accent and spin, dismissing him with a wave and then I flame out to my bedroom to give the collar a proper examination.

I sigh as a grumpy Hellhound turns her back to me and flops down in the corner. "I'll give it back to you soon, promise, Mouse, okay?"

She snorts at me.

"If I can use this to find my Dad, that's more important than your tantrum."

She realizes that she's being a bitch and turns back to face me but snaps her jaws to let me know that she is still pissed off.

"Fucking hounds," I mutter under my breath, but I'm referring mostly to Elijah, not Musmortus. He has wedged himself under my skin with the promise of a pussy licking that I *know* will make my body sing. Too bad he is an arrogant fuck and for that alone, he won't get anywhere near me.

*I'm* the boss around here. In bed and out. If he doesn't like that, then it's tough shit. There are plenty more Demons down here that do. I just wish I could find one that can quiet the raging inside me for longer than it takes to fuck me.

Maybe one day.

Or maybe Mother's got it right. The answer isn't in finding *one*, but *several* males that satisfy the different parts of me.

It's a theory.



### Annabelle

Half an hour later, I still have no clue as to my father's whereabouts. The frustration surges up and in a fit of temper, I scream, "RAH!" and throw the collar across the bedroom.

Mouse leaps up in one fluid movement to snatch it up out of the air and lands on my bed with it in her mouth. It sinks under her weight, but she turns all three heads to me and waggles the collar at me.

I smile at her and lean forward to snatch it from her middle mouth and then reattach it to the base of her thick neck before her heads split off. She huffs happily and then leaps off the bed and stalks to the door. I open it and she bounds off down the hallway.

I leave the door open and sit down in the armchair in the corner, fiddling with the zipper that is holding my tiny red leather top together.

"Anything?" Shax asks, leaning in the doorway as casual as always.

I give him a narrow-eyed look and stop fidgeting. He is rumpled and not the usual smooth self that he presents to the Underworld.

"What's with you?" I ask, indicating his less than pristine self.

He shrugs and walks into the room, closing the door and sinking onto the ottoman at my feet. "Didn't think I had to make an effort with you."

"You don't," I assure him, leaning forward and taking his hands. I lower my head to his lap, and he wiggles one hand out of my grip to stroke my hair.

"You didn't find anything?" he asks gently.

"No, not a damn thing." I sit up again and then stand. I start to pace agitatedly. Usually Shax has a calming influence over me, but this time it's not working.

He turns on the ottoman to regard me closely. "Perhaps it's not Mouse that Luc was directing you too, but something else. *Someone* else."

I stop pacing and glare at him. "Meaning?"

"Elijah," he says in exasperation.

I grimace. I really don't want to go back to the kennels. I might not be responsible for my actions if I do. "That's all you got?" I ask.

He shrugs again. "You got something against him?" he asks, a small smile playing at his lips.

"Apart from him being an arrogant asshole?"

"Just go. He might have exactly what you're looking for."

"Humph," I mutter, but give him a small wave as I flame back out to the kennels.

It's quiet.

The illusion of nighttime has fallen across this part Hell already. I purse my lips. I'd wanted to accomplish a bit more today than chasing my tail.

I turn around but don't see Elijah. I'm about to call out when a low, dark rumbling comes from the shadows.

As he approaches slowly, I see the glowing red eyes of a three-headed beast so enormous I pause. He is at least three times the size of Mouse and she comes up to my shoulder. She is still a baby compared to the Demon in front of me, sniffing the air. He pads over to me and circles me. I stay completely still. He can't kill me, but he can sure as shit bite my head off before it grows back, or whatever would happen to me in the case of beheading. It's uncharted territory, thank fuck.

He stops behind me and I turn my head slightly to the side. I feel a slight quiver in the air, and I know he has shifted. I relax and turn around to face him. He is stark naked, and my mouth starts to water, just a little bit. He is magnificent.

"Dress yourself," I order him, trying not to look at his dick. It's swinging between his legs, stirring slightly and tempting me. Massive doesn't really cover it. There is no way I could drop to my knees and fit it into my mouth, even if I would subjugate myself to him in that way.

"Don't like what you see?" he smirks, not covering up at all.

I turn around, my hands on my hips. "I have something to ask you. I can't do that with your dick hanging out. Get dressed."

He chuckles and I hear him rustling around. I chance turning to face him again and see that he has pulled on a pair of black combat pants, which he's left undone, and is yanking a black t-shirt over his head. He sees me watching him and ever so slowly does up his pants. He pads barefoot over to me and looks down at me from his immense height.

"Dick stowed," he comments. "What do you want?" His tone is brusque, business-like and I let out a breath of relief. I prefer it this way. He is way too enticing when he is being all naked and an asshole.

"Did my father give you something before he...uhm...went away?" I ask carefully.

Elijah's eyebrow shoots up. "Went away?" he scoffs. "Since when are you so coy about death?"

*Since he's not dead.*

"I'm not," I growl. I feel that my rep might've just taken a serious hit. I will have to make sure that when I dish out the Daily Dealings in an hour that I'm vicious and unfeeling. Well, more so than usual.

"I figure any bitch who will take down her father to gain power is one worth watching," he drawls, his eyes searching mine in a really unnerving way.

"Did he leave something with you?" I grit out.

"No," he says, breaking eye contact and turning from me to busy himself with the nearest thing to hand, which is a broom.

I stifle my laugh as he looks so comical sweeping the floor, like a giant with a matchstick.

"I'll come and see you later," he says after a few sweeps. "I want to see our ruthless leader in action."

"Will it get you off?" I ask salaciously.

He stops sweeping for a moment and looks up. "Do you want it to?"

I hold his simmering gaze for a few seconds and then look away. “I will search this place from top to bottom, but it’ll be easier if you just tell me.”

“No,” he states. “He didn’t give me anything.”

“Then you give me no choice but to look myself,” I say and march into the back, his private quarters.

“The only reason a bitch goes back there is to cream all over my dick. Is that what you want, Queenie?”

I clench my fists, but don’t turn around. “When you picture this dick creaming, am I on top?” I ask and keep walking.

“Oh, no,” he says following me, and in three giant strides has caught up with me. “You’ll be underneath me, writhing around as I impale you.”

“I didn’t mark you as a male that enjoys missionary style,” I say with an evil smile at the mild insult.

His eyes hood dangerously, and he growls. “I didn’t say anything about missionary,” he grits out.

“It was implied,” I drawl and turn to face him. “I’m always on top,” I add, even though it’s not true. Drescal got me good and proper flat on my back earlier.

“Not with me,” he says, full of arrogance, as if he actually believes it.

It infuriates me. I am his fucking Queen. He should be on his knees in front of me begging to be at my service, not making sexual comments to me, that may – or may not – be affecting me.

I march up to his desk, situated in the corner of the open space behind the wall. I start to open drawers and poke through them, which angers him.

“I told you, your father didn’t give me anything,” he bites out.

“I don’t believe you,” I mutter, but all I come up with is an empty desk, which makes me suspicious. Why have a desk in the first place? I slam the drawers shut with a huff.

“Told you,” he says, again with arrogance.

“You are such an arrogant asshole,” I seethe.

“Takes one to know one, darlin’” he replies, and I lose it.

I mean *really* lose it. I lose it in the way that I’ve been trying not to and is the whole fucking reason that Gregory is here supposedly helping me.

I sprout wings of flame on my back, but far bigger than anything anyone has seen for a while, and they didn’t live to tell about it. I feel the heat in my eyes as my pupils turn to flame that lick out of my sockets and singe my eyebrows. Hellfire sparks on my fingertips and when I clench my hands to try to stop the rage, I end up with two flaming hot fists. I start to breathe heavily as the stench of ash and brimstone, coming from my fire, hits my nose.

I get the satisfaction of seeing Elijah gulp and drop to his knees, head bowed.

“That’s more like it,” I snarl at him in a fear-inducing Demonic voice that resounds around the kennels. It makes the hounds start to yap and whimper.

A spiked tail has torn through my pants and is swishing around me. The horns on my head are making it ache. My teeth are sharp rows of fangs and my tongue is forked.

The She-Devil has come out to play.

The rage inside me swirls up to an even greater height, making my whole body shudder with the effort of not annihilating everything in my path.

“Damn you for making me do this,” I grate.

“I humbly apologize, Your Majesty,” Elijah murmurs. “I am at your service, here for your bidding and that alone.”



I nearly bite my tongue in half as the desire to burn the realm to the ground almost overpowers me. I try to remember what Gregory told me to do. It is blurry, a haze through the red fog that has descended upon me.

*One. Two. Three, and smile.*

It takes four times, but eventually the Devil fades and I resume my normal human form, eyebrows and, more importantly, my *pants* intact. My heart is burning in my chest and each breath scorches my lungs.

“You’re lucky you weren’t closer to me,” I spit out at him.

He lifts his head up to look me in the eyes, but he remains silent, unsure of what *to* say. It’s not often that *she* comes out anymore. She used to have free reign, but I murdered far too many of my minions and Roberta, the Demon in charge of Incoming Demons, was getting more and more pissed off with me. Shax, along with my mother and stepfathers, convinced me to pull back. But it was mainly Shax’s words that clinched it. He told me the more they see the Devil, the more they will be complacent about it. Bringing her out once in a while will hold so much more impact and fear, and he was right.

As always.

The fact that I now worry about what I will do if I lose control, is something that will go with me to my grave, if I ever have one. I have the capability to destroy worlds and while that sounded like a blast a year ago, I now have my domain to think about. What just came out here was nothing. A small speck on the Devil scale of what I can really turn into. But there isn’t a Demon in here that will survive that and I’m not risking my family for anything. Shax is a whole other ball game. I can’t hurt him, not permanently anyway. We are too closely tied for that.

“Forgive my arrogance, my Queen,” Elijah says quietly. “I live to serve you.”

Seeing him submit to me in such a way fires up the lust engines, which were already revving pretty high after the shift. A good fuck is the only thing that seems to calm the beast down. Getting that release from a mind-shattering orgasm is the only way to regain my sanity at a time like this. This isn’t what I want. I don’t want him to deal with this for me, but I have no choice. It’s him or one of the hounds and quite frankly, his dick is still taunting me even stashed away in his pants.

I stalk over to him and shove him roughly by his shoulders to the ground. He falls back as my strength far outweighs his and now he knows it without a doubt. His eyes go wide with surprise as I drop down onto him, rubbing my pussy over his hardening length.

“Knew you’d want it,” he mutters to me, that arrogance returning in spite of everything he just witnessed in the last few minutes.

“Shut your mouth,” I order him. I scoot back a bit, unzipping his fly and reaching in to pull out his cock. I run my hand down the underside of it and then flatten my palm against him, pushing him up slowly so that his cock lies flat against ripped abs that makes me want to climb up them.

He is huge.

He has the biggest dick I have ever seen, and I want it. My pussy has gone so wet, it’s making it very uncomfortable in my leather pants.

So I lose them.

With just a thought, they vanish, and he groans as he feels the wet heat of me when I slide over his rock-hard cock.

He sits up suddenly, wrapping his tree trunk arms around me and lowers his mouth to my chest. He grabs the zipper of my top between his teeth and then pushes me back slowly so that he can lower it with his mouth, releasing my tits from their leather prison.

I throw my head back as he latches onto my nipple and grip the back of his head tightly.

In the next second, he is on his feet with me still in his arms.

I wrap my legs around him.

He slams me against the wall next to the desk and devours my neck with his mouth. He bites me harshly, bruising me, then he licks me gently to ease it. His hands twist into my loose red hair and tug hard until I moan and arch my back.

He doesn't kiss me on the mouth.

I find it odd, but also incredibly sexy.

I reach in between us and grab his cock. He wastes no time in lifting me up by my backside and forcing me down onto his entire length, filling me up instantly.

I cry out as it feels so good. I cream his dick just like he knew I would.

"That's it, Queenie," he smirks at me. "Wet my dick until I'm soaked with your cum."

"Aah," I moan.

Then, he takes over completely and pumps me up and down on his dick like a fucking blow up doll.

I start to take offense. That is until an orgasm screams through my body at such a rapid rate, I nearly weep with the relief it brings to the raging Devil inside me.

"Fuck!" I roar, making the hounds start to bay loudly, but I don't care. I need more of this, more of his cock, more coming because of it. Just more.

"Such a tight pussy," he pants. "Feels so good..." He nuzzles my neck affectionately and it puts me off my stride slightly. He has gone from being a brute to slightly civilized. He stops controlling my actions and lets me do all the work now. I use my thighs to lift myself up on him and slam myself back down, my hands on his shoulders to help me up.

I need one more release before I climb off this mountain of a male and never touch him ever again. He is confusing me, and I like to be clear-headed. Best to just steer clear of him after this Hell shattering fuck.

I squeeze him tightly as I come again, clenching around his cock and then once again he takes over. He spins us around and crashes me onto the desktop. If I were a human female, I would've broken every bone in my body, but being me, it only excites me. He drags me down the desk, holding onto my hips, digging his fingers into me, hurting me, thrilling me. He has turned savage again and twisted my head around so that I don't know if I'm coming or going.

"Oh, I'm coming," I shout out as another wave of sheer rapture thunders over me, making my blood roar through my veins.

"Fuck," he mutters and then holds me in place as he fucks me hard, pounding me into the desk until we break it in half and collapse to the hard stone floor in a pile of debris. His hands on my hips keep me still as he thrusts and withdraws, thrusts again and then he climaxes. A flood of hot cum spurts up my cunt and he releases his hold on my hips so that I can wrap my legs around him, drawing him closer as his cock pumps out every last drop of cum he has.

"Fuck," he mutters again and then he is off me in a flash and dragging his pants up from around his ankles.

With as much dignity as I can muster, with cum dripping down my inner thighs and my tits hanging out of my top, I stand up and snap my fingers, changing my outfit to a cleaner, more suitable one for telling a male that this was a one-time deal. No biggie. No repeats.

As the words come out of my mouth, I can't help but feel disappointed. The beast has been satisfied. For the first time ever, she is truly calm. But I can't be with a male like him. He is too hot

and cold, too arrogant, too *Alpha*. I like my malesubmissive; puppies that follow me around and worship me. I know where I stand and that's on top. With Elijah, I'm unsure and I don't like that. Even now, he looks like he doesn't give a shit about seeing me again.

"So, this won't happen again, got it," I snarl at him, taking the offensive stance. "You scratched an itch, nothing more."

"Fair enough," he mutters.

That's it. I flame out and onto the top wall of the arena just in time for the Daily Dealings, bringing Babe to my hand.

I look down at the crowds, cheering and booing the Demons lined up for me to punish.

I'm in the perfect mood to issue some serious pain.

I walk down the steps until I reach the ground and smack the feet out from under the first Demon in the queue with my bat.

"And how naughty have you been?" I ask him sweetly, leaning down to peer over him as I swing my bat to and fro.

The crowd goes wild, baying for blood and I give an evil laugh, perfectly in my element now and happy to be here.



## Elijah

I thump my head against the wall. It doesn't help, so I do it again.

"Fucking idiot," I snarl at myself and throw a punch at the unforgiving stone.

I draw back and take in the destruction of my desk. I groan and drop my head into my hands. It has been a really long time since I've had a fuck and even longer since I had one that fucking good. I've been around about six hundred years and I've never encountered a female who could make me kneel for them. But I'd do it again and again if it gave me the chance to be with her once more. I knew that I'd let the beast out the second I saw her wings pop out. From the moment that I saw her in the form she lets us see, I was lost to her. She'd been an absolute vision. My She-Devil Queen in all her glory.

I'd been teasing her before to rile her up. Seeing her eyes flash with annoyance and have her bite back had brightened up my day, but as soon as I'd crossed the line, she'd let me know. But I'm starting to figure her out. She doesn't want someone like me. She wants little followers who will do what she says, when she says it. She wants weak Demons that she can push around and make sure that she stays on top. I find her fascination with the Incubus a bit of a mystery as he doesn't seem weak, but on reflection he is probably desirable because he is unavailable. It's the chase for her. She would *never* end up with a male that beds other women. Never. She is territorial, I *know* that about her somehow.

I crouch down and stare at the drawers, stacked on top of one another, still mostly intact. I smile. I've never fucked a female that was completely indestructible before. The things I could do to her... she would not only survive but want me to do it again.

I pull the bottom drawer out and stare down into the emptiness. I wave my hand over it, disabling the cloaking spell and then pick up the wooden box that appears. I dump the drawer and stand up. I walk over to my bed in the far corner and open the box. I disable the secondary cloaking spell inside to reveal a large iron key. I pick it up and look at it.

"What do you open?" I murmur, flicking it over in my fingers.

I'd lied to Annabelle before. Luc had come to me days before he died and gave me this box. It had been empty at the time, but on the day he died, this key appeared. He'd told me to keep it from his

daughter until exactly one year after his death. I don't know why, and I don't know why I'm remaining loyal to the previous Ruler of Hell when the current one is pissed off that I didn't help her. She has obviously been led here; she knows I'm hiding something.

I replace the key and re-enabling the cloak, I slam the box shut. I open the drawer in the nightstand, which is the only other furniture in this sparse space that I live in, apart from the bed. I like it that way. Clutter irritates me.

"I'll take that box," a cool voice says from behind me.

I spin, not having heard anyone approaching. "Shax," I growl. "What are you doing here?"

"Protecting my sister's interests," he says, giving me a level look.

He is leaning against the wall, all casual, twirling a knife with a jet-black handle and wicked looking blade that flashes even though there is limited light in here.

"Give me the box," he says.

"What box?" I ask, even though I'm not fooling anyone. He clearly saw me with it.

He gives me a sneer and pushes off from the wall. He stalks over to me. He is shorter and slighter than me. Lean but muscled. He is immensely powerful; I can feel it radiating off him. Not as powerful as his twin, but then she has the power of Hell on her side. I'm not afraid of him, even though he could annihilate me without a second thought.

He stops about six feet away from me, his hands loosely in front of him, seemingly harmless, but I know better.

I grunt as a sudden pain radiates in my shoulder and outwards, all down my right arm. I grab the hilt of the knife he has just thrown at me, then hiss as it burns my hand. I let go of the hilt and start to sweat. The blade is coated with his blood. All of Hell's minions are very aware of how his blood affects us. Right now, it is working its way through me, trying to burn me alive.

I return his sneer with one of my own. "I'm not so easy to kill. I was born from Hellfire, you little prick. You won't find me as easy to take down as those recycled fuckers."

"My mother was recycled," he states blandly.

His tone is unnerving. It never seems to change, just this cool, level pitch that only comes from absolute confidence in oneself and immense control over one's emotions.

I gotta say, I'm impressed.

"No offense to your mother," I grit out.

"My intention is not to kill you, but to warn you," Shax continues as if the last two exchanges hadn't happened. "You *know* what my blood does to Demons. You may be harder to put down, *Hound*, but I'm willing to try by slicing your guts open and bleeding out into your stomach cavity. You will feel pain like you have never felt before and burn from the inside out as I stand idly by and watch."

"I made a promise to Luc," I grate as the visual he has just laid out does not seem like something I would enjoy all that much.

"Your loyalty should lie with your Queen," he points out unnecessarily.

"I know that," I snarl. "But what if I give her what she seeks, and it ends up hurting her?"

Understanding passes over his face briefly before his neutral look falls back into place. "You care for her," he says. "Not just a quick fuck then?"

I clench my jaw. "How do you know about that?" My shoulder is starting to ache so badly, I can barely stand up, but I'm not giving this fucker the satisfaction of kneeling for him.

"I can smell ash and brimstone all over this place. She shifted and there is only one thing that rids her of the need to obliterate everything in her path. She used you." He lets out a little laugh, but it's

hollow.

“I let her,” I inform him. The sweat is starting to drip down my forehead and into my eyes. “You don’t tell me anything I don’t already know.”

“So again, I state that you care for her.”

“Maybe,” I mutter mutinously. “Or maybe I used her as well. That tight pussy around my huge dick felt soo good.” I taunt him because it’s all I have. I’d hoped that it was more for her than just a fuck to make herself feel better. But I know even without Shax’s input that it wasn’t. It’s why I didn’t kiss her. If I’d kissed her, I would never have been able to let her go.

Shax takes in a deep breath and then releases it again. “Goaded won’t get to me,” he says mildly. “Belle is free to fuck whomever she chooses, but if I get even one sniff of hurt headed her way, then I will be forced to step in, and believe me when I say, that there will be less talk and more action.”

He holds his hand out and mercifully, the knife zips into his hand, releasing me from its hold. I slap my hand to the wound. It’s not healing yet. I’m guessing it will but will take time. I may be a creature from the Hell-pits, but it seems some of the rules still apply to me. I’m still just a Demon that can be taken down.

Shax comes closer to me. “Now give me the box.”

“Can’t do that, man,” I tell him.

He gives me a narrow-eyed look and then a swift nod. “Then you leave me no choice but to tell Belle that you are hiding something from her that she really wants, and she will see you in the arena for treason.” He turns to leave.

I close my eyes briefly. My clenched jaw goes even tighter. “Wait,” I call out and bend down to open the nightstand. I pull out the box.

Shax turns to me, hand held out. “Thought so,” he says. “You *do* care about what she thinks about you.”

I slap it into his hand with as much force as I can.

His hand doesn’t move, which just pisses me off.

He turns to leave again, but when he gets to the wall that separates my quarters from the kennels, he stops and says, “Don’t tell Annabelle about this and we won’t have a problem, am I clear?”

“About the box or that you took it from me?” I inquire, intrigued as to why he would want to keep it a secret from her.

“All of it,” he says and then in a flurry of black feathers, he is gone, leaving me alone to contemplate what the fuck all of this is about.



### Annabelle

I whack the last Demon of the day over the head with my bat, his brains splattering all over the arena floor and I bite my lip. I hadn't meant to hit him so hard. Roberta is gonna be so pissed at me. Again!

"Sorry," I mutter as she lands next to me like a beached fucking whale. She is freaking enormous and so ugly it hurts my eyes to look at her.

She heaves a massive sigh and picks up the body. "Why him?" she complains as the crowd cheers and hoots at the murder of their peer. "He actually wasn't that bad, in spite of his lazy tendencies on occasion."

"Don't send them to me then. You know it's a risk."

"Hm, indeed," she mutters and vanishes, leaving me to do the same.

For the first time ever, I just want to shower off the Demon blood and climb into bed to sleep. Alone. What the fuck is up with that?

Usually I get all riled up and spend the night in an orgy after beating up and killing naughty Demons. As I strip off my blood covered clothes, I realize again that I need more than that now. I'm getting unsatisfied with my life and it's worrying because I feel that I may never find anything that makes me truly happy.

I think briefly about Drescal but shake my head as I duck under the shower and turn on the jets. The water pounds down on me. I just stand there not moving for a while. I suddenly feel drained, exhausted.

I slowly wash my hair and body and then step out, wrapping a towel around me. I pad back into my bedroom and dry off the manual way. I feel like I need to keep my hands busy. I pull open my dresser and grab a super short, slinky black satin babydoll and slip it over my head. It barely encases my tits and just about covers my ass. I cheat with my hair and dry it with my power and then I climb into bed. I swipe my hand in front of me and say loudly, "Call Mom."

I really should go down there to speak to her in person, but I can't be bothered now that I'm all cozy in bed.

“Hey,” she says, showing up as a projection in mid-air. “Everything okay?”

I smile at her. I know she is dying to ask me if I found anything out about Dad, but she makes sure to ask about me first. “Yep. I didn’t find anything,” I say. “Sorry. I seemed to chase my tail half the day and hardly got anything accomplished. I’ll find something tomorrow, I promise you.”

“It’s okay, baby girl,” she says, giving me a bright smile, which is slightly forced. “I know you’ll find something.”

“Okay. How’re you feeling?”

“Tired,” she sighs.

“I’ll let you go then. I’m about to crash myself.”

“Night,” she says with a yawn.

“Night.” I shut down the projection and feel bad. She was clearly waiting up for me to call or visit. Damn this guilt. Where has it come from and why is it pestering me so much right now?

I flop back to the bed and close my eyes. I feel the pull of sleep drag me under quickly. I turn onto my side and curl up, relaxing as slumber takes me over.



*I AWAKE WITH A START. I BLINK, BUT THERE IS NOTHING BUT BLACKNESS EVERYWHERE. NOT EVEN A single speck of light. I sit up and look around. I can’t feel my bed underneath me, only the cold, hard ground.*

*“Annabelle,” a really creepy, male voice whispers in my ear.*

*I jump a mile, putting my hand over my heart. “Fuck! What? Who are you?” I turn to look where the voice had come from but see nothing.*

*“Anna-belle,” the voice singsongs in my other ear. “I know what you fear, little girl.”*

*“Ha,” I let out a loud laugh. “I don’t fear anything. Not even you, creep.”*

*He chuckles slowly. “No, you don’t fear me, girl. You don’t even really fear yourself. I know who you fear.”*

*“Who are you?” I bark. I still can’t see, and it is pissing me off.*

*“Your night mare,” he says, his oily voice making my skin prickly.*

*“I don’t have nightmares,” I inform him.*

*“Night. Mare,” he clips out.*

*“And the difference is?” I ask, with a raised eyebrow that he can’t even see.*

*“I feed on your fear,” he hisses.*

*“Too bad for you then. I don’t have any fear. You’ll starve.”*

*“Uh-uh-uh,” he tuts at me. “You fear Lucifer. I know you do.”*

*My mouth goes dry. “What?” I choke out as my palms start to sweat. I rub them on the slinky nightgown. How does he know about Lucifer? “You have no idea what you’re talking about.”*

*“You fear him coming back to take your power, his power, from you, don’t you, Annabelle.”*

*“You are delusional,” I snarl at him. “Fuck off out of my head, asshole.”*

*“Why so mean?” he asks, sounding hurt.*

*“Why so creepy?” I ask back.*

*“Humph,” he mutters, but he is further away from me now.*

*“What’s your name?” I ask suddenly.*

*“Why?” he asks suspiciously.*



*“So I know who to add to the docket for an ass kicking tomorrow.”*

*He laughs, making my skin crawl. “I’m above that, girlie.”*

*“Says who? I’m the Queen of the Demons. You’re a Demon, aren’t you?”*

*“Why, yes,” he says and then a soft glow appears in the darkness. I see the form of a hunched over male, changing shape to take the form of a wispy white horse. He rears up, kicking his front legs and then gallops towards me.*

*I put my arms up to stop him...*



“FUCK!” I SCREAM AND WAKE UP, SITTING UP WITH MY ARMS IN FRONT OF MY FACE. I’M PANTING heavily and the stench of fear is all around me. “Fuck,” I whisper and drop my hands. “What the actual fuck?”

The horse is in the room with me and I climb out of bed, marching over to him. I don’t reach him though, as he whips up into a whirlwind and then slips across the floor and *through* the closed window that overlooks the sin bin.

I rush over and pressing myself against the glass, I see the Night Mare shimmer and change from a white mist back into a wispy human male form. He slopes off through the crowd, but I’m not letting him get away. I flame down into the middle of the milling Demons, creating a small circle around me as they step back.

I crane my neck to see if I can see the Night Mare, but he’s gone. Instead, all I can see are the creatures of the night. By day, everyone walks around, mostly, in their human disguises, but night is a whole different ball game. Especially in here. The cries of pain and pleasure tear through the air and the scent of blood is strong.

I shiver as the circle of Demons around me closes in a little bit, now that my flames have died down. I realize that I’m standing here in a sexy negligee with my assets on show.

“Sorry, boys,” I drawl. “Time to skedaddle.”

I try to flame out, but I can’t. I try again, but nothing happens.

“Shit,” I mutter as I try to dress myself in something more appropriate but that doesn’t work either. I can’t even bring my bat to my hand.

I’m powerless.

“Shit,” I mutter as a creature from the pits of Hell, slides over to me, his tentacles waving around and weaving around my wrists, holding me in place. I try to pull away, but I have no strength. I’m trapped, powerless and weak, surrounded by a bunch of horny looking Demons who don’t give a flying crap that I’m still their Queen, regardless of my power outage.

I stop pulling against the tentacles and take a deep breath. There is little I can do to prevent what is about to happen. It enrages me, but even that doesn’t bring out the She-Devil.

A Demon the size of a behemoth and ugly as fuck with his huge tusks and clawed hands, stalks me as the tentacle beast slithers around me, wrapping his appendages around my ankles tightly.

The press of several Demons against me makes me shudder, but I lift my chin higher. I feel slimy hands on my arms and legs as some of them drop to their knees. My nightgown is torn from my body so that I stand there naked and...vulnerable. I won’t scream. Giving them fear will only make them stronger.

A tickle at my pussy makes me look down and I nearly retch as a Serpent Demon has reared up

and his forked tongue is flicking out at me, tasting the natural dampness between my legs. There is *definitely* no arousal there.

“Open her legs,” the Serpent Demon hisses loudly.

My legs are forced apart by the tentacles wrapped around my ankles. I stumble, but there are disgusting, fetid and bloody hands there to hold me up.

The smell is overpowering. My stomach churns.

“Get on with it then,” I growl at them, wishing this to be over as quickly as possible. Although the amount of Demons lined up to take their turn with me is growing by the second. I won’t say ‘no’. I won’t give them that power over me. Hell will freeze over before I give up my last shred of control over this fucked-up situation.

Several long, gnarled fingers grab my pussy roughly and squeeze tightly.

“Make her wet,” the Serpent Demon instructs, waving his tail up in the air as his head ducks back down. He guides it towards my hole. I grit my teeth and close my eyes.

“*Ahna!*”

I hear Drsecal’s voice coming from a distance away. “Dres?” I cry out, opening my eyes as the snake tail thrusts up inside me painfully hard, making me grunt.

“Anna! Anna!”

“Dres! Where are you? Dres!” I shriek as the gnarled fingers join the snake tail and my head is yanked back by a fistful of my hair, the force of it knocking me off my feet so that the tentacles can hold me horizontal a few feet off the ground.

“Anna,” Drescal shouts.

I suck in a huge, noisy breath and my eyes fly open.

I see my ceiling and I sit up, nearly headbutting Drescal in the face as he scoots back quickly.

I’m in my bed.

I’m dressed in my sexy nightgown.

I’m panting and shaking as I leap off the bed and race over to the window. I look down and see the circle of Demons looking around to see where I’ve gone. I see the Serpent Demon that had his tail up my cunt a few seconds ago, shift angrily back into his human form and he storms off, shoving the weaker Demons out of the way. The behemoth stomps off, looking for some other prey that takes his fancy. The Demon with the gnarled fingers looks up at me and I gulp. He is a Gargoyle. We hold eye contact for a brief moment before he too disperses into the crowd.

I spin back to Drescal, trying to figure this the fuck out.

“I was here the whole time?” I ask him.

He nods slowly. “Did you have a bad dream?” he asks carefully.

“I don’t have nightmares,” I spit out.

“You looked like you were having a bad dream,” he insists, but avoids the word nightmare for some reason that I can’t fathom.

“I was down there,” I point out the window. “Powerless and vulnerable and...” I stop speaking. I can’t trust him with that information. “No, you’re right. It was just a bad dream,” I add with a bright smile. “I’m okay. What are you doing here?”

I’m trembling inside, but he seems to buy what I’m selling and stands up to come closer to me, brushing my hair out of my face. “I was drawn here. I felt your fear,” he whispers to me, searching my eyes. “I didn’t know you got scared, Anna.”

“I don’t,” I grit out, but he isn’t teasing me. He is serious and concerned.

I lower my eyes, wishing suddenly that Elijah was here. I want his strong arms around me, his

huge solid body protecting me. I don't know what the fuck just happened, but I was definitely down there with all of those Demons being raped by a snake and Gargoyle, and who the fuck knows what else would have penetrated me had Drescal not "woken" me up.

Astral Projection, maybe? I split my body in half but the half that moved had no powers. What does that mean? Did the Night Mare do it to me?

Drescal leans in and brushes his lips over mine. I push him away as I really just can't even think about sex right now. I need to go and douche so that any trace of snake and stone is gone from inside me.

"Go, I'm fine," I mutter and head into the bathroom, shutting the door firmly and then leaning against it. I hold my hand out and bring the fire of Hell to my palm. I feel better instantly, reassured and ready to face this. Those assholes who dared to touch me against my will are going to face my wrath.

Just as soon as I've disinfected my whole body.



### Annabelle

I didn't sleep.

I stayed in bed, trying to get rest but there was no way that I was falling back asleep for that creepy Night Mare to return and force a powerless me out of my body.

Ugh.

I shudder again as I crawl out of bed and get dressed.

It's early so I'm going to get a jump on this day. I usually come to around noon after a night of sex and booze.

Not last night.

I wasn't even feeling it *before* the weird rape-y situation downstairs, and definitely not afterwards. Poor Drescal. I'll have to find him later and make it up to him. I don't think I've ever refused his advances before.

As I open my closet, I reflect back on what Creepy said to me about Lucifer being my only fear. He is not wrong, but he's not really right either. I mean, if someone let him out, I'd fight him for what's rightfully mine regardless of who the fuck he thinks he is. I don't fear *him* exactly, more the thought of losing everything that I've worked to gain down here. I wasn't well received by the minions when my father presented me to Hell, so I've heard. Clawing my way to garner their respect and fear has been a difficult job and one that Dad had to help me with by letting me be ruthless and cruel in a public setting. He organized the Daily Dealings for me to exert my power, my strength and to show those bastards that I'm their true Ruler, even if I am a female.

Not overlooking the fact that Creepy has been in my head and dredged this information up, which is worrying. If he tells anyone he knows that Lucifer isn't really dead, then trouble could start for me, big time. It'll be a pain in my ass that I'd like to avoid if at all possible. Plus, the whole him being in my head, worming around my thoughts, picking out weaknesses. I *don't* like it and I'd thought I was immune to such parlor tricks. For some reason, he has a power that works on me. It needs addressing. Pronto.

I pull out a purple leather dress with a zipper down the front from top to bottom. The dress is

about knee length, but that's okay because I can show off my cleavage instead of my ass. Not both. See how the Doc likes *this* attire.

Slipping on my black heels, I open the bedroom door and nearly trip over Mouse. She is curled up after a night of whatever she was doing, tired out. I step over her and barge into Shax's room unannounced.

He is asleep in the darkened room.

"What do you know about Night Mares?" I ask him, folding my arms and tapping my foot.

He groans and cracks an eye open. He is alone with the soft growl of Death Metal coming from unseen speakers.

I snort as I recognize the band. Morbid Angel.

Well, it suits him. He fucking well *is* one.

"Who?" he asks, not moving.

"Night Mares," I repeat.

If anyone, Shax will know. There aren't any creatures down here that he isn't well informed on. He has an active brain and little to do, so he learns. Fucking nerd.

He sits up and gives me the evil eye. "Night Mares. Ancient creatures that enter your subconscious while you're sleeping and give you, well, nightmares," he says. "Why?"

"How many do we have here?"

"One," he answers to my surprise. "They are super rare and practically extinct. He is locked up in the prison in the center of Hell though. Got a little full on with the Demons' fears a while back, caused chaos."

"How much of a while back?" I venture.

"Couple of hundred years, I think."

"Hm, thanks," I mutter and leave his room, slamming the door behind me. If there is only one down here, I'm pretty sure he isn't locked away anymore. Someone has let him out, but who and the bigger question *why*. To mess with me or to mess with everyone?

With this new worry hanging over my head, I make my way down to Gregory's office. I knock and then push the door open.

"Doctor Gregory," I say in that husky way that he always ignores.

He looks up from his workbook in surprise. He glances at his watch and then back at me. "Well, well," he says, standing up. "To what do I owe this early call?"

"I was up, figured I'd get you out of the way before I get some shit done, ya know?" I flop into the chair and cross my legs.

"I see," he murmurs and picks up another notebook. He sits opposite me, uncapping his pen and gives me a penetrating look.

I sigh. "Okay, I get the drill. I'll start. So, last night I decided that I wanted an early night. I fell asleep and was woken up by a weird Night Mare Demon thing. Shax says he's like super rare and supposed to be in prison, but that's not even the weirdest part. I was forced out of my body, but like a powerless me and then I was accosted by all of these gross Demons until Drescal managed to wake me." I stop speaking and search Gregory's eyes.

He blinks a couple of times. "A powerless you?" he croaks.

"Yeah," I snarl, "Remember the rules, *human*."

"Oh, how could I forget," he drawls at me, holding his hands out to gesture his situation, his pen caught between two of his fingers.

"I'm gonna need to hear it," I inform him loftily.

“Everything you say is confidential and protected, and if I utter a word to anyone you will string me up by my cock and cut off my body parts, starting with my tongue.”

I give him a big beam. “Super.”

He returns my smile with a weak one which drops off and his face goes serious again. “Accosted?” he probes.

“Accosted, raped, whatever. Serpent Demon and a Gargoyle to be exact.”

“Err,” he stammers. “Annabelle, this is serious, you...”

“I’m fine,” I brush it off, because I really am. “I mean, yeah, it freaked me out last night but it’s over. Done. Dealt with and I will ensure it will never happen again.”

“Have you faced your attackers?” he asks quietly.

“Not yet, but oh, they’ll know I’m coming,” I growl, bringing my bat to my hand with a zing of magick.

Gregory pales and swallows before putting his pen and notebook down and leans forward. “Annabelle.” His voice is full of concern. “Are you okay?”

“I told you, I’m fine. Fuck this conversation. I’m more bothered about the creepy Night Mare and the Astral Projection.”

“You know that if you ever need to talk about it, I’m here.”

I’m about to spit out an acerbic comment, but he looks genuinely concerned. Not just about me as his patient, but about *me*. I cut him some slack and smile. “Thanks,” I say quietly. “Oh, before I forget, your bullshit tactics aren’t working. I shifted yesterday and I could’ve eradicated a Demon.”

“You sound glad that you didn’t,” he says, sitting back and picking up his pen and paper again.

“Pah,” I scoff. “He is an arrogant asshole. He is lucky I don’t go back there and fry him.”

“Hmm,” he murmurs and scratches something down in his notepad.

“What are you writing?” I ask with a frown. I lean forward and reach out, but he pulls it away.

“Not for you to read,” he says.

“Too damn bad,” I retort and with supernatural power, magick the book from his hand to mine. I look down with a smug smile as he splutters and chokes and scrambles to get it back.

“You think I’m protesting too much?” I ask incredulously. “You asshole.” I fling the book back at him and he catches it with excellent reflexes for a *man* and quickly shuffles the pages. His cheeks are an adorable bright red and I get the feeling that I didn’t see what he was so bothered about. I am *going* to have to get my hands back on that book when he’s not watching. See what’s sooo blush worthy. Probably ravings about my cleavage being on show and my over made up face. Dickhead.

“Well, are you?” he asks after clearing his throat.

“I fucked him if that’s what you’re asking,” I say harshly. “I had to get rid of the rage. That’s the whole reason that *you* are here, though, isn’t it, Doc? To stop me from raging out in the first place.”

“Did you try the technique?” he asks.

“Yes, *after* I’d already shifted.”

“Did it work?”

“Well, yes...”

“Then I am doing my job. What do I keep telling you, Annabelle? This isn’t an instant process. It will take time and practice. Next time you feel about to rage out, stop, count to three and smile.”

“I don’t have time to,” I whine. “It comes on suddenly. One second I’m fine and the next someone says something to piss me off and...boom.” I make an explosion gesture with my hands.

“I see. Okay, next time try and count to one before you...” He mimics my gesture. “Then the time after that try for two, and so on.”

I nod slowly, taking that in. "Okay, I hear you."

He smiles at me and I return it. We sit there for a few moments and then I stand up. "I've got shit to do. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Actually, could you make time to pop by later?" he asks carefully.

"Why?" I ask curiously.

"I want to make sure that you're doing okay," he says quietly.

I clench my jaw. "Sure," I chirp, "If I have time."

"Of course," he says.

I nod and leave his office, bumping into a huge male with the most astonishing slate gray eyes.

"Your Majesty," he murmurs, giving me a deep bow.

I give him a puzzled look, which turns to a smug one. Yes, more of my minions should bow down to me. I like this gigantic male already.

"Aleister," he says, straightening up and looking down into my eyes with a level gaze that I feel is tinged with sorrow.

I blink and step back slightly. "You," I state coldly.

He shakes his head. "I am the Gargoyle Master," he informs me, "I'm aware of what one of my subjects inflicted upon you."

He drops to his knees and takes my hands, looking up at me imploringly.

I lick my lips. "Go on," I press darkly when he hesitates to continue.

"I wasn't there last night, but I have a connection with all of my subjects. I can see through their eyes and I saw what he did. I apologize profusely for his disgusting behavior. He will be severely dealt with."

"If you saw what he did, why didn't you stop him?" I ask the only question that I'm concerned about right now.

"I latched onto his essence too late, my Queen. I was on my way when you vanished and then I saw you up in your room."

"You saw me through his eyes?" I inquire, trying to get this straight in my head. "You know exactly what he did to me and that I..." I pause, trying to decide how much to actually say. Although if he saw what happened, he must know that I had no powers, until I vanished.

He stands up again, letting go of my hands. "I'm not here to judge your choices, Ma'am," he says, lowering his eyes again. "I'm here merely to tell you that in spite of them, none of my subjects have the right to touch you."

"Ma'am?" I choke back on that, but then his words sink in and I balk. "You think I'm into rape play?" I croak.

"I'm not judging," he says again.

"You dick!" I shriek. "I am *not* into rape play and I certainly wouldn't have let the assholes touch me if I'd had a choice about it."

"Erm," he stammers going bright red, his eyes darting to the side.

I press my lips together as I suddenly find this amusing. I stifle my laughter, taking in his very handsome face. In fact, his whole body is rocking it hard. Makes sense, though if he turns to stone. His light brown hair is short, his eyes are to die for and those abs, rippling under his gray t-shirt are making me sweat in a good way.

"I'll explain," I say, taking pity on him and losing any sense of wariness around him. He is too cute, like a giant puppy and for some inexplicable reason, I think I can trust him. I get that vibe from him. There are precious few people that I trust. I can count them on one hand, but this guy...I don't

know. There's something about him. He seems, well, I hate to use the word *good*, but I have no other word for it. He has shown outrage on my behalf for something his minion did that genuinely seems to appall him, even though he is a creature of Hell. It's delightful, delicious and so very sexy.

I grab his hand and pull him away from Gregory's office door and further down the hall. We are on the ground floor of my residence and not many rooms down here are used for anything. I push open a door a few down from Gregory's and drag him in, shutting the door behind us.

"I have this power," I start. "I can be in two places at once, unfortunately in one of those places I have no powers. That's what you saw last night. I was on the heels of the Night Mare and got cornered." I blink as I realize that I did in fact have some power to get down there in the first place. Maybe I used it all up, like it's in reserve and flaming out uses it all? I dunno, something to think about another time. "I can assure you that I will never be in that position again and I can also assure you every Demon that was down there will be eradicated, including your minion."

"I would expect nothing less," he mutters. "He is imprisoned, ready for you to exact your punishment when you are ready."

"I should point out that *you* are now aware of this predicament that I found myself in." I wait for his response.

He lifts his chin and takes it. "Do with me what you will," he states.

My heart thumps. Oh, I have every intention of doing all sorts of things with him but killing him isn't one of them.

"How come I have never seen you before?" I ask him.

He gives me a surprised look. "We usually keep to our section of Hell."

"Noted, but I've met most of the Demon leaders. Why not you?"

"We keep to ourselves," he says again, almost shyly.

Oh, I'm falling deeply in like with this male. He's the type of creature that I could see myself with down the line.

My eyes go wide as I stare at him. I don't know where *that* thought came from.

"Thank you for coming to me today," I murmur seductively, inching closer to him. He doesn't back away, but he does get a wary look on his face. I cool it immediately. If I pounce on him now, he will reject me, and I couldn't stand the humiliation of that. "I will let you know when I'm ready to dole out the punishment."

He nods, his eyes searching mine at my abrupt change of tone.

Dammit. I read that all wrong. If I'd jumped on him, I'd probably be getting a pussy full of rock-hard marble right now. I draw in a breath as he will literally be rock-hard. I shiver, my nipples puckering, but the moment has gone.

"I'll be waiting," he says and then with a final bow, he goes.

"Oh my," I whisper, fanning myself with my hand. He is one hot Demon.

But speaking of hot Demons, I need to find Drescal. I want some nice consensual fucking to occur in the next few minutes and he seems the best choice out of...well...none.

That thought depresses me more than I'd like, but there is no way in Hell I'm going to Elijah. He will only agitate me further, and any other Demon that would have sufficed yesterday, just doesn't make the grade today. My standards are rising, and it worries me. I may never find a male that will satisfy me, so I'm going to take a leaf out of my mother's book and find a few. The sexy Incubus seems to care about *me* and not just about screwing me, but I know that I can't accept him screwing other women anymore. One last fuck and then I have to end it. I want to get serious about finding, I gulp, *love*. Or something akin to it, anyway.



I decide that it is something that I can discuss with Gregory later when I go back to see him. Then I'm going to find out what he writes about me in those books of his. I chew my lip as the thought excites me, but it also worries me on a level that confuses me. I don't give a fuck what anyone thinks of me.

Except now I do, and he is a human no less.

"Oh, the shame of it," I murmur and head out for one last Hell-shattering fuck before I must make my way to Inbound and see what delights Roberta has managed to recycle for me in the last couple of days, and ask her to round up all of the Demons, apart from the Serpent Demon, who were in the sin bin last night. I want them thrown in prison until I decide how best to handle their eradication.



### Annabelle

I find Drescal scowling at his trainees in the teaching room. His face doesn't lighten when he sees me, in fact, it goes darker.

The three newbies turn to look, their faces going brighter as they see me.

I give them a serene smile which I turn on to Drescal as I saunter forward.

"What do you want, my Queen?" he asks.

"That's not a very nice greeting now, is it?"

"Neither was yours last night," he responds.

"Touché," I murmur. "I'm here to fix that. Sort of."

"Sort of?" he scoffs. "I'd tell you to get fucked, but we all know that you would and that you'd enjoy it."

I snicker as he struggles to keep the smile off his face. The three newbies are looking at him in horror that he could speak to me that way, but honestly, I like it from him. I like *him*. But I can't get past what he does for my Kingdom. Not anymore.

"Can we talk?" he asks me quietly.

"Yes," I say with a sigh.

"Don't move, I'll be right back. Think about the ways in which you can please a woman without thinking about yourselves," he adds to the newbies.

They nod eagerly and he grips my elbow, leading me into a smaller room just off this one.

His eyes rake down my body, taking in the purple leather dress. "You look ravishing," he murmurs.

"Thanks," I whisper, stepping closer to him. "So do you." I run my hands up his black duster then grip the lapels tightly to drag him nearer.

"Wait," he says. "If we kiss, I will forget what I want to say." He pushes me gently away from him, annoying me a bit. He *actually* wants to talk. I thought that was just an excuse to get me in here.

"Let me get this out before you say anything," he says before I can say another word.

"Okay," I say anyway.

“Last night, I realized something,” he says and then starts to pace.

I watch him and rest my hand on the table that’s in here with two uncomfortable looking chairs.

“I was in my room, on my bed and I...felt something. Something that I’ve never felt before. It was a pull, a hard tug on my heart and I knew instantly that it was you. I knew that you needed me. I don’t know how it happened or why, just that it did. I was drawn to you and I know, in spite of what you say, that I saved you from something. You were afraid, Anna, and even though I wish you would tell me why, you don’t have to. I’m making that clear. I have no expectations of you but having that feeling and knowing that we are connected somehow, forced me to make a decision that has been a long time coming. I’m retiring, Anna. Ever since I first met you, the work just hasn’t been the same. My heart isn’t in it. All I think about when I’m with those females is you. I can’t do it anymore. I don’t want to do it anymore. I want to be with you and I also know that this is the only way that you will even consider what I’m asking of you.”

I blink at him. “You are my best Incubus. You can’t retire,” I blurt out so that I don’t say something else I might regret later. He has cornered me with my own thoughts about his job. He knows me too damn well. Fucker.

“I can and I will, for you, for us. I will still teach,” he adds dismissively, waving his hand in the direction of the newbies, “but I will no longer be on Earth screwing other women. I only want to be with you.”

“How do you know that?” I shriek at him, suddenly panicking. I was prepared to end this after one last fuck. I came here to tell him that I couldn’t be with him anymore, that I needed something he couldn’t give me. Now he’s telling me that he can, that he *wants* to.

Damn him!

“Know what?” he asks confused.

“Know that you only want me!” I exclaim. “You were made to be a Demon who screws around. It’s not just your job, it’s your whole reason for being!”

“Your mother quit, so can I,” he states, stopping my tirade dead in its tracks.

“That’s not fair,” I say quietly. “She and my father were in love and she had two other men to keep her Seductress satisfied.”

“I am in love with you,” he says just as quietly. “I only want you.”

“I don’t know if only one male can satisfy me!” I shriek again.

“So have two other men, three, four! I don’t care, Anna!” he practically yells at me. “I just want you. I don’t care if you need to find satisfaction elsewhere.” He grabs my hands, squeezing them tightly. “I expect it. You are a complicated female. One male will simply never be enough to fulfill your every need, your every whim, your every desire.” He brushes my hair out of my face. “You are my Queen and I will be one of however many you choose to please you.” He kisses my hands. I’ve gone cold inside and hot on the outside. He is saying pretty much everything I want him to. There has to be a catch.

“I don’t know if I can trust you to keep your word,” I mutter.

“I haven’t lured a female down to Hell with sex for over a month. Ask Roberta. She is about to fire my ass anyway. That’s because I just can’t.”

“A-a month is nothing. What happens in a year? Two? A decade?”

“If you still want me in a years’ time, my love, I will be the happiest Demon in Hell. I will continue to do everything that I can to make you happy. I love you, Anna.”

I stare back at him completely and utterly dumbstruck.



### Shax

I stare at the ceiling. I've been this way since Annabelle left. I'm concerned with why she wanted to know about Night Mares. Does she want to release him to cause anarchy? Doesn't sound like something she would do. She likes order. She knows where she stands with that.

I sit up and reach over to turn the music up. The rip of the guitar through the room causes the female on the floor on the other side of the bed to come out of her drugged-up state. She insisted on drinking my blood last night. I was reluctant, but she whined about it, so I gave it to her to shut her up. I've done this once before and nearly killed the bitch. This time, I smeared some on my thumb and let her suck it off. She went as high as a kite for the length of an okay fuck and then she crashed. Hard.

"Get out," I say to her.

She blinks at me and knows that it's not worth fighting me over. She gets unsteadily to her feet and gathers up her dress. She slinks out of the room quietly and I breathe a sigh of relief. I really hate this, but I can't seem to stop. The war that rages inside me over my two sides drains me. I try to forget, but it doesn't work. Only being with Shadow brings me some peace, but she is hardly ever around.

I make a snap decision.

I shower, change and then head out to the gates of Hell. I look up at the huge iron structures and step through. I walk forward into the mist of the Wastelands. All eradicated Demons go here. But there are also creatures here that will eat your face off if you cross paths with them. I keep going for a little while and then I think about Earth and I'm there, looking down from the top of Mount Cook in New Zealand. The blue sky above me and the snow under my feet makes me smile. A real genuine smile that almost never passes over my face. It's as close to Heaven as I think I can get. I can't actually get to the real deal, in spite of being an Angel. I don't think it has anything to do with being Dark. I just don't think that I can. I don't know how, and I've tried.

"Shax," a soft male voice says my name from behind me, startling me. I've never encountered another being up here before.

I turn to look up at a large male with bright blue eyes and dark hair. I feel myself gawp as he steps forward, and I see his wings. White feathered wings spread out around him.

“How do you know my name?” I ask cautiously, but the admiration is hard to hide. I know he can see it. It is in his smile.

“My name is Vazna,” he says. “I’m Heaven’s Guardian. I have been waiting for you to return to Earth so that we may speak.”

“Heaven’s Guardian?” I ask very warily. My father used to be Heaven’s Guardian before he met my mother and fell from grace to be with her.

Vazna nods. “Yes, I know who your father is. Dashel was once a great Guardian over the Heavens.”

I blink as I have no words. I am completely speechless for the first time in my life. I even had something to say when I first found out that Shadow could shift into a human.

“I know this may come as a surprise and it was not my intention to ambush you,” Vazna says, his tone exuding caution now as well. “But I have wanted to talk to you for a very long time.”

“Why?” I croak out.

“You are a special creature, Shax. I can feel even from this short interaction that you are struggling with your two halves. I want to offer you another option.”

“What would that be?” I inquire with narrowed eyes. “Don’t think you can use me to get to my sister.” Protecting her is the only thought in my head.

“Oh, this has nothing to do with your sister. She is the Ruler of Hell. She is where she belongs. You though...you don’t feel that you are?”

“I *am* where I belong and that is with my sister,” I say carefully.

“What about you, Shax? Don’t you wonder what else there is for you?”

“No,” I state blandly. I’m not trusting this fucker just because he’s sporting a pair of white feathered wings and a fancy title.

“You can lie to yourself, but you cannot lie to me. I know how special you are.” He comes closer and strokes my cheek with the back of his hand.

I slap it away and step back. “Sorry, man, I’m not that into guy-on-guy.”

He gives me a curious look as if he doesn’t know what I’m talking about. That shouldn’t be surprising, though.

“You were born from great power, Shax. You shared a womb with the Ruler of Hell. You are her opposite in every way. *Every* way.”

I remain silent as I take in his words, trying to figure out what exactly he is talking about. “Are you saying I belong in Heaven?” I ask slowly, almost afraid to hear the answer.

Vazna gives me a searching look. “Is that what you want, Shax?”

I shake my head and give him a twisted smile. “I’m not buying what you’re selling so leave me the fuck alone,” I say. He is here to mess with my head, and I have enough shit going on in there without having him add to it.

“Shax!” he calls out as I spread my wings.

The black feathers are even more noticeable against the white glare of the snow-capped mountain.

I shake my head at him again. “I’m not who you think I am,” I say desolately. I belong in Hell, that much is clear from the contrast between us.

“Shax, wait!” Vazna says, but I flap my wings and transport myself back to the Wastelands with a heavy heart.

Heavier than usual, anyway.

I don't know what to think about Vazna. I don't even really want to think about it at all. It's too painful. It creates too much conflict inside me. I hate asking for help, but I feel there is only one course of action and that is to speak to my dad. I can't confide in Annabelle. She won't understand. There is nothing in her that can make her see what I'm going through. Even though I know she'd try to help me, her natural scorn for anything *good* will cloud her judgment.

Good.

I ponder that word as I make my way to my parents quarters. I know there's good in me, but it is being squashed by the evil. I live in Hell, good has no place here. Not even inside me. Maybe the answer lies in leaving here and seeing what comes out. I turn on my heel, decision made. Speaking to my dad isn't necessary now. I will discuss it with Shadow later. I'll track her down and ask her if she will go to Earth with me. To make an informed decision about *who* I am, I need to be in a neutral place and Hell isn't that place. Annabelle will be furious, but she will accept it. She'll have to because I need to calm the war inside me.

I finally feel some sort of peace settle over me, but it doesn't last long as I remember the box and key that I took from Elijah and what it unlocks. I have a feeling of dread about it which is why I haven't passed it on to Annabelle yet. I have a feeling that what it unlocks will release her father, but also something else she isn't ready for. I have to figure it out before I leave here.

I scoot past one of the older Demons down here. The Serpent Demon is headed towards the sin bin, deep in conversation with another of his kind.

"Razor," his companion hisses. "You took a risk. You're supposed to be laying low."

"Pah," he spits out. "That little slut had it coming to her."

"But was it even her? She had no powers."

"It was her," Razor says, full of confidence.

I'm about to leave them to their conversation when I'm stopped in my tracks.

"She looked at me with that fucking imperious look on her face. Entitled little bitch. Just cuz her father was the Devil doesn't make Hell hers. I don't know why she didn't stop..."

"Stop what?" I ask harshly as I turn around, the rage bubbling up.

I pull my knife out of the back of my jeans, ready to gut these fuckers.

"Err, Shax, hey," Razor says, giving me a cool smile.

"Stop. What?" I grit out, wondering what they meant about her having no powers.

"A bit of play last night," he says with a casual shrug. "You know how she is." He lets out a lewd laugh, grabbing his crotch. "She likes it rough."

I give him a look of utter disgust and stow the blade. I have no desire to hear about my sister's "playtime".

What concerns me is the part about her having no powers.

"Touch her again and you'll die slowly, painfully by my hand," I inform them both and storm off to look for Annabelle and find out what the fuck is going on.



### Drescal

I stare into her green eyes and I totally lose my cool. I have never been nervous around a female since I set foot in Incubus training school. She is right. It is what I was made to do. But now, standing here, looking at her, looking at me with an expression that I can't even begin to figure out, my palms start to sweat.

"Say something?" I croak out.

"Uhm," she stammers.

I relax. She is as nervous about this declaration as I am, but she hasn't told me to go and fuck myself. I take that as a good start to a negotiation that I know is going to be steep, long-winded and over-thought out by her.

She pulls her hands back and starts to pace.

"Drescal," she says, coming to a stop in front of me a few moments later. "I appreciate what you're offering, I really do, but..."

"No!" I snap at her, feeling this about to slip away. "Don't overthink it, please, Anna. Go with how you feel right now."

"If I do that and you turn out to be some loser that I can't stand, where does that leave us?" she asks quietly.

"Loser?" I ask with scorn, looking down at myself. "Do I look like a loser to you?"

"Well, not right now but it's further down the line I'm worried about. You are sexy as fuck because of what you do. If you aren't doing it anymore, then what are you?"

"Ouch," I mutter. That was a serious blow to my ego. "I will find something to do. Roberta can reassign me."

"It doesn't work that way, Dres. You know it as well as I do."

"So you're saying no because of something that hasn't even happened yet and may never happen? How do you know that I won't remain sexy as fuck as an ex-Incubus?"

"You will never be *ex*," she points out. "It will always be in you. You will always want the chase, the kill."

“Oh, so this is really about that?” I ask, getting really confused. She is trying to talk herself out of it by using everything she thinks she knows about me.

“Yes! No! I don’t know!” she shrieks and spins around to walk away from me. “I want it,” she adds quietly. “I’m worried that if I let you in and love you, you will hurt me.” She turns back around with a ferocious look on her face, “And then I will have to kill you.”

I chuckle at her. “The way I see it, I can only really hurt you in one way. By sleeping with another woman. I’m telling you that isn’t going to happen. Please, Anna, you have to trust me.”

“Why? Why do I have to trust you?”

“Because if you don’t, you will never find what you are looking for,” I say, knowing I am risking my life for it but needing her to hear it.

“How do you know what I’m looking for?” she asks, tilting her head, her cloud of red hair falling around her face. She is a vision.

“In spite of what you might think, I know you, Annabelle. You’ve played the game, you’ve fucked every Demon down here, but you want more now. You *need* more. I can see it. I can *feel* it.”

“Not *every* Demon,” she mutters, looking away.

A silence falls and I think I’m about to lose her for good, when she looks back at me.

“Did you mean what you said about the other males?”

I blink at her. Okay, yes, I meant it, but I didn’t think she would land on that as a reason to give me a chance. “Yes.”

She nods. “How will you curb your Incubus side?”

“I won’t have to,” I say in exasperation. She is dragging this out and killing me here.

“You will, we both know it, so throw an idea at me, anything. You must’ve thought about it!”

If I tell her that I haven’t even given it a single thought, she will walk away, and I will never see her again. It makes no difference if it’s a lie or not, I have to give her something.

“Role play,” I murmur. “Possibly having you allow me to seduce and chase, but not fuck, with you there of course. Other men...”

Her eyes light up and I know I’ve hit the jackpot. I go with it. “If you have other men in your bed, they could provide me with a release of some kind.”

She comes closer, licking her lips. “What kind of release?”

Uhhh...she’s got me there. I have never, *ever* thought about sex with another man before. Why would I, for fuck’s sake? “A blow job?” I hear the question in my voice and curse. Her eyes go hard. I have to save this.

“Have him suck me off until I can’t contain myself anymore. I want his tongue gliding down my length as you watch. I want to feel his teeth graze me slightly, not too hard, but not gently either.”

She is now right next to me, her breath quickening with each word I say.

“I want his tongue to circle my tip, taste my precum before he plunges his mouth over me in a deep throat that will make me explode in his mouth. I want to pump my cum down his throat, make him swallow every drop and then I want you to make me hard again and fuck me until I can’t breathe, can’t see straight, can’t bear a single moment without my dick inside you.”

“Oh,” she moans and grabs me roughly by my lapels and pushes her tongue into my mouth.

I kiss her back fervently, shoving her back and onto the old table. I grab the hem of her dress, sliding my hands up her thighs, pushing her dress up.

“Wait,” I manage to get out, hoping against hope that she gives me what I want, and I can finish this encounter and not end it by walk away.

“What?” she murmurs, taking the zipper in her hand that is holding her dress together and sliding it



down slowly, enticingly. She has the most amazing pair of tits I have ever seen on a female, but as much as I want to see them, I have to ask her what this means.

“Do you accept me?” I ask her as seriously as I can with my hands up her dress, and a hard-on that is about to punch a hole through my pants.

She hesitates.

I’m about to pull away and leave her for good when she lowers the zipper even further. “Do you promise that if you ever feel the need to take another woman, you’ll talk to me about it first? Give me the chance to figure something out with you?”

I fall headlong in love with her in that moment.

I knew that I loved her. I have for an exceptionally long time. But those words uttered from her full red lips, swollen from our kisses, mean *everything* to me. She is pushing her fears aside and is going to accept what I’m offering her, and even knowing that I might slip, she is prepared to help me if I do.

I won’t throw that back in her face by insisting that it will never happen. Even if I know that it won’t come to it, she has risked her heart to say that to me.

“I absolutely promise you, Annabelle Pandora. If you take me into your life as your lover and your partner, I promise that I will always come to you if I need help with anything.”

“Then I accept you,” she says, peeling the dress away to expose those perfect tits to me.

I latch onto her nipple as I drag the zipper all the way down. I find her bare and ready for me. As much as I want to use my moves on her, it isn’t necessary, and she doesn’t want it. Her legs are open, and she is undoing my pants, ready for me to thrust straight into her.

I do.

I can’t help it.

She is wet, hot and she sheathes my cock all the way to my balls as I drive all the way into her.

She grips my shoulders and throws her head back with a wicked laugh.

I freeze.

Has she just played me? I hate myself for that thought the second it enters my head and even more so when I realize *why* she is laughing.

I turn my head and see the three trainee Incubi leering at us from the doorway.

“Let me show you how it’s done,” I say to them, laughing with her now.

I pick her up and slam her against the thin wall, shaking it under the force. She wraps her legs around me and arches her back, shoving her tits out even more.

I respect that the boldest of the three inches forward, reaching out for her, pinching her nipple and twisting it gently as I’ve instructed them to.

“Yes!” Anna cries out as I pound into her and the other two newbies approach rapidly now, eager to get their hands on their Queen in a once in a lifetime experience. They deal with all of the playing that wasn’t necessary for me as I stick to the main event. I fuck her senseless in every position until we end up on the floor as the other three males, lick, suck, finger and kiss her until she has come so many times, I’ve lost count. It is only out of sheer will power that I hold on, knowing that she is loving every second of this ravishing.

“Let them fuck me!” she pants, looking deep into my eyes and I lose it.

I groan as I come inside her, letting her know that I relinquish my post as pussy-pounder and hand it over with good grace, as one of them gleefully enters her with great abandon and pumps away until he releases inside her with a loud groan of contentment.

“Oh, boy,” I say, shaking my head at him. “That’s not going to cut it.”

I try desperately not to laugh at the look of outrage on Anna's face. "Don't worry, baby. I'll make sure the next one gets it right," I murmur to her and she grins at me, lying back and letting us have our way with her.



## Annabelle

I adjust my dress after being ravaged by four very horny Incubi. It was positively sinful.

“Can I see you later?” Drescal murmurs to me, giving me a soft kiss.

I give him a puzzled look. “Of course,” I say. “Did we not just agree to be together properly?”

“We did,” he replies with a smirk. “I’m just checking you didn’t change your mind.”

“Why? Did you?” I ask, only slightly panicked.

“Absolutely not,” he whispers and kisses me again, twisting his hands into my hair. He pulls back.

“I’m just not sure how this will work?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, are we dating? Will I see you every night? Stay over?”

He sounds so unsure of himself, it’s sweet. “I will have a room prepared for you in the residence,” I say, making the decision to go as far in as I dare right now. “We will spend time together, maybe not overnight *every* night for now.”

“Sold,” he chuckles. “I will finish up here and then I have some things to sort out. I will see you later.”

I nod, squeezing his hand.

“You don’t need to say it, Anna,” he says. “I love you, but I don’t expect you to feel the same right now.”

I give him a soft smile. “I do care about you, Dres. I wouldn’t have agreed to this if I didn’t, but you’ll have to give me time for the rest. I have never...”

“I know,” he interrupts me. “It’s okay. I’ll wait, but I won’t stop saying it to you. I want you to know every day how I feel about you.”

I nod, lowering my eyes. “I’ll see you later then.”

I draw back and head out of the little room. I flame out to Inbound, feeling light and I can’t keep the smile off my face. I can’t believe that this has happened. I can’t believe that he is giving up everything for me. It gives me a thrill on a level that I have never experienced before. I decide to ensure that every day will be exciting with him so that he never has to feel like he made a mistake

giving up being an Incubus for me.

“Hey, Roberta,” I say as the massive Demon looms into view.

“Your Majesty. I was expecting you yesterday as well.”

The slight reproach rubs me up the wrong way. *I* make the rules down here. “I will visit when I see fit,” I inform her loftily.

“Of course, Your Majesty,” she murmurs, bowing her head.

“Now, what have you made me?”

Roberta hands me two files. Clearly marked with yesterday’s date and today’s. “We had an average day yesterday, but today we have found someone special.” Her eyes gleam with excitement.

“Oh?” I ask, full of interest. Roberta doesn’t call just any old fucker “special”. You have to have some serious oomph about you to acquire that label.

She nods emphatically, her several chins jiggling with the movement. “A brand-new Incubus. Drescal will have to up his game with this male following in his footsteps.”

I bite the inside of my lip. It’s not up to me to tell her that he is quitting.

“Do you know he hasn’t brought in a single soul in a month? A month!” she goes on.

I raise my eyebrow. At least I know now he was telling the truth about that and I didn’t even have to ask about it. It absolves me of any responsibility for coming across this information.

“You don’t say?” I mutter. “So, this new guy?”

“Oh, yes! He is remarkable.” She leans forward. “Between you and me, he used to be a bit of a playboy, so it was expected where he would end up, but he has that glow that I know is the marker for excellence.”

“Okay, great,” I say and then take a seat at her desk. “I’ll just go through these, see who’s coming through.”

She nods briskly now that gossip time is over.

I don’t really concentrate on any of it. All I can think about is Drescal and how it feels to have made a decision about being with him properly. I can’t help but think about Elijah as well and Aleister also wanders into my thoughts, which take a rather sexy turn. He is exactly the type of male that I crave. He is huge and powerful but will submit to me without a second thought. He knows his place. Drescal will let me take control, but he doesn’t let me forget that he is an Alpha male. He’ll let me push him around but then he wants a chance to do the same. It’s fine. I don’t mind him taking over, I don’t want to do all of the work all of the time. It has its place. Elijah, though? I don’t think I will get him on his knees again in my lifetime. I find it irritating, kind of sexy in that major Alpha way, but still irritating...now, Aleister...mmm. He is a male that I find absolutely nothing annoying about. He has done everything right so far. Okay, so we’ve only had one encounter, he still has time to fuck up somehow, but I don’t get that feeling from him. He could’ve ignored the situation, but he came to me, hat in hand and left the punishment up to *me*. He has respect for both the title and me. I know that I care about Drescal. We have been screwing around for a while and I like him. But I think I may have fallen just a tiny bit in love with the Gargoyle Master.

“Your Majesty?”

“Hmm?” I look up from the file and realize that I’d been staring at the same page for a while.

“Is everything okay with that one?” she asks worriedly.

“Yes, of course,” I mutter, embarrassed to be caught daydreaming over a bunch of males like a lovesick teenager. I slam the file closed. “All in order. I will be back tomorrow. Keep me informed on our upcoming star.”

“Of course,” she says.

I stand up and after issuing my imprisonment order, which she doesn't bat an eye at, I flame out. I have two places that I need to go. One is back to Elijah's. I'm pretty sure he has been keeping something from me, and then back to Gregory's.

I stifle my yawn as I land back in my bedroom. I'm tired after a sleepless night but I daren't go back to sleep. I simply cannot end up in a position of weakness again. I strip off my dress and shiver slightly as an unnatural coldness passes over me.

I grimace and yank out a short black denim skirt and white shirt that I don't button all the way up.

I admire myself for a moment and then wonder what I'm doing. Am I expecting to go down to the kennels and get smashed through a desk again?

"Belle?" Shax asks as he pushes the door open. "Can we talk?"

"Sure," I reply, shutting the closet door and leaning against it. "What's up?"

"I'll cut to the chase," he says unnecessarily. He always does anyway. "Have you lost your powers? Or are you now into some fucked-up sex game where you pretend you have?"

I raise my eyebrow. "Neither," I respond carefully. "Why?"

He sighs with relief, which surprises me somewhat. "Razor was being a dick before. I overheard his idiot sidekick saying that you had no powers and then they went on to imply that...stuff happened."

"Stuff?" I mock him.

He gives me a death stare. "So you're okay?"

"I'm fine," I lie. I'm not telling Shax about the Night Mare fucking with me. He'd only worry and fuss.

"Belle..."

"Look, I'm not going to regale you with tales of how I spend my nights. Just drop it. I'm fine, powers are working as normal, see?" I hold out my hand and a fireball appears on my palm.

He gives me a worried look, but he nods anyway. "Fine. Just watch your back. Razor isn't to be trusted."

"Are any of them?"

"No, not a single one so don't be swayed by any of them," he says fiercely.

I bite my lip. "Uhm, there is something you should know though, while you're here."

He folds his arms across his chest as if bracing himself. He knows me too well.

"Drescal has retired and I've decided to make a go of it. You know, in the couple's sense."

Silence.

"Drescal?" he spits out. "May I inquire, why him?" he adds in a slightly less aggressive tone. I've never heard his tone quite so sharp before.

"Yes," I say, smoothing down my hair. "He loves me, and I like him. I want more, Shax. You know that I've been getting bored and unfulfilled."

"How sure are you that he hasn't just said those words to fool you?"

"Fool me into what?" I ask.

He rolls his eyes at me. "Eventually into trying to take your throne from you."

"No," I say, shaking my head. "He wouldn't do that. He has no desire to challenge me. Why can't you just be happy that I'm growing as a person and realizing that I want more from my relationships?"

"If I felt he was worthy of you, then I would," he says.

How can I stay mad at him after that?

I smile beatifically and blow him a kiss. "I told him I'd make a go of it and I meant it. He's moving into a room here, so get used to seeing him around, and don't screw this up for me."

"I'll stay out of his way, as long as he knows I'm going to be watching him," he says before he

leaves me to contemplate that.

“Fabulous,” I mutter.

I change my mind about where I’m going, and head down to see Gregory instead. There is something about his change of attitude towards me this morning that has made me *want* to see him instead of it being a chore. It has me intrigued and I know that I definitely have to get my hands on those books of his so that I can see what he really thinks about me.

I knock and push the door open to find him in a rather compromising, yet quite interesting, position.



## Gregory

I hear the door open and look towards it quickly. My heart thumps and my blood freezes. The very woman that I'd been thinking about when this Demon dropped to her knees, is now staring at me with a raised eyebrow.

Annabelle slams the door shut and walks forward. "Am I interrupting?" she asks calmly.

"No," I croak and shove the Demon who'd been about to give me a blow job away. I do my pants up with shaking hands.

I see Annabelle take in the Demon's looks and I cringe.

"Got a thing for redheads?" she asks archly.

I don't say anything. If I tell her that I was thinking about her it will sound crass and she will dismiss it and me and probably send me back to Earth. While I wanted that in the beginning, getting to know this fierce, beautiful Demon Queen has changed all that. I want to stay here. With her.

I watch as the Demon gets to her feet and starts to walk quickly to the door knowing that trouble is brewing.

In a flash, Annabelle reaches out and catches the Demon around her upper arm in an iron grip that makes her yelp.

She keeps those mesmerizing green eyes on me, a faint smile playing on her lips as she squeezes even harder and then her hand sets on fire. The Demon shrieks in pain, writhing to get away, but then she is gone, burned to ash before I can take my next breath.

"I can explain," I say hastily, putting my hands up before she does the same to me. "It's not what it looked like."

"No?" she asks. "Looked to me like you were getting a blow job from a trashy red-haired Stalker Demon."

"She came to me for help. She wanted to talk. I know I'm here for you, but I didn't want to turn her away. She was on her knees with my pants down before I knew what she was doing. You arrived before anything happened. But I didn't push her away quick enough. I'm sorry," I ramble.

"What are you sorry for?" she asks me, sitting down and crossing her legs.

I take in the expanse of her thigh, unable to help myself this time. I'm aroused and she knows it. She can fucking see it, for the love of God. I cringe as that word enters my head and shake it to rid my thoughts of "the other side". I had no idea all of this really existed before Annabelle had me kidnapped to help her grow into a mature, respected Demon Queen.

She blinks at me, expecting an answer. I take in a deep breath. "I'm sorry that you had to see me in that position. It wasn't professional."

I have to be clinical about it, brush it off as it doesn't mean anything.

"Professional?" she murmurs. "How long have you been seeing her?"

"This was her second session."

"I see. She had her sights set on you, you know. It's what she does. *Did*. Stalker Demons...stalk."

"I get that now," I agree with her calmly. She is beyond pissed and it makes me nervous. Not just because of the Demon she incinerated before my eyes, but I need to know *why* she is so angry.

"So I saved you, really, you know. If she'd gotten her mouth around your cock, you'd have been toast. She'd have been boiling bunnies in your kitchen within a day."

I stifle my choke of fear, but I can't help the amused look I give her. "You know about boiling bunnies?"

"Pah," she scoffs. "You think that I don't know about your pop culture?"

"Well, I thank you for saving me," I say smoothly.

It appeases her. She smiles, but there is still a wicked air about her, and I feel that this is not over by a long shot.

"Were you thinking about me when she got to her knees?" she asks with a seductive tone that works on me, a little too well.

"Do you hope that I was?" I reply quietly.

"She looked a bit like me, in a less hot, trashier sort of way."

"I didn't notice," I lie, licking my lips. I sit down in the chair opposite her and lean forward to pick up my notebook. I give it a look of disgust as I shake the remains of the burned Demon off it onto the floor.

"How upsetting," she murmurs, her eyes heated.

"What do you think about me?" I ask her in the coolest way that I can.

She gives me a surprised look. I've thrown her with my question. She uncrosses her legs and leans forward, her elbows on her knees.

"What would you like me to think about you?" she asks with a smile.

I chuckle. "Nicely done. You're learning."

"I like you, Gregory," she says, clasping her hands. "I can talk to you and you listen."

"It's my job," I point out lightly.

"Is it?" she asks, sitting back. "Is it all about your job, Gregory?"

I adore the way she says my name. It is doing nothing to make my dick go down. In fact, it's even harder.

"I'm your therapist," I stammer, making sure the book is covering up the bulge in my pants. It's become a handy tool to have in our sessions.

"So?" she asks with a shrug.

"In the human world, advancing a relationship such as ours is considered taboo."

Her eyes light up. "Taboo? Oh, now you're just turning me on, Doc."

"You like pushing boundaries, don't you, Annabelle?"

She shrugs. "I'm the most powerful creature in all of Hell. If I can't push a boundary or two, then



where's the fun?"

"Do you consider me a boundary you want to push?" I am practically panting. This line of questioning is about as unprofessional as it can get, but I simply cannot get her out of my head. I dream about her; I see her when I close my eyes. I imagine her writhing naked on top of me, that cascade of gorgeous hair falling around her shoulders, brushing her nipples as she rides me wildly, using me, leaving me wanting, craving her touch again.

She licks her lips, her eyes narrowed. "How hard do you want me to push?" she asks.

*Oh, so hard.*

"I'm your therapist," I say again, more firmly this time. "You can't push me."

The disappointment in her eyes makes me want to drop to my knees and beg her to take me as her slave. She feels something for me, I don't know if it is real or if it's just because she thinks I'm a man who listens to her and respects her. It is something that she so desperately wants apart from love. It's classic transference if it's the latter. If it's the former, I'm professionally bound to ignore it. I don't know if I'm strong enough to do that. It took everything I had a moment ago to shut her down.

"Oh, I can push whomever I chose," she says. "If it's *taboo*, then that just makes it even more delicious."

"Why don't we talk about what happened last night?" I choke out. The anger that I feel about what she said claws at me. I'm powerless to do anything about it. I would be crushed the second I step out of her residence. As it is, I barely leave these two rooms that encompass my office and my bedroom. I have all my food delivered. I take a walk around once every three days. I know that I'm protected up to a point, if I don't step outside of the magickal barrier. I know that I get protection from Annabelle, she's told me as much, but she can't be there every second to make sure that I don't get eaten alive inside these walls.

I gulp as my reality hits me again. It does every so often. I was quite comfortable back on Earth. A solid practice in London, good friends, a fiancée. Then one day this Angel flashed into my office and snatched me, bringing me to Hell. Her twin. Annabelle has never been to Earth. She is bound by an eons old rule to only walk the Earth at Armageddon. A rule that her father broke on numerous occasions, in order to claim her mother. I often wonder why *she* abides by this rule as she seems to enjoy breaking them.

"Annabelle?" I ask as she has gone unusually quiet.

She shrugs petulantly. "I don't really want to," she says. "I told you it's over. Done."

"Are you sure that is how you feel?" I press.

"Yes," she states with an emphatic nod. "I do have something to talk about though."

"Oh?"

"You remember Drescal, the Incubus?"

How could I forget the man that enjoys her body regularly as I wish to? I grimace and try to turn it into a smile. "Of course."

"Well, he made this epic declaration today." She beams at me and I press my lips together. "He is retiring, and we are now officially a couple."

"Oh?" I croak out, unable to form more than this one syllable. I dig the tip of my pen into the notebook to stop myself from stabbing myself in the eye. She deserves better than to be with a Demon who fucks women to condemn them to Hell.

"Yep. He's going to move in here..."

"He's moving in with you?" I interrupt her.

"Well, no, not *in* with me. Just a room down the hall."

"But you will spend your nights together?" I ask.

She gives me a level look. "Does that bother you, Doc?"

"It appears rather sudden," I say to cover up. I see her face fall and she bites her lip.

"Do you think I'm making a mistake?" she asks me seriously.

I pause. She listens to me. I could rip this Demon away from her with a few words.

But what kind of therapist, what kind of *man*, would that make me. Petty, jealous and immature.

Three things that I know will turn her off in a big way.

"You are happy with your decision?" I ask instead, wishing that I had the balls to tell her to be with me.

She nods slowly. "Yes," she says.

I can see that she means it.

"Then that is all that matters, Annabelle," I say quietly.

She nods happily. "But that's not all. He knows that only one male won't cut it for me. So, I'm going to follow in my mother's footsteps. Have more than one male to please me."

I blink rapidly as I take in those words. "More than one?"

"Yeah, the way I see it, I could have half a dozen that focus on different parts, you know, each satisfying me in a different way."

"Mm-hm." I tap my pen and then scrawl something in my notebook, which I know annoys her.

"...and who doesn't want an orgy every night, am I right?" She laughs.

"Right," I mutter.

"Have you ever had an orgy, Gregory?"

I look up into her eyes and see that cheeky glint there again. She does love to tease me, and I love her doing it. I just wish I could act on it.

"No," I state. "I have been with only two women, at different times in my life and that's it."

She gives me a look of horror. "Two?" she splutters. "Two?"

"Two," I confirm, holding up two fingers.

"Fucking Hell," she breathes. "Two?"

I nod.

"How old are you?" It's a rude question but doesn't come across that way. She is astounded by my revelation as I knew she would be.

"Thirty," I tell her.

"Wow," she exclaims, crossing her legs again. "I mean...wow."

I wait for her next words, which are exactly what I knew...what I *hoped* they would be.

"Do you want an orgy, Gregory?" Her voice has gone husky, sexy and alerts my dick once again to bulge up.

"Are you offering?" I ask with a dismissive smile. I want her to think about it. I want her to think about it so hard, she needs it in her life, or she will go mad. "Do you want to corrupt me, Annabelle?"

She narrows her eyes at me. "Oh, you're a wicked male, Doctor Gregory. I would corrupt your little innocent soul so bad you wouldn't know what hit you. I would have you begging for more, begging me to have mercy on you as I show you one more move that will make your eyes so wide, they will fall out of your head. Metaphorically," she adds unnecessarily.

Or maybe not down here. Maybe eyes do fall out literally.

"It's taboo," I remind her softly.

"Ooh," she moans, throwing her head back. "I'm so wet right now."

I can't. I *shouldn't*, but I can't help myself.

“What are you going to do about it?” I whisper.

“Go and find myself a hot, giant Gargoyle and ride him until he weeps,” she says smartly, giving me such a sassy smile, I nearly weep.

“Off you go then,” I mutter. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

She blows me a kiss and stands up, vanishing from my sight, allowing me to groan and pull my dick out of my pants. I pump away, needing the release. I shove my notebook aside and stand up, moving over to the chair where she sits. I can smell her perfume and close my eyes, jerking off until I come all over the leather chair. Now when she sits there tomorrow, I’ll know what I did, and I’ll enjoy torturing her until she can’t stand it anymore. There is only one way I can see this happening now and that is if she comes to me. It’s unethical, it goes against everything I was taught and that I believe in, but I don’t care. My life, *that* life is over. I’m here now and it’s time that I truly accept that and make the most of it while I can.



### Annabelle

I stare out of my bedroom window at the sin bin. I can see the Serpent Demon, Razor, from last night, regaling it over a crowd of weak females. They are hanging on his every word and it pisses me off. I want to go down there, slice his guts out and burn them. But I know who he is now.

Razor.

His name has popped up on Shax's radar as one of those to keep an eye on. He is vocal about Hell being ruled by a female. He has so far stayed out of my way. I've never crossed paths with him before, except last night I appeared in the wrong place at the wrong time. Well, you know what they say about keeping your enemies close. I lean my head on the cool window and sigh. I'm so tired but there is still so much to do today. Unlike regular Demons, I need to sleep. The others don't require it to keep functioning, they just do it to pass away a few hours of every day.

*"Annabelle!"*

I groan. "Fuck off," I mutter, recognizing the creepy voice in my head.

*"I'm waiting, Annabelle. As soon as you close your eyes, you'll be mine."*

"Good luck with that," I snap.

*"You'll succumb. I can feel the exhaustion seeping in. That power is draining you, Annabelle. You need to sleep, girlie. How will you defeat Lucifer if you don't?"*

I grimace but ignore him this time. I push off from the window and flame out to the sin bin with extra hot flames so that they all know to back the fuck off from me and so it is clear that my powers are in perfect working order.

I land right in front of Razor. His eyebrows go up, but his casual stance doesn't alter. He is seated in a highbacked chair as three naked females are practically crawling all over him. They back off as I stride forward, a sultry smile on my face. Killing him will only annoy his followers and that is something that I don't want to deal with right now. Factions are common and they come with the territory. As long as I remain the strongest, and I am, then Dad told me not to bother too much with them, unless they become a serious problem. So far, Razor has been all talk, up to last night. But I intend to make sure he knows I'm on to him.

He adopts a wary air, but doesn't move as I lean in, resting my hands on the arms of his chair and giving him a good view of my cleavage. His snake's tongue flicks out of his mouth, tickling me between my breasts, but I ignore it instead of wrapping it around my fingers and yanking it out of his mouth.

"Did you enjoy fucking me last night?" I whisper to him.

"Did you?" he asks back, but his tone is cautious.

"Mm," I murmur. "I always wondered what it would be like with one of your kind."

"I'm happy to oblige you again...*Your Majesty*." The sarcasm is evident in his last two words, but I ignore it.

"Don't wait too long," I murmur.

He gives me a smug grin, which I wipe off his face by turning to the side so that everyone can see my next action. I lean in even closer and give his face a salacious lick, letting him and everyone else know exactly how I see him. He is my property and now everyone knows it.

I give a wicked laugh as I walk away from him, red-faced and spluttering with indignation. Sure, it'll aggravate him, but now that I have his number and he knows I'm not scared of him, he might think twice about acting again so soon.

Feeling marginally better, I head off to deal with the other asshole who touched me.

I flame out mid-stride to the area of Hell where the Gargoyles live.

It is all high buildings and cold stone here, unsurprisingly. What is surprising is that when I ask to see Aleister, I'm escorted to the very top of the highest building, via Gargoyle flight.

"Thanks," I mutter as the Gargoyle escort drops me gently to the floor and then flaps off. I look around and my breath catches.

"Wow," I say before I cringe. I'm supposed to be all cool and what not and here I am gaping in amazement at the view stretched out before me. Of course, that view also includes Aleister, perched on the building's ledge, as the most enormous Gargoyle I have ever seen.

His big globe eyes are taking in every inch of me as he stretches out wings that must span several meters on either side. He flaps them briefly as he leaps off the ledge, shifting before his feet hit the ground.

I brush my windswept hair out of my face and move closer to him. I'm drawn to him in an almost physical way. It's startling and amazing.

I gaze up at him. He is looking down at me with those beautiful eyes, adoration swimming in them. He takes my hand silently and leads me over to the ledge.

"It's gorgeous," I exclaim quietly.

"It's yours," he replies steadily. "Of course it is."

I actually blush and look down, curling my hair behind my ear.

"That's where you live," he adds, and I follow his pointed finger to see the black gothic structure on the horizon.

"Yep," I whisper.

I turn to him.

He turns to me, taking my other hand.

I tilt my head back to look up at him, parting my lips, hoping he will lean down and kiss me.

He doesn't.

"You are here to exact punishment?" he asks.

"Yes," I rasp. He has taken my breath away. I have never felt so exhilarated by a male before.

He nods once and then leads me into the building.

It has a walkway all around an empty space in the middle that drops to who knows where. He gathers me up in his arms, cradling me.

“Hold on,” he whispers, sprouting his wings, leaping up and then dropping straight into the hole.

“Eek!” I squeal as the air that rushes past me, is fast and cold. Needless to say, I clutch him in a death grip that I’m reluctant to break when he lands lightly on his feet at the bottom of the building, which must be seventy stories minimum.

“Fucking Hell,” I pant.

He grins down at me, stashing his wings.

“I’ve amazed the Demon Queen,” he chuckles.

My eyes roam over his gorgeous face. “Oh, I’m amazed all right.”

His eyes go wide, and he lets go of me, placing me back on my feet and resuming his almost shy air.

He is too precious.

He takes my hand again and leads me off to the side and down some stone steps. We circle around and around until we get to what is most definitely the dungeon.

Quietly, he walks forward, his giant strides forcing me to jog to keep up with him. He stops suddenly where a small Gargoyle is chained to a wall. His arms are up, spread out above his head, his legs also apart and chained. He is tiny compared to Aleister and I figure he must be fairly new.

I stifle my gasp of surprise as Aleister gets to his knees and bows his head. “As his Master, I offer him up for punishment by your hand, my Queen. I will also accept any sentence that you place on my head for allowing him to violate you.”

“Him, I want,” I say harshly, bringing Babe to my hand and clutching it tightly. “But you are free from blame and retribution.” I absolve Aleister because not even the hounds of Hell could make me hurt him. It would cause me pain to raise my bat to him and that is something that I have never felt before. “Rise,” I order him.

He does as I instruct, but he doesn’t look at me as he unlocks the cage. “Do you require an audience?” he asks quietly.

“Nope, this’ll do,” I snarl and stepping forward, I swing my bat aiming for the gnarly hand that finger fucked me without my permission.

The Gargoyle yelps with agony as I smash his hand into tiny pieces that fall to the ground as bits of stone and dust.

Aleister steps back, but he doesn’t leave. I know that he will suffer through this. He is connected to his cluster in ways that I can’t even imagine. They are made from him, born of his flesh and blood. They, like the Hellhounds, are true creatures of Hell.

It almost makes me think twice about this.

Almost.

The blood lust of the Devil has reared its head and I couldn’t stop now if I wanted to, which I don’t.

I swing the bat again and smash his other hand to bits and pieces.

Then, I lose it.

His cries and shrieks of anguish echo through the dank prison as Babe slams into the Gargoyle again and again.

I take out his knees, his feet, his elbows...saving his head for last.

It has dropped to the floor. He is dead. Completely and utterly gone. To whack his head into little pebbles could be considered a pointless act.

I'm breathing heavily as I raise Babe one last time and bring it down with all of my strength onto his face. It crumbles under the force and I pant, leaning on the bat as I take in what I've done.

I need a good fuck right now more than I ever have.

But I won't get it from Aleister.

He is on his knees, mourning the loss of his Gargoyle and that sliver of guilt that I feel over my father suddenly blooms into a campfire. Should I have treated Razor the same? Yes, but he is way more powerful than this little shit was and his followers are enough. It won't be as easy to annihilate him in cold blood. As far as the Demons are concerned, he did no wrong. I didn't fight, I didn't say no, and even if I had, so what? There are no morals down here. There is no right and wrong. Razor will hear about this and he will expect the same. He will wait on tenterhooks and I'll make him until I'm absolutely ready to take him out. I will string him along. He will fear my every move, thinking that I will attack. He will be a paranoid mess when I'm through with him and then I will exact my revenge. I want to *destroy* him completely. This Gargoyle would have been killed without me. Aleister would've taken it into his own hands if I hadn't stepped in. It's the way it is. It's the way *he* is. Razor doesn't have that authority figure. He has *me*, and he has wronged me. I *will* make him pay. When he least expects it. When I'm ready.

I drop to my knees in front of Aleister and take his face in my hands. "I'm sorry," I murmur and brush my lips over his before I stand up, step back and flame out, needing to leave him to his grief. I'm the last thing he wants to see, let alone screw right now.

I feel a tug on my essence, and I know it's him. He wants me to return, but I won't. I need to figure out *what* that means first and secondly, I need to speak to Elijah again. I know he lied to me yesterday and now I want answers.



I STIFLE MY YAWN AGAIN AS I LAND IN THE COURTYARD OF THE KENNELS.

*"You'll be mine soon, Annabelle."*

I shake my head to clear it and wake myself up a bit. I could fall asleep on my feet after that kill, the sexual tension with Aleister and of course, no sleep last night.

The sizzle under my feet makes me move forward.

I find Elijah on his knees in one of the kennels, facing off with the middle head of one of his hounds. They are growling at each other, but she quietens down when she catches wind of me.

Elijah pauses and turns his head slowly, warily.

He turns and to my surprise, stays down. "My Queen," he says gruffly.

"Elijah. Get up."

He raises an eyebrow at my brusque tone, but does as I say.

"To what do I owe the honor of a third visit in two days?" he asks quietly.

"If you are hoping for another fuck, forget it. You lied to me yesterday and I want to know what's in your desk."

"Nothing," he states and walks away from me, through to the back. "As you can see, it is empty." He points to the smashed-up wood that he has neatly leaned up against the wall.

I narrow my eyes at him. "Fair enough. What *was* in it. I know there was a spell cast, no one has a desk with nothing in it."

I see him debate with himself and know that I've got him cornered. I push it. "What did my father give you?"

He sighs and rubs his hand over his face. "Ask your brother," he says quietly and turns from me to take off his coat and hang it up on a peg.

My heart stops for a second. "Shax?" I ask carefully. "What's this got to do with him?"

He shrugs. "Ask him."

"Oh, I will," I grit out, my fists clenched. The betrayal stings. My twin is supposed to have my back and now I find out that he is hiding shit from me. I flame out, but not to kick Shax's ass. Not yet. I'm exhausted. Every time I use my power, it gets worse. I need to sleep, but I don't want to. My head is going a bit fuzzy, so I'm going to have to rest. I just don't want to do it alone.

I knock quietly on Gregory's door and wait for him to answer it instead of barging in. I'm not sure that I can take walking in on another surprise almost blow job. I feel quite territorial over my therapist. He's mine. He isn't here for other patients, *or* to get his rocks off with slutty Demons.

"Annabelle?" he asks in surprise as he opens the door cautiously. "Is everything okay?"

His concern for me almost brings tears to my eyes. I clench my jaw and tell myself it's the tiredness.

"Can I come in?" I ask, gesturing inside.

"Of course," he says and steps aside to let me in. "What can I do for you?"

"Look, Doc. This Night Mare creep has gotten into my head. I don't want to sleep in case I end up in a situation like last night. But I'm exhausted. I didn't realize that the power drains me so much."

"You need sleep?" he asks.

"Yeah, I guess I'm figuring out that it's a weakness." I glare at him, daring him to comment.

He is wise and doesn't.

He takes my hand. "What can I do?"

"Stay with me while I rest," I mutter.

"Me?" he asks, shocked. "I'm afraid that I will be no good to you if this nightmare Demon shows up."

I grin at him. "You leave that bit to me. I just don't want to be alone. If I fall asleep, wake me up straight away, okay?"

He nods. "I can do that, but, Annabelle, this is only going to get worse."

"It'll do until I can find a solution. Please."

"A 'please' from the Demon Queen? How can I refuse?" he says with a little laugh.

"Fuck off," I growl good naturedly. I make a move towards the couch, but he guides me over to the far side of his office, to the door that leads to his bedroom.

"You'll be more comfortable on the bed," he murmurs.

I let him get me settled on the double bed and watch as he pulls up a chair. "You can join me, you know. I don't bite...unless you ask me to."

He blushes a bright red. "Uh..."

I pat the bed next to me.

He hesitates for a second before he climbs onto the bed with me. He lies flat on his back as far away from me as he can get without falling off the bed.

I decide to have a bit of fun at his expense and curl up next to him, my head on his chest. His heart hammers loudly in my ears, but he slips his arm around me, making me smile.

We lie in silence for a while, but the peace and quiet, the reassurance of him there makes my eyes heavy and soon I feel myself fall into oblivion.





## Elijah

I don't know if I've made a big mistake pitting her against her brother or if I've made her see that I'm not totally the bad guy. I guess only time will tell. I give up pacing and worrying about Annabelle as I feel a presence behind me that is filled with conflict and antagonism.

"E," the deep voice of the Horseman of War rumbles through the building and I turn with a smile.

"Killian. I wasn't expecting you back today."

His eyes, as white as the sexy top Annabelle was wearing earlier, give me a shrewd look. "Hoping I'd stay away longer?"

He stalks towards me. He is slightly taller than me, wider as well with shaved auburn hair. When he reaches me, he leans forward to brush his lips against mine, his hand on the back of my neck. I open up when he flicks his tongue against my lips. He massages my tongue with his in a sensual kiss that makes my heart pound.

"Of course not," I say softly when he draws back. "Just surprised. You've been gone eight months this time. I've missed you."

"I've missed you too. What happened here?" He gestures to the broken desk.

"Our Queen paid me a visit," I inform him.

"Ah. She discovered the box?"

"Not exactly," I reply, "She was looking for something. She didn't know what."

"So you didn't give it to her?"

I shake my head. "But her brother has it."

"Oh?" Killian gives me a curious look. "Interaction with both of the twins while I was away. You have been busy."

I give him an eye roll, but he isn't fooled. He knows me too well, so there is no point in even denying it. "Just the one twin," I say lightly.

His eyes hood, but he nods. "I see. The Queen, I presume?"

"Yes."

"Did you enjoy it?" he asks, his voice low with desire.

“Yes, she is something else.”

“So I hear,” he comments. “This is the first female you have been with for a while.”

I don’t say anything. I know he isn’t jealous, just working through it in his head. We have an understanding. We are free to fuck whoever we want. It has been longer for him since he took a female to his bed, enjoying it but preferring the company of males. I prefer it the other way around. I don’t fuck other males. Females are my main interest, except where Killian is concerned. Especially this one female that I now can’t get out of my head.

“You like her,” Killian states. “More than you should.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I growl at him.

“She is the Queen, off limits to the likes of you. You are a brute, E. There is no way she will accept your behavior and the day I see you change to be with a female is the day my dick will prefer pussy over ass.”

“How profound,” I mutter, pissed off that he has pointed out my fault. “I know what I am. Annabelle has made it perfectly clear what she thinks about my arrogance.”

“Annabelle?” he inquires with a smirk. “First name basis. This fuck must’ve been good. Too bad I missed it.”

“Stick around, Lian, you might see it happen again.”

He lets out a loud guffaw and I relax. I’m always tense around him when he comes back from Earth. Creating conflict, *war*, amongst humans takes its toll on him. Oh, he enjoys it, far more than is normal even for a Demon, but he doesn’t see that it also drags him under. He is lighter, more fun after he has been back here for a while.

“Now this I have to see. Breaking furniture is something that even *we* haven’t done for a while.” The heated look in his eyes stirs my cock.

I take a step closer to him, but he holds his hand up with a look of regret. “I have to report in. I came straight to see you. Hold that thought until I get back.”

I nod. “Lian?”

“Yes?” he presses when I remain silent.

“I *do* like her,” I admit. “More than that. She has clawed her way under my skin. I—I just wanted you to know that.”

“I appreciate the heads up, but you know you are free to enjoy others,” he says, but the look on his face contradicts his words. He is hurt. I knew he would be, that is why I wanted to give it to him straight. Fucking is one thing, craving someone else to the point where you can’t stop thinking about them, is a whole other bag of messed up shit.

“I know,” I say lightly.

He doesn’t respond, he bolts out with a flash of lightning that hits the stone with a loud crack.

I go back to brooding. Killian was right about her being off limits to me. But that doesn’t mean that I can’t try. I know my attitude pisses her off. I also know that when I knelt before her when she showed me the Devil, it pleased her. She is used to having males bow down to her. So she should. She is our Queen. There’s just something about her own attitude that makes me want to piss her off. It’s fucked up. I’m fucking this up just to see her eyes flash with anger and danger. It turns me on something fierce.

I groan as my dick, still aroused by thoughts of being with Killian, grows harder. Somehow, I’m going to have to get into a position to surprise her. I need to show her that I can be a good little puppy in her presence but also that when she wants me to slam her through walls as we fuck like animals, I’ll do it.

That is if she lets me. I feel like I've run out of chances and the possibility of getting her back here on my territory, where no one is likely to interrupt us will be a challenge.

My mind wanders to what it would be like to have Killian join us.

My blood heats up at the image, but I push it aside. Before any of this can happen, I need to survive Shax's wrath. He is going to be beyond pissed that I ratted him out to his sister. I saw the fleeting look of betrayal on her face before it went hard. She is going to kick his ass, and then he is going to come here and kick mine.

Again, I wonder what the key opens. I hope that whatever it is, Annabelle doesn't get hurt because of it.

The baying of the hounds brings me out of my thoughts. It's feeding time and I've been neglectful.

I stride out to the kennels and see Musmortus laying in wait. She pounces on me, knocking me back on my ass, licking my face happily.

"Hey girl," I laugh, stroking her heads. "Miss me?"

More lapping.

"I've missed you too. Tell your Mistress to bring you down here more often."

She tilts her heads at me in question.

I get to my feet and scratch her behind her middle pair of ears. "If only you could help me, Mouse. I feel I'm gonna need it."

She grunts her agreement and then pads over to where I keep the locker full of fresh meat.

I grin and forget about Annabelle briefly as I see to my hounds.

It is only as I finish up that I see Mouse waiting impatiently for me at the door. I frown at her as it is clear that she wants me to follow her.

Curiously, I do, wondering where she is going to lead me.

Hopefully straight to her Mistress, but my senses have spiked which tells me differently. Wherever we are going, there is trouble ahead.



## Annabelle

*I open my eyes, having the feeling of cloistered darkness. Just like before.*

*“Dammit! Gregory!” I yell into the heavy blackness.*

*“Annabelle?” he calls back.*

*I frown. “Gregory?” I shout. “Are you in here?”*

*“Annabelle!”*

*I see Gregory’s face swim into view, and I sigh. “If you’re in here with me, who is going to wake me up?” I complain.*

*“Little bit more concerned about why I’m in here with you,” he mutters.*

*“Yes, well, it’s subjective,” I say sarcastically. I turn around in a circle and see a flash of white mist making its way closer to us. “You!” I spit out as it zips over, getting in between me and Gregory and then flitting away.*

*“Annabelle,” the Night Mare sings. “I told you, you’d come to me.”*

*“Ugh,” I say with a shudder. “Not to you, not because I wanted to.”*

*“No,” he answers with a sad sigh. “No one ever comes willingly.”*

*I blink and look at Gregory. He sounded so full of sorrow.*

*I’m about to shout at him to fuck off out of my head when his Night Mare form appears right in front of me and he says, “My existence is so lonely.”*

*“Oh,” I murmur and exchange a look with Gregory.*

*This isn’t exactly going how I thought it would.*

*“What are you trying to do to me?” I ask him, for lack of anything else to say.*

*“Feed on your fears, but you don’t have any,” he replies but then turns towards Gregory. “He, on the other hand, has plenty.”*

*“Leave him alone!” I bark, pushing Gregory behind me.*

*“Oh, no, he can feed me until I’m strong enough to get out of this world.”*

*“What do you mean?”*

*“I’m not corporeal. I haven’t fed for hundreds of years.”*

*"While you were in prison?" I venture cautiously.*

*"Yees."*

*"Who let you out?"*

*I feel Gregory squeeze my shoulder, but I ignore him. The Night Mare is talking about himself and I want answers.*

*"S-s-s-nake," he hisses.*

*"A Serpent Demon?" I press.*

*"Hmmm."*

*"Razor?"*

*"I have no name, girl."*

*"No, I mean the Demon, was he called Razor?"*

*"I don't know."*

*"You have no name?" I ask.*

*"I did, a long time ago."*

*Okay, now we seem to be getting somewhere.*

*"What was it?"*

*"Sid," he sighs.*

*I try to keep the look of surprise off my face. An odd name for an odd Demon.*

*"Why did the snake let you out, Sid?"*

*"To get to you, of course."*

*"Why?"*

*"I don't know. Ask him what grudge he holds."*

*No need. I already know.*

*"But I'm bored," he whines. "You have no fear, not even of the original Lucifer. I thought you did, I thought the seed of doubt was something that could feed me, but you don't care. You don't care about him. You care about nothing, so you fear nothing."*

*"Uhm," I object indignantly. "I care about stuff."*

*"Like him?" A wispy stream of mist floats over to Gregory. "He can feed me. Make me whole. He is afraid of everything."*

*"Err," Gregory stammers. "That's not true..."*

*"Shh," I murmur to him, trying to keep the smile from my face.*

*"Let him go, he is a human, he won't sustain you for very long."*

*"Annabelle," Gregory mutters upset with me.*

*"Neither will you."*

*"I want to help you, Sid. Let me help you."*

*"Why? Why do you want to help me?"*

*"I am your Queen. It is my responsibility to help you."*

*"Your father imprisoned me. Why should I trust you?"*

*"Show me your face," I change tactics. "I can't speak to a wisp."*

*"No!" he shouts at me.*

*"Show me, Sid. I am the Demon Queen."*

*"I will revolt you," he insists, making a keening noise.*

*I hear Gregory gulp behind me.*

*"Show me, Sid."*

*The wisp twists around like a whirlwind and then I see a presence as the darkness lifts slightly.*

*I throw up an orb of fire to shed some proper light on us, glad that my powers work.*

*"Come closer."*

*He stays where he is.*

*So, I move forward.*

*"No!" he shouts.*

*"I want to see you. Show me yourself."*

*Hesitantly, he steps into the light.*

*I keep my face completely neutral and hope that Gregory has the tact to do the same.*

*"May I?" I ask, holding out my hand.*

*He blinks his pale blue eyes at me, so light they are almost white. He shakes his head.*

*He is built like a male but one so hideous, it's no wonder he floats around as a misty Mare. His skin is marred, scarred as if he has been burned.*

*"Let Gregory go, and you can take what you need from me," I whisper to him, inching closer.*

*"You have no fear. Not even of me," he whispers back.*

*I slowly raise my hand higher and cup his cheek. I rub my thumb over his cheekbone and give him a soft smile. "Let him go and you can take whatever you need from me."*

*"Why?"*

*"I am the Demon Queen. I care about you."*

*"How can I trust you?"*

*"I won't hurt you, Sid. Let Gregory go and never hurt him, and I will give you what you want."*

*"You can't," he complains.*

*"I can. Take my essence directly."*

*"How?" He gives me a confused look.*

*I step even closer to him and look up into his grotesquely beautiful face. "With a kiss," I murmur.*

*"Annabelle," Gregory hisses me.*

*"Let him go," I repeat.*

*Sid waves his hand and Gregory disappears, leaving me alone with the Night Mare.*

*"Why would you do this for me?"*

*"I know you don't want to hurt me, Sid. Am I right?"*

*He nods.*

*"You feel like you owed Razor for freeing you. But you don't need to repay him. He wants to hurt me, Sid. He wants to use you to hurt me. You don't want that, do you?"*

*"No," he whimpers. "I hate this. I don't want to hurt you."*

*"Let me make you whole and you can rejoin the Demons in Hell."*

*He looks back at me, unsure. "I don't know why you want to help me."*

*I can't tell him it's because I'm trying to protect Gregory. I brought him into this by being with him when Sid pulled me into this nightmare. Well, what is supposed to be a nightmare. It hasn't exactly gone the way I thought it would.*

*"I'm your Queen," I say again. "I want to help you regain the life you had before. I don't want you to be used by snake Demons who think they can push you around."*

*"I know your secrets," he says harshly.*

*I feel that I'm losing him, so I scramble. "I trust you," I croon, stepping even closer. "I feel close to you, Sid. You know me like no other being has ever known me. You're special to me."*

*"I do know you, Annabelle," he rasps.*

*“Then let me make you whole.” I tilt my head back and move my hand to the back of his neck. I put pressure on his nape to bring him closer to me. He isn’t that much taller than me in my heels, so his mouth reaches mine easily as he doesn’t resist but doesn’t assist either.*

*“Take what you need, Sid,” I murmur and press my lips to his.*

*I sweep my tongue over his scarred lips, making him whimper with need.*

*I push my tongue gently into his mouth and find his.*

*I feel the tug on my essence, and I stifle my grunt as he pulls it out of me and into him.*



FEELING A RUSH OF AIR, I OPEN MY EYES AND FIND MYSELF BACK IN GREGORY’S ROOM, UNDERNEATH him as we share a passionate kiss that has fired up my lust in a massive way after the tense dream state.

I close my eyes again and cling to him, clawing at his back as our tongues duel fiercely. We devour each other’s mouths. I wrap my legs around him, pushing my hips up against the huge bulge in his pants. His hands tangle in my hair as he presses me into the bed.

I go lightheaded and my eyes fly open.

Gregory looks back at me, but it isn’t him. His eyes aren’t the kind, shy ones that I’ve grown accustomed to but instead, wary eyes filled with untold horrors.

“Sid,” I breathe. “You said you’d leave him alone.”

“I promised no such thing,” he replies. “But I’m not hurting him. I’m just using his body so that you have a pretty face to look at.”

“I’m giving you what you want,” I say, unwrapping my legs and pushing on him to get him off me.

“Yes, you are. You are strong, my Queen. It is a rush to draw on your raw essence. I crave more.”

“Leave his body and I’ll give it to you.”

He shakes his head. “You desire this male. You want him in your bed. You look at him and he makes your heart beat faster. What do you see when you look at me, Annabelle? Pity? Sorrow? Horror?”

“None of those things. You are beautiful the way you are,” I say forcefully.

“You’re just saying that so I will leave your human plaything alone.”

“That’s not true, Sid,” I say, shaking my head. “I don’t say things that I don’t mean. I have no need to.”

He narrows his eyes at me. “All the same. I think I’ll stick around until I know you’re being truthful about helping me.”

“You’d be better served doing that in your own form,” I tell him. “That way you will know that when I kiss you, I’m thinking only of you.”

He searches my eyes, his breathing going slightly heavier. “I’m not strong enough to leave him yet and be whole.”

“You will be soon. Leave him now and I will give you more than a kiss next time.”

A soft moan escapes his lips and then there is a slight shimmer and Gregory flops to the bed, unconscious.

“Fuck,” I mutter and climb off the bed to rearrange him more comfortably. He is breathing steady and his heartbeat is strong. I let out a sigh of relief and stroke his face. “I’m sorry that you got caught up in my fucked-up mess. I will keep you from harm, Gregory, I promise you that. I c-care about you.”

I breathe out having uttered the words that there is no way in Hell, I would ever say to his conscious face. He is a *human*. At the start, I would've used him as a fuck toy and then sucked him dry when he no longer became useful to me. Now, the thought of him being in pain hurts me. This is becoming a recurring problem. First Aleister and now Gregory.

“What am I going to do with you all?” I murmur and bend down to kiss him softly.

He stirs in his unconscious state and then rests more easily.

Kissing him had been an experience I won't forget in a hurry, in spite of the unwanted outcome.

Now, I have a Night Mare Demon that knows way too much about me and my secrets on the loose in Hell and who the fuck knows who he will blab to. I'm going to have to shut that down in any way that I can because as sure as I stand here, hovering over this human male that has bewitched me, no one – and I mean *no one* – can ever find out that Lucifer is still alive and set him free. Hell, and everything in it is mine and I will not let the original ruler take it from me. It's time to find that depiction of him and burn it so that it can never be used against me.

“Shax,” I state, straightening up and remembering that my twin has blatantly fucked me over. “You are in for a world of trouble when I find you.”





### Shax

I watch as Elijah kicks Razor across the arena. He goes sailing through the air to land at my feet. He grunts as he hits the ground but has no time to catch his breath as Elijah is already there, slamming his head into the ground. Razor shifts to his Serpent form and bites Elijah, but it doesn't make him let go. If anything, it only angers him further.

"What's this all about?" Annabelle asks as she flames in next to me.

I shrug. The dark side of me is enjoying this, but the side that wants to squash the darkness is disinterested in this Demonic brawl. "Who knows? Who cares?" I respond.

She narrows her eyes and peers closer. The two Demons are now on the other side of the arena, both shifted to their natural states and its Hellhound versus Serpent.

"Elijah?" she exclaims.

"Yep. He called out Razor for some reason. Don't know the details. I came along because I was bored."

"Oh," she mouths.

I face her. "Is this something to do with you?" I ask suspiciously.

She turns to me, her face innocent, but I know her too well. "Of course not," she scoffs. "Whatever makes you think that?"

"Oh, just that I know you screwed Elijah and that something went on with Razor the other night... call it a fucking hunch, Belle."

"Humph," she mutters, but then her eyes go hard. "We need to talk."

"Sure, let's go." I turn to leave but find that I am walking alone. I pause and look back to see what's happened to Annabelle. She is gaping open-mouthed at the enormous red horse with a gigantic rider atop, as he gallops into the arena, his sword held high. The rider leaps off the horse and shifts to his human male form. He knocks Razor off Elijah with one sweep of his gigantic fist. He places his hand on Elijah's middle head, murmuring something to him. Elijah shifts back to his male form and they start arguing about something, gesturing wildly.

"*Whhhooo* is that?" Annabelle breathes, her eyes shining.

I roll mine at her. “Fuck’s sake, Belle,” I complain. “That is Killian. War Horseman. Just back from duty on Earth.”

“Oh, my,” she murmurs, fanning herself with her hand. “He is to die for. What’s his interest in Elijah?”

I grab her arm to divert her attention back to me. “Didn’t you want to talk?”

“Oh, yes,” she sneers and flames us out, back to my bedroom, which makes me very suspicious. I realize with a sinking heart that she knows about the box.

“Where is it?” she demands, folding her arms over her chest.

“Where is what?” I ask, feigning innocence, but there’s no fooling her.

“Whatever it was that you took from Elijah,” she spits out. “I know, so don’t bother lying to me.”

I sigh and rub my hand over my face. “I’m not giving it to you. Not yet.”

I know I’ve pissed her off and will face her wrath as she sprouts her flaming wings and launches herself at me, knocking me clean off my feet. She lands on me, hands on my chest, her She-Devil claws digging into me. She winces but digs in harder as I grunt.

“You can’t hurt me without hurting yourself,” I point out.

“I know that, asshole. But I’m willing to take the pain so you know exactly how pissed off I am at you, you traitorous cunt.”

“Not a traitor,” I spit out at her, grabbing her wrists. “I’m keeping it from you *for* you.” I flip us over so that she is flat on her back and I’m pinning her down. Her wings singe my carpet, but they dissipate, leaving scorch marks behind.

“I don’t need you to protect me, Shax,” she grits out, struggling in my grasp and getting free obviously because she is more powerful than me. Even before she became the Devil, she was. She sits up and slams her hands on my chest, shoving me off her and then crawling over to me to grip my shirt in her hands.

“Yeah, you do actually,” I drawl and receive a fist to the face for it. I laugh as she curses and rubs her hand over her own face.

“I *hate* this,” she snarls.

“Well, it’s no picnic for me either,” I snarl back. If she only knew how much heavy magick I have to draw on and what went into making that blade that hurts me but not her at the same time. It cannot be replicated on us. It works on inanimate objects only. Our twin bond is too strong, too cellular.

“Why, Shax? You know how much I want to find my dad. Why keep me from him?”

“Several reasons. For starters, you don’t know what’s behind the lock that the key opens...”

“Key?” she asks with a frown.

“Yes, a key in a box.”

“Well, obviously it opens the door that my father is locked behind.”

“Not necessarily. Luc might have given that box to Elijah for any number of reasons.”

“How did you know Elijah had it?” she asks, shaking her head at herself, knowing it’s a diversion off topic, but her curiosity always did get the better of her.

“I didn’t. I arrived shortly after you’d left him, after you’d shifted and screwed him. Which, by the way, Belle. You can do way better than that dickhead.”

“You know about that?” she squeaks. “I tried not to shift. But it came over me. He is such an arrogant fuck.” She holds up her hands. “Besides the damn point. Go on.” She sits back on her heels and folds her arms again.

I sit up and take a breath. “He had the box in his hand. I recognized it. It was *my* dad’s. I knew it had to be something important, I’m just not sure what, yet.”

“Give it to me and I’ll fucking show you,” she growls.

“Wait,” I say, holding my hand up. “I’ll grant you that it *probably* does open the door to which your father is behind. However, it may also be the door which the original Lucifer is locked behind. If you go in there and discover that depiction and accidentally touch it, or if he senses your power and can take it from you...I dunno, Annabelle, a thousand other possibilities. Maybe he is already out of the painting and lying in wait for you to open the door. Or maybe Luc isn’t even behind the door. Maybe it’s some ancient family heirloom that holds immense power, or maybe, it’s nothing.”

“Give it to me so that I can find out,” she implores me.

“Can’t do that, Sis. You don’t even know what it opens, and you know you won’t take precautions when you do find out. Lest I remind you that if you get hurt or killed, so will I. I may want out of this world on occasion, but I’ll be damned – again – if I let it happen on someone else’s schedule.”

Her face goes hard as she ignores my suicidal comment. Not out of selfishness, but because it hurts her. “Oh, so your traitorous ass is only worried about you,” she snaps.

“You know that isn’t true,” I say, sad that she would think that about me. “I will do anything to protect you, Belle. I’m the *only* one who has your back to protect you from yourself. Let me find the door and open it. If your dad is in there, great, but if the other Lucifer is with him...then we need to act carefully and with planning. Once that door opens, we may not be able to close it again. Do you hear me?”

“Yes,” she says sulkily, dropping her arms from their defensive stance. “I hear everything you’re saying. But you should have come to me. Discussed all of this with me the minute you got your hands on that box.”

“I wanted to see if I could find the door first. I didn’t want you to be disappointed.”

She flings herself into my arms and I hold her close. “I just want him back, Shax,” she whispers.

“I know and we will get him, *without* releasing the original Lucifer.”

“Keep me informed of your every move,” she orders, pulling away from me.

I nod and she vanishes.

I flop back to the floor and sigh. My sister doesn’t roll for anyone. This isn’t over, not by a long shot. I need to find that door before she does or there might be Hell to pay for all of us.

I get to my feet and vanish as well, needing the space that the cliff tops offer. Shadow comes here to be with the other Griffins and the other varieties of winged creatures.

I know that she won’t come to me, but if she sees me, she will know that I need to see her and find me later when she is ready.



### Annabelle

I'm livid. I'm shaking, I'm that angry. Shax had no right to keep this from me. I knew there was no point in ransacking his room for this box and key. He would have hidden it too well. I *do* get everything that he said about Lucifer, but he just doesn't seem to get that I want my dad back, that *our mother* needs him back.

"Rah!" I roar and throw a fireball at the top of the stairs as I stalk towards them. A little imp servant shrieks and bounds off, his little wings flapping behind him.

I sigh. There is too much raging inside me now. I'm going to shift if I don't do something about it. I take in a deep breath, count to three and smile.

It doesn't help but it does keep the smile on my face as I think about Gregory. That kiss. I know that it was Sid behind it, but it was Gregory's body, his mouth ravaging mine, his cock pressing against me.

On top of the rage, I'm now getting hot and bothered.

I turn on my heel and head back to the bedroom to change into something a little sexier before I head down to the sin bin. I need entertainment and I need pain. I strip off my denim skirt and white shirt as I look through my closet. I pull out a black satin and lace bustier that barely contains my huge tits and a black leather skirt that skims my ass. I carefully get dressed and then sit to drag on my thigh-high black boots. I fluff out my hair and add a bit more red to my lips. I feel a slight pang in my chest, which catches me off guard.

"Aleister," I murmur.

The need to go to him almost overwhelms me, but I can't. Not in the state I'm in. If I go to him now, I will scare him away because I won't be able to stop myself from pouncing on him and taking what I need. He needs a bit more care, I think. Something more seductive, slow, sensual.

"Oh, fuck," I moan softly as I feel myself go damp.

I shake my head and flame out to the sin bin, which has some very dark delights on offer. I stride forward, only to be pulled up short by a hand on my arm.

I stop and turn to face that beyond hot male from the arena.

“Your Majesty,” he says, dropping his hand now that he has my attention. “May we talk?”

I lick my lips and take in his entirety. He is spectacular. He is taller than Elijah by about two inches, so he absolutely towers over me. His pupils are white with blue irises and he has a soft auburn color to his hair, which is shaved really short. His body is as hard as marble and his whole attitude just screams Alpha male.

“Of course,” I say and let him lead me off to a quiet, dark corner.

“I am...”

“Killian. War Horseman,” I interrupt him.

He nods. “I apologize for not making your acquaintance sooner. I was on assignment on Earth.”

“I’m aware,” I murmur. “Did you not think that meeting your new Queen was worth returning for?”

“I prefer not to be recalled unless it is an emergency,” he states.

“I see,” I say, with a raised eyebrow. I reach out and place my hand on his forearm. His muscles ripple as he flexes slightly. “You are a big boy, aren’t you, War.”

He blinks at me. “Respectfully, Your Majesty, I want you to stay away from Elijah,” he says, surprising me.

Taken slightly aback, I frown at him. “Excuse me? Who are you to dictate who I can and cannot see?”

“No one, but you are not good for him.”

“Oh, really,” I drawl, digging my sharp nails into him slightly. “I was under the impression that I was *real* good for him.”

His nostrils flare as he gets my meaning and he looks to the side. I take this opportunity to run my hand further up his arm. There isn’t a single male that I know of that can resist me when I turn on the charm. My small hand rests on his bicep that is as big as a tree.

He looks down at my hand and then back at me with such a blank look, I pull my hand away and clear my throat. I jam my scorned hand onto my hip and give him a level look as the penny drops.

“You care about him,” I say.

“More than that,” he growls.

I nod slowly. “I don’t mind sharing.”

The scathing look he gives me makes me want to rear back, stung and hurt. But I stay exactly where I am, giving as good as I get. This asshole has started off on my bad side and I fully intend that he stays there.

“You are not my type, my Queen,” he says in a tone that is *definitely* mocking.

“Good, because I don’t do asshole,” I snarl back.

“Then you will not find it a problem staying away from Elijah,” he retorts.

I grit my teeth and exhale. “Why are you asking me this?” I pretend that he is asking me and not telling me to try and retain the dominance in this conversation, but I feel that even if I went full She-Devil on him, he’d want me to submit. Well, fuck that. I don’t submit to anyone, especially arrogant assholes.

“I saw you at the arena earlier. Elijah was fighting with Razor because of you. He’d heard that Razor wronged you and he called him out. He cares about you, more than he should because you will only end up hurting him. I’m protecting him.”

“From me?” I ask, annoyed as a hungry Hellhound.

“Yes. I may not know you, Annabelle, but I know your type. You won’t accept him the way he is, and he will try to change for you. You will crush him to your will. I won’t allow that.”

“Oh, won’t you, Killian?” I say sarcastically, pissed off that he dared to familiarize himself by using my name.

“No.”

Man alive, this guy has got balls. It’s kinda sexy, but in a way where I want to kick his ass all over Hell and then leash him, on his knees so that I can kick him while he licks my feet. I get the feeling that will only happen in my dreams, though. He doesn’t give a flying crap. He doesn’t want to be with me at all, which is kind of a first for me.

“I don’t like being told what to do, especially by a *minion*,” I say as steadily as I can. “It only makes me want to do it more.”

His eyes bore into mine, his jaw clenched so tight, it must be giving him a headache.

“Stay away from Elijah or we are going to have a problem,” Killian says, bending down slightly so that he can say that to my face and not two feet above my head.

“Oh, we already have a problem, War. Watch your back, sweetie, because you won’t see me coming. If I want Elijah, I’ll have him.”

“Not on my watch,” he growls.

“Then your watch will have to end,” I retort and turn on my heel to walk away, furious that he has dared to be so egotistical, so conceited around me. Who the fuck does he think he is? Apart from War, obviously. I suppose everything you need to know about him is in the name. It strikes me as odd that he cares about Elijah so much. It also massively turns me on to picture the two of them together. I had no clue that Elijah liked dick. He seems to love pussy from my own experience. It just makes it even harder to walk away from him, even more so now that Killian has told me to.

Told.

“Fucking asshole.”

I march over to the seat that Razor was in earlier and drag the seated putrid Disease Demon out of it by his shirt and fling him over my head. He lands in an oozy, gooey mess which I turn my nose up at in disgust.

I sit down and cross my legs, bringing a whip to my hand. I flick it at the girl that is tied up to a wooden pole a few feet away. “Someone torture her.” I order and I sit back with a smug smile as almost every Demon in the sin bin fights for the honor to do as I demanded.

Almost every Demon.

Killian is glowering at me from the quiet corner, having not moved a muscle.

I hold his gaze for a few seconds before I tear it away.

When I look up again moments later, to my disappointment, he is gone.



### Drescal

My day has gone downhill. It started off in a landslide but soared when Anna agreed to give us a chance. Now, I'm standing in front of Roberta, having handed in my resignation moments ago. To say that she is pissed off is an understatement. Even knowing that the Queen has already approved my decision hasn't helped. She is berating me about all the time and effort she has put into me in the last hundreds of years. I hope that she'll wrap it up soon as I want to be with Anna. Now that I know she is mine; I want to be with her every second that I can. Moving down the hall from her will allow me to see her whenever I want. Okay, who am I kidding. Whenever *she* wants. But it's good enough for me.

"Look," I snarl. "Annabelle already knows and we're going to be together so there's nothing you can do about it." I leave her gaping after me, like an enormous goldfish and shimmer out to the residence. I can go back to my apartment later for my stuff once I've settled into the room Annabelle has arranged.

I appear in the sin bin to a large crowd, thumping music and sexual energy bouncing all around. It's not unusual in here, but this time it's different. It's more primal and focused only on one creature.

"Annabelle," I murmur and walk forward, pushing my way through the crowds of sweaty, panting Demons. I stop when I get to the front of the heaving masses. I shake my head with a smile as I see Annabelle entertaining her minions. I'm not worried about her in spite of the lust directed her way. She can take care of herself.

She catches my eye and gives me a wicked smile as she slides sexily down the tied-up female that appears to have been beaten to within an inch of her life.

My breathing goes heavier as she licks her lips and her eyes go dark with desire. Whatever she is doing now is for my benefit and I couldn't love her more. She beckons me forward, letting all of the Demons know that she is now doing whatever it is for me. I stalk closer to her, my eyes riveted to hers. When I reach her, I fist my hand into her hair and bend down to kiss her. She lets me briefly, but then pushes me away towards a high-backed chair. I sit and wait for her next move.

She reaches behind her and starts to unclip the hooks of her sexy bustier. I narrow my eyes at her.

What is she doing? Trying to start an orgy by the looks of it. The horny Demons are pressing in closer, but as she turns back to them and drops her top, she also throws up a barrier.

“Eyes only,” she murmurs, but they all get the message loud and clear as a few of them singe their fingers on the shield.

“Anna,” I say quietly. “Are you sure you want to do this.”

She turns to me. “Oh yes,” she says and with a click of her fingers, her skirt has disappeared. She is standing in front of me in just a pair of thigh high boots.

“Fuck, you are gorgeous,” I whisper, forgetting about the audience.

She gives me a slow smile and then walks back to the tied-up female. She is naked, bruised, and bleeding in several places.

Anna softly cups the right breast of the female and pinches her nipple, twisting it before she ducks her head to suck it into her mouth.

I groan loudly and shift in the chair. My dick has swollen and it’s getting uncomfortable.

All eyes are on Anna. Not a single being is looking at me. That will change though when she comes to me. I will be the envy of all of Hell. I’m absolutely confident that she will want to end this display with a very public fuck, and I’ll oblige her happily and without complaint.

I can hear Demons in various stages of arousal, both male and female, masturbating as they watch their Queen have a bit of fun and wondering where it’ll lead.

Anna starts to rub the clit of the female, gently circling it with her fingers. She places a soft kiss on the female’s lips, flicking her tongue out, before sliding it slowly into her mouth. I stifle my groan, as I *know* that kiss. It is sensual as fuck and watching Anna bestow it on another female makes me crave it. She slides two fingers into the female’s pussy, withdrawing and adding a third. Then she starts to finger-fuck her, making the bitch come all over her hand. Anna laughs. It’s dirty and sexy. Then she starts to roughly finger-fuck her, adding another finger until she is fisting the female harshly.

She looks at me to see my reaction and she likes what she sees. I have always enjoyed watching two women together. There is something about it that turns me on and when one of them is Anna, I find it hard not to go to her and touch her.

She giggles, casting her gaze over my enormous bulge and then she leans in to kiss the female softly on her lips again. Anna pulls back and blatantly licks her, flicking her hand at the chains holding the female in place. She falls to her knees with a whimper, battered and worn out.

“What do you want her to do?” Anna asks me, holding her hand out for me.

I don’t even have to think about it. “I want her to lick your sweet pussy, my love.”

“Show her what to do?” she asks with a laugh.

“Oh, yes,” I murmur, fisting my hand into her hair and kissing her deeply, enjoying the envy of the Demons watching. I can feel a pair of eyes on me and turn my head to see Elijah staring at us with a furious look on his face.

I give him a slow smile and then turn my attention fully back to Anna. I push her gently into the chair and then drop to my knees in front of her. She parts her legs and throws her head back as I suck her clit into my mouth and grind my teeth down just this side of too hard.

She gasps, shoving her hands into my hair.

I tongue fuck her a few moments and then move away, dragging the female over to her. “Please your Queen,” I order her and then sit back to watch as she does.

Anna bucks under the attention of the female’s tongue. She is licking and flicking, sucking and nipping at Anna’s clit until she is screaming through an orgasm. I add to it by sucking her nipples, grinding down gently with my teeth. I slip my dick out of my pants and grab the female’s hand to jerk



me off. Anna's eyes flash as she sees another female touching me. She yanks the hand that is circling my cock away from me and then crushes it, breaking the bones of the weak Demon. Her cries of pain are heard above the roar of the crowd.

Anna shivers and with an almost evil smile, leans forward to snarl, "No one touches him except me." She squeezes harder and then yanks back short and sharp, taking the female's severed hand with her.

I press my lips together so that I don't laugh. I knew it would cause a primal reaction in her after our conversation earlier and that is why I did it. I wanted all of these Demons to see that she wouldn't tolerate anyone else's hands on me.

There is an audible gasp as the realization hits them that she has staked a claim on me. I'm the only Demon around that this has happened to. I have no doubt in my mind that I won't be the last, especially with Elijah practically slobbering in anger near her left side. But it works for me, for now.

"Stake your claim, baby," I whisper to her, leaning over her as she shoves the female away from her with her spiked boot heel, and then throwing the severed hand at her.

Anna laughs as it hits the bitch on the head, making her weep mournfully.

"Oh, yeah, is that what you want?"

"Mm-hm," I murmur.

She stands up and pushes me into the chair. Then she turns around and sits on my lap, opening her legs wide. She reaches for my cock and guides it inside her as she leans back and gives me a reverse cowgirl that pleases the crowd immensely. If the shield hadn't been up two things would've happened. The first being, we'd have been sprayed with cum as it was shot out of dozens of Demon's dicks and secondly, Elijah would've probably ripped her away from me and killed my ass. He is beyond furious now.

I know that Anna has a thing for him, I can see it when she looks at him.

Right now, they have their eyes locked even as she rides me to the point where she shudders on top of me, coming in wave after wave of ecstasy as she is watched in this act. It's getting her off big time. I rub her clit, twisting it and pinching until I feel her clench around me again and then I let go. I groan loudly so that everyone can hear me and know that I'm pumping their Queen full of cum as they watch us.

"Fuck," I roar, as the last of it drains out of me.

She circles her hips, riding me for a bit longer, before she stands up, letting my dick slide out of her, along with a boatload of cum.

"Mmmm," she purrs, wiping her pussy with her hand, then she does something incredibly stupid.

She drops the shield and strides forward, trailing her wet hand over the few Demons that are in the front of the crowd, causing them to go rabid. They box her in, clawing at her, but before I can get to her, wondering why the fuck she is letting them paw at her and isn't flaming out instead, Elijah lets out a thunderous howl and barges past all the Demons that have surrounded her and sweeps her up in his arms. She laughs maniacally, throwing her head back as he storms off with her in his arms.

Gritting my teeth and doing my pants back up, I shimmer out.

I'm waiting in the kennels for them as they burst through the courtyard. She is still laughing in delight and he is foaming at the mouth.

I have a sudden and very desperate need to see how this plays out.



## Elijah

“You silly, little bitch,” I growl at Annabelle, dropping her gently to her feet.

She is giggling uncontrollably.

“And you,” I snarl at the Incubus. “Why did you let her do this?”

“Let her?” he snorts. “You fail to understand our Queen, my friend. I am unable to “let” her do anything.”

Annabelle snickers and then she has the decency to calm down. She sighs happily and then stretches her arms above her head, lifting her tits enticingly, before she drops them again to her sides.

“Lighten up, Elijah,” she drawls. “It was a bit of fun. I could’ve removed myself from that situation at any time, but I didn’t want to. You’re a party pooper.” She pouts at me.

“And you shouldn’t be flouting your body to every fucker in Hell.”

“Since when did you become such a prude?” she asks.

“You don’t know me,” I say briskly. “I heard about what Razor and that Gargoyle shit did to you. There was no way that I was letting that happen again.”

“Hm, yes, I saw you in the arena,” she purrs at me, coming closer and running her hands up my chest. The scent of sex is all over her and it attacks my senses, hitting me in the face and causing my cock to stir. I’ve been trying not to look at her as she stands naked in front of me in just her sexy boots. I push her away gently. “So sexy defending my honor.”

“Why did I need to in the first place?” I ask something that has been bugging me since Musmortus came to me and led me to Razor. He was lauding it over the other Demons, saying he’d fucked her while some others held her down. If I could get an accurate account of all who had been involved, they would all be smashed up like I did to Razor.

“Long story,” she sighs, avoiding Drescal’s fierce glare.

Seems the Incubus didn’t know about it.

“Get dressed,” I grit out and turn to walk back into my private quarters.

“Killian came to speak to me about you,” she calls out after me.

I freeze and curse. I turn around and take in her gorgeous body, that is still naked. She has

removed her boots and pads across the stone floor to me barefoot. I have a feeling she did that so that I would loom over her. I get the feeling that she enjoys it.

“What did he say?” I ask casually.

Again, she runs her hands up my chest, but this time she presses her body against me. “He told me to stay away from you.”

I let out a low rumble. “He had no right to do that,” I say quietly, gently taking her chin between my thumb and forefinger. “He doesn’t speak for me.”

I catch Drescal inching closer to us, eavesdropping on this private conversation. I want to throw him out of here, but I don’t want to move away from Annabelle, even to do that.

“He said that I’m no good for you, that I will crush you to my will.”

I grip her chin tighter. “He doesn’t know what he’s talking about.” I let her go. I must because if I don’t, I will sweep her into my arms and kiss her, and if I kiss her, I will be lost to her.

“Will I crush you, Elijah?” she murmurs.

“No one can crush me,” I tell her. “But I can be what you want me to be, my Queen.” I drop to my knees before her. I hear her gasp as I take her hands. “If you want me to be an obedient puppy, I will do that. If you want me to slam you through walls while we fuck, I can do that too.”

“Is that what you want?” she asks carefully.

“Yes,” I choke out.

“What about Killian?”

I look up at her and search her eyes. “What exactly are you asking me?” I venture, cautious of the swirling emotions in those green depths.

“Drescal has renounced his calling. To be a part of my life, to be *mine*, he has given up other lovers.”

“Then you have already made your choice,” I say to her, my heart cracking. It doesn’t break completely as I expected as much. She would never choose to be with me.

“I didn’t say he would be the only one,” she says softly.

My eyes widen. “You require another?”

“Another? Two more? Three? I don’t know. I may never know. If you want to be with me, know that I’m territorial of my property, and make no mistake, that you will be *mine*.”

“You’re asking me to give him up?” I frown at her. My head has been spun by what she is saying. I don’t quite understand it.

“Do you love him?” she asks.

“I-I don’t know how to love. I care about him. Deeply.”

“Talk to him. Come to a decision and you know where to find me.”

I can sense her pulling away, but I can’t let that happen. Over my dead body is she walking out of here with that Incubus to go live happily ever after without me.

I stand up and wrap my arms around her. “I can’t let you go,” I say, lifting her off her feet. “I will talk to Killian.”

She nods. “Then take what you need from me now and come to me after you’ve spoken.”

That’s all the encouragement I need to turn around and crush her against the wall.

“Do I get to join in?” Drescal asks, coming closer.

“That’s up to our Queen,” I say.

She giggles. “Only if there’s DP.”

“I always have time for DP,” Drescal says with a laugh and takes her hand, leading her and thus me, towards the bed.

Drescal lets her go. I press my mouth to hers and do what I've wanted to do since she swept in here the other day full of attitude. I kiss her.

She opens up for me, letting me sweep my tongue against hers. She tightens her hold on me, clawing her way closer to me as she devours my mouth with hers.

She wiggles her hand between us and unzips my pants. They drop around my ankles as she takes me in her hand. "I love your cock," she purrs, jerking me off. "I want it inside me."

"Do you want to take me, my Queen, or do you want me to take you?"

"Take me," she whispers, giving me the green light to slam her against the wall again and thrust up high into her in one single move.

"Good puppy," she pants as I fuck her hard and fast, making her come suddenly and violently. She screams and digs her vicious nails into my back. I grunt and grabbing her by her hips, I pump her up and down on my cock.

"Oh, you do please her," Drescal says from over on the bed. "Here I thought I'd have to give you instruction."

I growl at him, the smug fucker, as Annabelle laughs.

"Oh no, not this one," she rasps as she starts to move her hips, taking some of the control away from me. "Fuck, puppy, you are goood."

She throws her head back and I take her nipple in my mouth before I pull away and fling her onto the bed as she laughs with delight.

She parts her legs, letting me see her glistening wet hole.

I drop to my knees on the floor and circle her clit as Drescal thrusts his fingers inside her. I'm unsure about how this will work. Will it be this way all of the time? Also, when I talk Killian into joining us, what then? Will she let us be together as long as she's there? It was unclear what she was really asking of me.

I forget all about that though, as I place my mouth on her pussy and taste her sweet juices. I thrust my tongue up her before withdrawing and swirling it around her clit. Then I thrust it inside her again and fuck her with my mouth as Drescal kisses her and plays with her nipples. She comes again against my mouth with an intense throbbing.

"Fuck, you are delicious," Annabelle pants. "I want you back inside me."

I stand up and strip my clothes off as Drescal does the same. He plunges his fingers inside her, wetting them and then he drags her onto his lap. He pushes her forward and lubes up her ass.

"Oh, yes," I whisper and take my cock in my hand. I jerk off as she watches me and when Drescal is ready to enter her ass, he pulls her back onto him and guides his cock inside her. I put my knee onto the bed and lean forward, bracing my hand on the wall at the head of the bed. My cock slips into her easily, fitting inside her as if it was made just for her pussy. My body is so much bigger than hers, I cover her, but I manage to fit against her at the same time.

"Yes!" she screams. "Yes! More! Harder! Fuck me harder!"

Drescal digs his fingers into her hips to hold her still as we impale her from either end, slamming into her, making her come. She goes slack, her head falling back as her climax rips through her, peaking her nipples into bullets. Her pussy clenches around my dick, creaming me, milking me.

"Oh, *Ahna*," Drescal pants. "Fuck, yes, fuck, yes....uhnnnn." He thrusts one last time as he comes inside her ass.

Anna.

He calls her Anna.

It's possessive and familiar. I want to try it.

I drop my hand around her throat and squeeze gently as I continue to pound into her. “Anna,” I murmur. “You are gorgeous, Anna.”

Her eyes fill with raw lust. “I need you, baby. I need you to keep fucking me.”

I wish that I could, but she has undone me. With a loud groan, I shoot my load into her, jerking my hips against her as I spurt out a stream of cum that goes on and on.

“E,” Killian’s voice says behind me.

“Fuck, Lian,” I moan, pulling out of Anna and turning to him, my dick dripping with cum.

His eyes are furious, focused on Annabelle. The intensity in them increases when he takes in Drescal as well. He turns around and stalks out. I close my eyes briefly before facing Annabelle again.

“I’m guessing we now have a problem,” she drawls, but seems completely unconcerned. “Deal with your shit, puppy, and then come and find me to tell me it’s done.”

I frown at her. Her words are dismissive and I’m not sure how to take them. If we were alone, I would press her on it, but with Drescal hovering, I don’t feel comfortable discussing it.

She stands up on the bed. She traces her fingers down the scar on my face, making me flinch. I don’t let anyone touch it, ever. But her gentle touch is different. She wraps her arms around my neck, gazing into my eyes as she runs her hand down over my head. “This was amazing,” she whispers to me. “But next time, I want it to be uninterrupted, all night long. Are we clear, puppy?”

“Yeah,” I say before she kisses me. I can think of nothing I’d like more than to spend the night with her in *her* bed. “We’re clear.” I smile at her, as she pulls away. “At some point during that next time, I want to break some furniture with you.”

“That can be arranged, baby,” she giggles, with a sexy wink.

Then, she is gone, grabbing Drescal by the hand and taking him with her as she flames out.

I turn and go to find Killian, who is leaning against the wall of the courtyard, arms crossed. “I guess we need to talk,” I sigh, crossing over to him. I take his hand and lead him back inside.

“This isn’t going to end well for you,” he says. “She doesn’t care about you. All she cares about is making you roll over for her, *puppy*.”

“Sit down. Let me explain to you what she’s said.”

He does as I ask and looking at him as I pull on some clothes, I have no idea where to start.



### Annabelle

Several hours later, Drescal and I land back in my bedroom. I'm covered in Demon blood and guts from the Daily Dealings.

"Shower," I state and turn to the bathroom.

"May I join you?" he asks slyly.

"Not this time," I say to his disappointment. "I just want to shower and get into bed. To sleep."

"Sleep," he murmurs. "I have never slept with anyone else before."

I giggle. "Well, get used to it. I need sleep."

"I'm looking forward to you curling up next to me," he says gallantly, even though I know he was expecting sex, but c'mon. After that DP session, even *I* need a break from it.

Twenty minutes later, I'm dry, still naked and climbing into bed. Drescal takes me in his arms and I lie my head on his chest. This feels too weird.

We both jump, startled when Shax bursts into the room, wielding his wicked-ass blade.

"Are you drunk?" I ask him as he weaves from side to side.

"Maybe," he slurs. "Who knew that drinking a Bacchus Demon's blood would do that?" He snorts loudly and then hiccups.

"Uhm...I did, you fool. What the fuck?"

"This looks fucking cozy," Shax says, indicating the two of us with the blade. "Didn't think the Incubus had it in him to spend the night after a fuck."

"Shax," I snap at him. He is being a complete dick right now. "You know it's more than that."

"Yeah, for how long?" he slurs. "I'm watching you, asshole," he adds to Drescal. "I don't like you."

I give Drescal an apologetic look. He is trying his best to hide under the covers.

I get why. Shax is waving that knife around like a mad man.

"Blood!" Shax says. "You need to recharge Babe."

"Uh-huh. Can we do it later?"

"No time like the present!" he exclaims. It is the first time I have ever heard him use a different

tone.

He grabs the bat that I'd discarded as we landed and lays it on the bed. Then he takes his knife and slashes his wrist wide open. I hiss and slap my hand to my own wrist inadvertently, but it doesn't hurt. I'm not bleeding. I try not to gape at it. No one is supposed to know about the life connection that Shax and I have. It is a huge weakness for me and will put Shax in immense danger.

I glare at him as he bleeds all over the bat and my bed.

He shrugs at me, swaying in a non-existent wind. "Later, baby," he says and then saunters out, leaving me to deal with a newly recharged Babe and a hesitant Incubus.

"Uhm," he starts.

"Don't say a word," I grit out, climbing out of bed and lifting Babe up carefully to place in the corner.

He holds his hands up and scoots over to the far side of the bed.

I sigh and strip off the sheets, chucking them in the corner to burn in a small contained Hell fire. With a wave of my hand, a new set appears on the bed and I climb in again.

"Take two," I say with a smile.

He returns the smile but says nothing.

Now that I am prone, I feel the drag of sleep pull me under. My eyes close and I feel my feet get wet.



*I LOOK DOWN. I'M STANDING IN PURE WHITE SAND, THE SKY BLUE ABOVE ME AND AN EXPANSE OF WATER stretched out for miles in front of me. Palm trees sway in the sea breeze. The white dress I'm wearing floats around me and I smile.*

*"Sid?" I call out.*

*"Annabelle."*

*"Come to me."*

*He appears next to me and I take his hand. "You did this for me?"*

*He shrugs. "I can create anything in a sub-conscious. Most beings fear the dark or at the very least, the uncertainty of it. That's why I use it to draw the fears out."*

*"Well, this is prettier," I say with a smile.*

*"Not as pretty as you," he says shyly.*

*I smile and lean my head on his shoulder. "Thank you for leaving Gregory alone."*

*"I just wanted you to have something nice to look at."*

*"I like looking at you."*

*"Why?" he asks softly.*

*"Because I see you."*

*He lets out a soft, sad laugh.*

*"Can you do me a favor?" I ask.*

*He stiffens. "What is it?"*

*"Can you go into Shax's head and find out where he hid that box I'm looking for."*

*He turns to me with a frown. "I could, but do you really want me to? I will end up feeding off whatever he fears."*

*"He is like me; he doesn't fear much."*

*"Still...I will know his thoughts."*

*"It's okay," I say with a sigh. "You don't have to."*

*"I will do anything for you."*

*I pause. I'm onto something here. With Shax, for sure, but maybe also with Razor.*

*"How would you like to get all the fear you need from someone else?"*

*"Who?"*

*"The snake who let you out that wanted to hurt me."*

*"Oh," he says. "You want me to give him something to fear?"*

*"More than that. I want you to find out what he fears so that I can use it to punish him."*

*"I will do that for you, Annabelle. I will do anything for you."*

*"You're sweet," I tell him. "Thank you."*

*We stand in silence for a while.*

*"I won't tell anyone what I know," he says carefully. "You can trust me to keep your secrets."*

*"I know," I say lightly. It is a big leap of faith for me, but I take the step and put my shaky trust in him.*

*"Are you going to kill him for violating you?" Sid asks.*

*"Who? Razor?" I ask. "Of course."*

*"Don't. I have a request. After you have punished him to your satisfaction, give him to me."*

*I lick my lips. "What for?"*

*"To possess. His face is better than mine." He says it with a twisted smile.*

*"I don't think so, but okay," I say with only a slight hesitation, but it seems a fair trade.*

*He turns to me and I lift my head off his shoulder to look up at him. He reaches out to trace the neckline of my dress, which is extremely low cut and shows off the tops of my tits nicely. "Your skin is flawless. Exquisite."*

*I cup his face. "So is yours."*

*He closes his eyes and leans into my hand. "Why are you so good to me?"*

*"I care about you."*

*"Why?"*

*"There is something about you that speaks to me."*

*"Can you ever love me?"*

*"I don't know if I can love anyone. I don't know what it means to love, romantically. I love my brother, my family, but that's different. I want to learn, but I don't know how."*

*"That's not an answer."*

*"It's all I have to give you, for now."*

*"You are learning with the man in your bed? Or the therapist?" He gives me a questioning look, needing to know that there is hope for him.*

*"I'm trying," I say.*

*In the next second, I'm pulled away from him by a force so strong, I nearly throw up. It shoves me back into the blackness, the dark pressing in on me, making it hard to breathe. I see flashes of fire and destruction.*

*I smell brimstone and ash,*

*A monstrous beast with horns the size of my arms and skin as red as the flames that surround him.*

*His eyes are black pits of nothing as he looms over me, at least twice my size in height. His tail swipes at me, catching my arm and making me bleed.*



*“Lucifer!” I scream, feeling fear for the very first time.*



I GASP, SITTING UP IN BED, CLUTCHING MY ARM. IT DOESN'T HURT NOW; IT WAS ALL A NIGHTMARE. “Dammit, Sid,” I mutter, putting my head on my drawn-up knees.

“Anna?” Drescal asks, coming out of the bathroom with a glass of water. “Is everything okay?”

“Mm-hm. Just thirsty.” I look up at him and force a smile on my face.

*“It wasn't me!” Sid shouts in my head. “Please, Annabelle, you have to believe me. I didn't do it!”*

His panic slices through me. He is so scared that I'm going to blame him for the horror that I just experienced.

*“Who then?”*

*“Another! She is here!”*

“Another?” I say out loud. “I thought there was only you?”

“Anna? Who are you talking to?” Drescal asks, sitting on the bed.

I shake my head.

*“Old, the first, an overlord of Lucifer!”*

“What?” I bark out. “Sid? What are you talking about?”

Silence.

I blink and look at Drescal.

“Anna. What is going on?”

“Family shit,” I say, knowing it is a wholly inadequate answer. “Give me a few minutes to clear my head.”

I stand up and pull on my royal purple robe, tying it tight.

“Let me come with you,” he says.

I give him a tight smile. “No, I'll be fine. Just a few minutes, okay.”

He nods because what other choice does he have. “I'll be here when you get back.”

I squeeze his hand. “Thanks.”

I leave my room and pause outside Shax's. The sounds of Death Metal and intense fucking come through the door. I roll my eyes. Must be the Bacchus Demon whose blood he drank. I'm completely shocked by his behavior lately. First his comments about wanting to leave this world, which are not uncommon, but hurt me to the point where I have to ignore him and pretend he's joking. Now this. Shax is a complete control freak. He doesn't ever lose control. This is the first time I have ever seen him drunk.

I need to have words, serious words with him and soon.

I walk away as now definitely isn't the time for that. I slip into an empty room down the hall and sit in the plush black armchair, my head in my hands.

“Sid?”

*“Yes, Annabelle.”*

“Are you okay?”

*“Do you believe me?”*

“Yes, of course. I know you wouldn't hurt me. But who is 'she'? You know her?”

*“Leviathan.”*

“Do you know what she wants?”

*“She is the one who burned me, scarred me with the fires of Hell.”*

“Oh, Sid.”

*“I don’t know what she wants from you, but whatever it is will be about Lucifer. She was fiercely protective.”*

“Thanks for the warning.” I grit my teeth. No Demonic bitch, no matter who she thinks she is, is going to make me cower. “I’m going to get Razor now. Will you still help me?”

*“Yes, of course. Are you okay, Annabelle? I felt your fear.”*

“I’m fine. It was surprise, not fear.”

Silence.

Okay, so trying to con the fear Demon with “surprise” is a foolish move, but no way am I ever admitting that it was fear I felt in that nightmare. Fuck. That.

“Wait here.”

*“I’m in your head, I’m not going anywhere,” he says.*

I growl and stand up. I loosen the belt on my robe slightly and pull it open a bit wider at my tits.

I flame down into the sin bin and land next to Razor, slumped in a chair in a dark corner.

“What do you want?” he snaps at me.

“Is that any way to talk to your Queen?” I ask, sitting down next to him and crossing my legs. The satin robe falls away, exposing my leg to him. I lean forward. His eyes swivel to take in all that I am exposing to him.

“You got that Hellhound asshole to attack me,” he pouts.

“I didn’t. He acted on his own accord.”

“Your pet brought him to me,” he points out. “I thought we were cool.”

I try not to grimace at him and rip his head off in the process.

*One, two, three, and smile.*

“We are. In fact, I want you now. Upstairs.”

He looks up. “Upstairs?” he practically chokes out. “In your bedroom?”

“A bedroom,” I hastily inform him.

He regards me with those yellow snake eyes. He smells a rat. I have to dangle a bigger carrot to this ass.

“I want your true tongue to taste me as I come,” I whisper to him, leaning in even closer. He stinks. I try not to shudder.

He parts his lips and slips his forked tongue out of his mouth. “Let’s go, sweet-thing.”

I take his hand and flame out with him. I shove him back to the bed and crawl on top of him, pinning him down. “You are mine, remember, *sweet-thing*,” I growl in his face. “You do what *I* tell you too.”

“I can do subbie for you, darlin’. As long as I get up that pretty cunt again, and this time make you come, you can do whatever you want.”

“Oh, so glad you said that,” I retort and place my hands on either side of his head. I fire a wave of magick into his head from my hands, making him go unconscious from the overload to his brain.

“Sid. Are you there?”

*“Yes, give me a few minutes.”*

I climb off the Serpent Demon and go instantly to wash my hands. His hair is all greasy and he stinks of sweat, stale booze and cheap sex.

“Ugh,” I mutter. If Sid wants to possess this asshole, we are going to have to do something about

his whole body to make him decent.

I sit back in the chair and watch as Razor starts to mutter and then fling himself around the bed, his cries getting louder.

*“Fire,” Sid says quietly. “He is afraid of being burned for eternity.”*

“What?” I splutter, and then laugh out loud. “A Demon scared of Hell fire?”

I realize my utter faux pas when I’m met with a stony silence.

“Aw shit, Sid. I’m sorry, I misspoke. I don’t see you that way, I forgot.”

*“It’s okay,” he says softly. “Soon, you will be able to forget completely.”*

“Are you sure you want *him*?” I give him a repulsive look.

*“You can make him pretty,” he replies.*

“Okay, well, fire. I can do that. I will torture him for a while in one of the firecubes downstairs.”

*“Good choice. I will be inside him, feeding from his fear. Next time you see me, I will be whole.”*

“What about Shax?” I ask, chewing my lip.

*“Come for me when you are ready to violate your brother’s mind.”*

I nod, feeling awful for even thinking about it. What kind of sister am I?

I take hold of Razor’s hand gingerly and flame us down to the dungeon. I throw him into one of the firecubes that burn constantly with the fires of Hell. He will wake up surrounded by the one thing he fears the most, unable to get free and know that I put him there.

I smile, a slow, some might say *evil* smile and then I flame back out to Drescal as horny as a Succubus in heat.



### Annabelle

The next morning, I sit naked at my dresser, brushing my hair slowly.

Drescal sweeps my hair up from the nape of my neck and kisses me all the way down my spine. I shiver in delight.

“Can I see you later?” he murmurs.

“Perhaps,” I answer coyly.

He chuckles. “I’ll take it. Are you sure you’re okay after last night?”

“Yes, I’m fine. Promise.”

“Uhm, when you see Shax, tell him I’m not an asshole, okay?”

I snort with amusement and turn to face him. “Why don’t you tell him yourself?”

“Ha, I’m afraid of him.”

I give him a narrow-eyed look. “Are you saying that you aren’t afraid of me?”

“It’s difficult to be afraid of you when you are sitting there with your tits on display.”

Placing the hairbrush carefully down on the dresser, I then launch myself at him, flattening him on his back with my hand at his throat. I squeeze, feeling his cock grow hard underneath me. “What about now?”

“I do love you throwing me around, making me submit to you. It’s the highlight of my day.” He gives me a smug smile.

I sit back and remove my hand from around his throat. I pout at him. “You’re an ass.”

“I know,” he says, sitting up. “Any chance of a quickie?”

“No,” I say, now the smug one. I get off him and go back to brushing my hair.

He kisses the top of my head. “I love you, sweet Demon. I will be down the hall later if you need me.”

“Thanks,” I mutter and then he is gone, leaving me to contemplate what the Hell I’m going to do about Shax.

His attitude is worrying me, but I need that information from his head, sooner rather than later. Deciding to get on with everything I have to do today, I hurriedly get dressed in a stretchy black

strapless dress and flame out to the dungeon. I see Razor, fighting to get away from the fire, but it is of no use.

“Annabelle!” he cries when he sees me. “Get me out of here!”

“Nope. This is what you get for messing with me, Razor.” I give him a steely-eyed glare with my arms folded.

“What? I thought we were cool?”

“Not cool,” I grit out. “Not even close. You are a first-class cunt and honestly, getting you out of the way for *this* also deals with the problems you are causing by stirring up a faction. You won’t be leaving anytime soon.”

“You bitch!” he screams, his terror overwhelming him.

I breathe it in and smile. “Sid? You there?”

“Yes,” he says, appearing next to me.

He isn’t whole, but he sure as shit doesn’t have far to go.

“You look good,” I say, giving him a lingering kiss before leading him away from the firecube and the screaming Demon inside it.

He looks away shyly and then clears his throat. “You require me to enter your brother’s head now?”

I nod. “I know it’s a horrible thing, but he won’t give me what I need.”

“I may be some time. If he is anything like you, I will have to work for the information.”

“Oh?”

“I was in your head for days before I came upon, well, you know...”

“*Ohhh?*” I growl now a bit annoyed.

“Sorry,” he whispers.

I sigh. “It’s fine. Come, let’s get this done and then you can return to your host.”

He nods warily.

We flame out and I leave him outside Shax’s door. “I will come to you when I know.”

“Okay,” I whisper and then he dissipates into mist and floats through the door.

I press my hand to it and whisper, “I’m sorry,” before I flame out and down to Gregory’s office. I need to make sure he is okay after yesterday.

I knock softly and he opens it after only a couple of seconds. He beams at me.

“Hey,” he says, stepping aside to let me in.

“Hey, you okay?”

“Yes, perfectly. I had the best night’s sleep since I got here,” he replies.

“Oh, good. Uhm, what do you remember about yesterday?” *Please say the kiss, please say the kiss.*

He shuts the door behind us. “I remember being in the nightmare with you and then waking up this morning.”

“That’s it?” I ask, the disappointment hitting me hard.

He nods.

“Oh, well, good then that you’re okay.”

“Are you okay? You look a little shaken.”

“I’ll live. I’ve got a busy day, so I’ll catch up with you later if that’s okay. I just wanted to check in on you.”

“I will be here,” he says with a soft smile.

I stare at his mouth briefly, but then drag my eyes back up to his. “Sure.”

I hastily leave before I pounce on him and corrupt his innocent soul. I have another stop to make to try and ease the aching in my heart that is getting more persistent as the hours pass.

I flame out to the top of the tall building where I found Aleister the first time. He is perched on the ledge in human form and he turns his head towards me as he senses my presence. He leaps down, and in two giant strides is in front of me and kneeling at my feet. He takes my hands.

“My Queen. You came back.”

“Aleister,” I murmur, gazing down at him. “Of course. I feel this connection between us.”

He lets out a sigh of relief. “Will you act on it?” he asks.

“Well, that’s up to you. You see, I already have two males that I have claimed, and I hope that a few more will agree to share their eternity with me, and them. I am here to ask you if you will be one of them.”

He gives me a confused look. “I don’t understand.”

“One me, many males,” I say with a soft smile. “I will understand if you think about this and decide it isn’t for you, disappointed, but I’ll get it.”

“You want me to be one of many males that attend to you?”

“Indeed.”

“Oh.” He looks down, but he stands up. “How will that work?”

I shrug. “I don’t know yet. Sometimes together, sometimes not. I want you on your own.” I give him a seductive look that he definitely appreciates.

“I see.”

Okay, then. He is giving me *nothing* here. I would make a joke that it’s like he is made out of stone, but c’mon. It’s too easy.

I run my hand up his chest and, standing on my tip toes, I grip the back of his neck tightly to draw him to me.

My heart thumps as he parts his lips and ducks his head.

I press my lips to his and I moan softly. I have never felt such an intense bond with anyone, and this kiss has just amped that up by several notches.

He takes me by my hips and pulls me closer to him. His tongue flicks against mine, teasing me, driving me wild. I want to plunder his mouth, taking what I need from him, but the pleasure from the restraint of not doing so is out of this world. I let him kiss me slowly and it is just as sensual as I knew it would be.

“Aleister,” I rasp, clinging to him, pressing my body as close against him as I can.

He wraps his arms around me, deepening our kiss even more. My blood is roaring through my veins, making me lightheaded. I want to throw him to the ground and fuck him right here, right now.

But I don’t.

I use all of my Devil-given strength to pull away and step back.

“I will come to you tonight. If you have decided to accept my offer, we will be together then.”

“Tonight then,” he murmurs.

I nod and then disappear before I lose all of my will power and take what I want from him. It would be a mistake, though. If he turns me down, it will hurt a lot more if we’d had sex.

For some reason, with him, it matters.



BACK AT HOME, I PACE UP AND DOWN, WAITING FOR SID. I WRING MY HANDS, BITING MY LIP, KNOWING that what I'm doing is a violation, but Shax has left me no choice. He is still treating me like I'm a silly child instead of a grown-ass woman and Ruler of Hell at that.

I open my bedroom door and glare at Shax's closed door. Just as I'm about to close it again, a small feline catches my eye. Black and sleek, it darts across the hall near the stairs and into an empty bedroom.

"What the Hell?" I ask. Cats are not common here. At least not of the small, Earth-like variety.

I march down the hall and into the bedroom where the cat went. I look around but it's empty.

I wonder briefly if I'm hallucinating when I turn and see a tall, black-haired woman in a slinky purple dress. She is tall, beautiful and very, very evil.

"And you are?" I ask, facing her with my arms crossed.

"Leviathan," she replies with an almost bored drawl.

"I see. What are you doing here?"

She regards me with her bright blue eyes and sits on the bed, gesturing for me to sit in the armchair by the door.

We look at each other for a few moments. I have no idea what she is thinking. All I'm thinking is, "Shit a fucking brick." This bitch is cold. She brutally hurt Sid, who by all accounts is a mild creature who dislikes hurting people with an unfortunate match in jobs. It happens on occasion, but not very often. Normally, I couldn't give a shit, but in this case, I see it as a major fault in the system, one that will need looking at.

"I can see that you want to know why I'm here and why now," she says.

I don't answer her.

"Well, you see, your father imprisoned me underground a long time ago and then for some reason, placed Sid on top of my cell. Perhaps he thought we were still lovers, even after he betrayed me. So when he was let out by a clumsy idiot with no finesse for magick, so was I."

I feel a bit sick knowing that she and Sid were lovers. It is something I will have to find more about from him, though. I don't trust a word that this bitch says.

I eventually sit, crossing both my arms and legs. "What do you want?"

"What makes you think I want anything?"

"Oh, please, you can't kid a kidder. You suddenly appear to give me visions of Lucifer. I'm not buying that you don't want something."

I'm pretty sure I know what it is, but I want to hear it from her.

"Fine, you've got me," she giggles, caving easily as I knew she would. "I'm here to offer you something that I think you won't be able to refuse."

"What's that then?"

"Lucifer is ready to be released from his prison," she says, leaning forward conspiratorially as if it is a big secret.

"No shit," I drawl.

Her eyes flash at my disrespect, but she reins it in. "He has an offer for you."

I try not to show my surprise. She is communicating with him somehow. Not at all worrying.

When I don't say anything, she purses her lips in disappointment. "You don't want to hear it?"

"Not interested."

"Oh, you have no need to be afraid," she chortles. "He doesn't want this throne back. He is proud of you, Annabelle."

I grimace at her. Afraid. Who the fuck does she think she's talking to? "That's nice."

“He wants to help you, Annabelle. If you release him, he will be your advisor, your right hand. You are so new to this role, while he made Hell what it is...”

She lets that hang there for a moment as if to intimidate me.

“And?”

“And he wants to help you grow. He has no interest in taking back his rule.”

“You’ll forgive me if I don’t believe you.” I roll my eyes at her.

“So untrusting,” she tuts at me. She flicks her dark locks over her shoulder. “What I’m offering to you is all the wisdom and power you will ever need right out of the gate.”

“I have power. Ruler of Hell, remember.”

“Yes, but *Annabelle* doesn’t exactly instill fear into mankind now does it? The Demons don’t fear you either from what I’ve seen. Now *Lucifer*, that is a name that will live on.”

I narrow my eyes at her. I’m not sure if she meant to give the game away or not. That one sentence tells me everything I need to know. Let Lucifer out and he will come for my throne. Simple.

“Sorry, not interested,” I say, standing up.

She regards me closely. “You will do this.”

“Will I? Are *you* going to make me?” I smirk at her.

She may be powerful but there is no way her power outmatches mine.

She stands up as well and stalks closer. “You need him. I see how your rule is failing.”

I waver for a moment, her words making me doubt myself, but I shake it off. No ancient bitch is going to rattle me or my faith in myself. I open the door and gesture the way out.

“Let me tell you a couple of things, Leviathan. For starters, if you *ever* go within a thousand meters of Sid again, I will nail you to a wall and peel strips of your skin off painfully slowly. Then I will dig your heart out with a spoon and eat it while I get Shax to bleed into your gaping wound, incinerating you from the inside out, torturing you to the point where you wish that Great-Gramps had *never* made you out of that primeval ooze from the Hell swamps out there. And secondly, I *am* Lucifer now. Hell, and everything in it is *mine*, kitty-cat. Including you. Including *him*. Now get your ass out of my house before I decide to torture you after all. Know that if I catch sight of you, or even a whiff of your cheap perfume, here again, I will shove you into that painting with your precious master and find a way to burn it. Are we clear?”

She gives me a scathing look. “Quite,” she clips out. She saunters past me but pauses before she leaves. “You are making a big mistake, *Annabelle*. Lucifer will rise again.”

I reach for her, but she shifts to her cat form and scampers off down the hall before turning to mist and then disappearing.

“Little shit,” I mutter and slam the door, just to make myself feel better.

One thing has been made noticeably clear from this conversation. I *am* the only one that can release Lucifer from his painting prison. I hold all the power here and now she knows it and soon *he* will as well.

I slip out of the room and look at Shax’s door. It’s quiet in there. I risk pushing the door open for a quick glance to make sure he is okay.

He is still but he is frowning. The pang of guilt stabs me in the heart. I walk over to him and kneel at his side, brushing his hair out of his face.

I’m startled when a female pushes the covers back on the other side of the bed, just waking up. I didn’t even see her or sense her there. I give her a questioning look, but she says nothing.

“Who are you?” I ask.

“Sh-Shade,” she stammers, looking at Shax in panic.



“Hmm.” I have never seen her before, and I can’t tell what she is.

I stand up, reassured that Shax isn’t going through anything too torturous with Sid in his head.

Razor was flinging himself all over the bed after only a few seconds. Shax is still, peaceful.

I look at the female again. She cowers from me. “You know who I am?” I ask her.

She nods.

“Tell him to come and see me when he wakes, please.”

She nods again.

I get up and flame back to my bedroom.

So much has happened in the last few days and I’m feeling drained.

I curl up on the bed and wait for Sid to return to me. I wait for tonight until I return to Aleister. I wait to hear back from Elijah. I just...wait.



### Shax

I wake from a weird dream. It was like someone was sifting through my thoughts, looking for something.

I turn to the side to see Shadow sitting there, giving me a worried look. My concern immediately goes straight to her. “What is it?” I ask, sitting up.

“Annabelle came in. She saw me,” she whispers.

My heart thuds. “What did you say?” I ask carefully.

“She asked who I was, and I said Shade, like you told me to if anyone saw me.”

“That’s all?”

“Yes.”

I breathe out. “Okay, it’s fine. If she didn’t press you straight away, she won’t.”

“She thinks I’m just another slut you’ve taken to your bed?” she asks, with more than a bit of bite.

I give her an angry look. “That was *your* idea,” I spit out and then immediately regret it. “I’m sorry,” I mutter. My head is thudding bad after getting drunk last night. It was a bad night until Shadow showed up. I groan as I remember using my knife to cut myself in front of Annabelle. She is *not* going to let that go. I’m going to have to come up with something to say to her that she will believe.

“Fuck,” I mutter, putting my hands over my face and flopping back to the bed.

Shadow climbs on top of me. “I’m sorry too, Shax. I know you want more from me.”

I ignore her, until she takes my cock in her hand and starts to run her hand down it gently. She slips it inside her, and I pull my hands away from my face.

She has a look of ecstasy on her face as she rides me, increasing her speed until she is bouncing around, her tits jiggling in a way that makes me grow even harder.

“Human fucking is so much better than mating in Griffin form,” she pants.

She doesn’t realize how much that stabs me in the heart. I knew she must, but we have never talked about it.

“Hmm,” I murmur as she slams down on me again and again until she shudders, her nipples hardening, her mouth dropping open in a silent scream as she uses my dick to make herself come.

“Oh, yes,” she moans and climbs off me, ready to leave.

“Wait,” I say, grabbing her hand.

“Oh, sorry, you didn’t come,” she giggles and climbs back on top of me, fucking me until I spurt inside her. It is less than exciting. Passionless and only done as an after-thought to her own pleasure.

I feel sick.

She doesn’t love me at all.

She is using me.

I fall into a pit of despair until she leans over and kisses me sweetly in that way she has that makes me think, this was just an oversight.

“Move to Earth with me,” I blurt out.

She sits back on me with a surprised look, which then turns to fear, and she climbs off me to get as far away from me as she can.

“I can’t do that, Shax,” she whispers fearfully.

I get out of bed and go to her, taking her hands. “You can. I can take you somewhere that you can shift and be yourself and no one will know.

“But what about the other Griffins?”

I can’t help but think that she is talking about one in particular. It angers me again, my hangover getting the better of my emotions in a way that I’m just not used to.

“It won’t be forever, I just need to get out of here, see who I am without the influence of Hell and Annabelle,” I tell her quietly.

She gives me a confused look. “What do you mean?”

“I’m a Dark *Angel*,” I point out. “There is a part of me that despises all of this. I need to go somewhere neutral to see if that side is stronger or if the dark side is. I can’t do it here. I’m going and I want you to come with me.” I pull on a pair of jeans and yank a t-shirt over my head. “Come with me,” I say. “Please. I need you with me.”

“What happens if you decide the other side is stronger?” she whispers.

“I have options,” I say vaguely, leaving out the bit about Vazna. He is my secret to keep right now.

“How long will you be gone?” she asks.

*You.*

That says it all.

I shut off completely. I don’t know if it’s the hangover, the idea of being free or that I’m just past being hurt by this female that makes me say my next words. “As long as it takes to do what’s right for *me* for a fucking change. Get out, Shadow. I can’t deal with you and your commitment issues right now. I could give you the world if you’d let me, but you don’t want it, so fuck off and don’t come back.”

I turn my back to her, wanting to take it all back, but knowing that I can’t.

I hear a soft sob, but when I turn around, she is gone, out of the window and out of my life.

“Dammit,” I mutter, wishing that my head would stop banging.

I drag the door open and bump into Annabelle. “What?” I snap at her.

She blinks at me. “I heard yelling...”

“Yeah,” I growl. “What of it?”

“Your one-nighter want to get more comfortable here?” she asks, with a raised eyebrow.

“Leave it,” I snarl.

“Shax, is everything okay?” she asks tentatively.

Nothing about my sister is tentative. She bulldozers her way through life and it works for her. It

has to. She is Hell's Ruler, after all. It makes me suspicious and I remember the dream I was having before I woke up.

"What are you up to?" I ask her with narrowed eyes.

She adopts an innocent look. "Why nothing. I came to see if you were all right, that's all. If you can't be bothered to reassure me, then I'll leave you to it."

She spins on her heel and I feel guilty for being an asshole. I grab her hand and stop her, pulling her to me and taking her in my arms. "I'm sorry. I'm having a shit day."

"Want to talk about it?"

"Maybe later. I need to clear my head."

"About that..."

"Later, Belle, okay?" I cut her inquisition off before it even gets started. I just can't deal with it right now. My heart is breaking, but at the same time, I feel free. I've made up my mind to leave Hell and see what else is there for me.

All I have to do is figure out a way to tell my twin sister that won't hurt her.

Fat-fucking-chance.



## Elijah

I look at Killian sleeping. We were up all of last night fighting over Annabelle. I'm worn out, but I hate the way we left things. It was a stewing silence until we eventually fell asleep.

I stroke his face gently and his eyes fly open.

"Sorry to disturb you," I say gently. "I couldn't resist."

He briefly gives me a warm smile, but then he sighs as it disappears.

"Why can't you see this my way?" I ask him quietly.

"I see that she is fucking with you," he growls, getting up out of bed. "Why don't you see that?"

"I don't think she is," I reply stubbornly, turning to face him.

"Dammit, E. This arrangement that she wants you to enter into will kill you. Don't deny it to me, because I know you." He holds his hand up as I'm about to protest.

I rub my hand over my face, my eyes closed for a second.

They fly open when I'm slammed against the wall, a hard hand to my chest. Killian drops to his knees and pulls my sweats down. He takes me in his mouth, sucking me, grazing his teeth down my length and back up again. He licks my tip and then circles his tongue around me before plunging his mouth over me in a deep throat that makes me groan.

He pulls back. "Does she suck your cock like this?" he asks.

I look away as I can't answer that.

"I see, she has never sucked you off," he mocks, tugging on my cock harshly.

"We've fucked twice, once there was no time and second, well...there was no need."

"No need for this?" he asks and takes me in his mouth again.

"Fuck," I moan as I can already feel my balls aching for a release. He is the only one that can blow me this good.

"Lian, please," I pant as he speeds up.

He holds my hips in place, pressed against the wall, as he fucks my dick with his mouth.

Just as I'm about to burst, he takes his mouth away from me. "Can you go without this, E? Will you miss it if you choose her?"

"It's not about choosing!" I snarl at him. "I want you to offer yourself to her as well. We can all be together. I don't have to lose you."

"Not going to happen," he snarls back. "She is an entitled little bitch that needs a male to put her in her place. Only you won't do it!" Taking me back in his mouth, he blows me until my knees buckle, and I come in his mouth in hot spurts that he swallows quickly and then stands up.

"Kneel on the bed," he rasps.

He is going to punish my ass now and I want him to so badly, I want to beg.

He opens the nightstand drawer and pulls out the lube. He squirts it onto his fingers, and he presses them to my ass hole. He circles it gently, inserting his finger inside a little bit at a time, stretching me, making me wait for his huge cock. He is bigger than me and that is saying something.

He lifts his foot onto the edge of the bed and then I feel him against the puckered hole. I breathe in as he isn't going to go easy on me. He rams into me with a loud grunt, digging his fingers into my hips. I brace myself, bunching my fists into the rumpled bedding. He buries himself balls deep in my ass and then withdraws only to slam back inside me again and again. He is panting hard and so am I. I can feel myself getting hard again and grab my cock in my hand to pump away, needing another release.

"Walk away from her," Killian rasps, "and you can always have this feeling."

"No," I grit out. "Come to her with me."

"Walk away from her or you will lose me. Am I making myself clear, Elijah?"

"Don't give me an ultimatum, Lian, please." I'm almost begging him now.

"You can't have us both, make a choice," he says before he lets out a loud groan, coming in my ass as he pulls on my hips.

He withdraws and then he is gone before I can flop to the bed, to finish myself off. Closing my eyes, I lie flat on my back, letting my cum gush out all over me as I jerk off.

"Fuck," I moan.

"Hmm," her voice murmurs from above me.

I open my eyes to see her wicked green ones looking down at me with raw desire swimming in their depths.

"Have you decided what to do yet? I'm growing impatient," she adds.

"I'm still trying to convince Killian to come to you and ask that you take him as your lover. He is stubborn."

Her eyes flash and narrow to two slits. She leans over me, placing her hand on my dick and then running her fingers over it.

"I don't want him," she says, suddenly gripping me tightly and starting to jerk off my still hard cock. "I only want you. You must give him up, Elijah, if you want to be with me."

"Not you as well," I complain, enjoying her touch immensely. I let myself imagine what it feels like to have her mouth on me and I grow harder still.

"Make me come, Anna," I pant as she tugs quicker.

"Tell me when," she murmurs.

"Oh, uh, now..." I cry and she removes her hand from me, letting my cock stand erect and unattended to my utter misery.

"Him or me," she states and flames out, leaving me feeling empty and alone.

I can't stand this. I don't want to have to choose. Why should I? If Killian would stop being so fucking obstinate, he could see we could have the perfect arrangement. We could both have her and still have each other. I don't know why he is so dead set against it.

I feel I'm left with only one choice and that is to get them into a room together to talk it out until

they come to the decision that I *know* will be beneficial for all of us. I must make Annabelle see that having War in her corner will only make her stronger and I need to get Killian to see that he can open up himself to someone other than me, which is something that I think he desperately needs.

This has to be resolved as soon as possible. Tomorrow they will face each other, fight it out and then hopefully fuck until they realize that they can be so good for each other, in the ways that they need.



### Aleister

“Sir?”

I look up from the desk in my private quarters up on the roof, to see my second-in-command, Igor, looking at me expectantly.

“Yes?” I inquire with a frown. I’d asked not to be disturbed. Not only do I have work to do, I have the particularly important decision to make about Annabelle, which still eludes me.

I don’t know how to begin to sort through what she asked of me.

“The Sentry, Master.”

“Oh, of course.” I give him an apologetic smile. My mind is all over the place right now. “Are we sorted?”

“Yeees,” he drawls, wringing his hands and looking like he has bad news.

I stand up, the fear that something has happened to Annabelle tearing through me. I blink as I realize that my decision has just been made for me.

I can’t live without her.

“What is it? The Queen?”

“No, the Queen is fine. We have doubled the guard at her residence and have the Sentry alert all over Hell. All of the other Gargoyles have been recalled to the Rooftop and have been warned to stay away from the Queen when on duty, unless it is to protect her.”

“Good,” I growl, still incensed by Murdoch’s behavior the other night. I feel the pain of this loss but push it aside. It is physical, nothing more.

I sit down again, but Igor keeps looking at me.

“Yes?” I press him when he fails to say what is really on his mind.

“Uhm, Sir. I have news that will not be well received.” He holds his hands up, almost as if I’d threatened to kill him and he is begging for his life.

I stand up again. “What is it?”

He leans forward, while still maintaining his distance, making him wobble on his big feet. “Leviathan has been spotted,” he whispers.



My heart stops for just a moment before it starts hammering in my chest.

“Are you certain?” I ask grimly.

He nods. “Quite. I saw her myself around the residence earlier.”

“How did she escape?” I ask, remaining as calm as I can under the circumstances.

“That I do not know, Sir.”

“Find. Out,” I grit out, suddenly getting the urge to throw up.

“Yes, Sir,” he mutters and ducks out of my sight.

“Dammit!” I roar and kick the chair I’d been sitting in across to the other side of the room.

This is the last thing I need right now. Having my ex-wife show up just as I’m finally starting to feel something for another female, is the Fates kicking me in the ass.

I walk out to the ledge and jump up. I look up at the Bell Tower behind me as it strikes one for one hour that the new guards have been on duty. At five strikes, they change. I glare at the residence in the distance, sitting behind twenty-foot-high, impenetrable walls. There is only one way in and that is to be invited. Even though the rooms that sit square around the sin bin are secured with magick, it is a less than ideal set-up. One that I flagged with her, several months ago, but she ignored me. Probably because I sent it on paper. I seem to have had a better response when showing up in person. To top it all off, the dungeons sit *under* the residence, so however Levi got out, she would have had direct access to Annabelle. I glare at the huge Gothic structure that sits under a sunny sky, but against an orange and black backdrop. Annabelle creates day and night within the residence walls, but the rest of us have the true Hell-scape to enjoy.

I ruminate on my ex-wife. She was the love of my life. I fell so hard for her the first moment that I saw her. She was here, telling me I was becoming Master Gargoyle a little over three hundred years ago. I was still very young, only two hundred at the time, and the youngest Gargoyle to ever be made Master. It was a dream come true for me and even though the ceremony was painful, torturous almost, to make me into the one that new Gargoyles are made from, I was happy to endure it as Leviathan watched me, her eyes shining as I took the pain without a sound. I was in a word...starstruck. Her beauty eclipsed all others. Her cruel side thrilled me and when she fell in love with me, I was stunned and grateful and blissfully happy with her for fifty years.

I was also naïve.

In the end, I discovered, she didn’t want *me*, she wanted my power. She was never faithful to me and I turned a blind eye to it, pretending it didn’t matter. We were Demons, it was expected. *She* was the original Demon. Lucifer made her to be his right hand. With him gone, I felt that she found herself at a loose end.

Eventually, she tried to use me and my Gargoyles to organize a coup against Luc and failed miserably for her efforts.

He imprisoned her and I felt the sting of her betrayal until I saw Annabelle through Murdoch’s eyes.

I had hoped to never see Levi again, but now she is free; she will come here. I’m surprised she hasn’t already. I can only imagine that she is up to something far more important than coming here to torture me.

One thing is clear, though, if she steps one foot near Annabelle, I *will* kill her. She will be weak after centuries in prison and now will be the time to get to her.

“Aleister.”

I turn as I hear Annabelle’s voice.

“Have you made a decision?”

“Yes,” I say, jumping down to land in front of her. “I know that I can’t live without you in my life. I don’t care how you want me; I will be yours forever.”

She smiles at me. It is slow and sexy and...smug.

I can’t help the chuckle that escapes my lips. “Sure of yourself, aren’t you?”

“Sure of *us*,” she says, and I fall to my knees in worship of her.

She pulls me back up and presses her exquisite body close to mine. She is tiny in my arms, but we fit perfectly.

She tilts her head up and parts her lips and not even the wrath of Leviathan could stop me from kissing her.

I plunge my tongue deep into her mouth, clashing my tongue against hers, bruising our lips with the force of such passion.

It wells up in me. A huge wave of sheer desire that I have never felt before. This feels right, like it was meant to be.

She is scrambling to undo my shirt as I’m struggling to undress her. Eventually, with a giggle, she snaps her fingers and we are both naked in each other’s arms, devouring each other for all we are worth. It has been a lifetime since I was with a woman that I felt something for other than just solace. I feel like I’m on fire as she claws at my back. I lift her up and she wraps her legs around me. With my hands on her ass. I crash back into the bedroom and over to my bed in the corner. I lower her down. It is small and spartan, a world away from what she is probably used to, but she doesn’t seem to care. She doesn’t turn her nose up or complain, she just kisses me, her hands roaming all over me.

I loom over her as she parts her legs even more for me to fit between them, but I duck my head first, wanting, *needing*, to taste her. I flick her clit with my tongue, and she shudders, coming already from the potency of our desire.

“Fuck, yes, Aleister,” she moans, writhing on the bed.

I slip my tongue up her pussy with a soft groan. She tastes like sweet nectar. I thrust my tongue higher, holding onto her thighs as she screams and wriggles, the sensation of this clearly getting to her.

She pants and pulls my head up with a sultry smile. “Kiss me,” she demands quietly.

Returning her smile, I lower my mouth to hers. She licks my lips, tasting herself, making my cock twitch.

I brace myself and cover her body with mine. I position my tip at her entrance and push gently forward. I want to give her all ten inches of my dick before I pull back and make slow love to her until neither of us can stand it anymore.

Her pussy gives way, sheathing me in her wet heat as I slowly, slowly, inch by inch ease my way inside her until I’m balls deep.

“Oh, yes,” she moans.

I withdraw slightly and then thrust, repeating this movement over and over again until she is clutching my cock with such a forceful orgasm, I think she is going to snap it in half.

I grunt, savoring the feel of her pussy tightening around me, claiming me, ensuring that I’m hers.

“Oh, Annabelle,” I murmur. “This is perfect.”

She giggles again and then rolls us over. “You’ve shown me what you’ve got,” she says. “Now let me show you mine.”

She rears up. My cock is barely inside her, then she slams down taking it all in. She does it again and I feel my balls start to ache with need. Then, she rides me hard, with the speed and strength of the Devil herself.

“Fuck!” I roar, feeling the first wave crash over me, sweeping me along in its current as she

doesn't give me any respite. I grab her hips and watch her big tits bouncing in front of me, then I surprise her and flip us over so that I'm nailing her into the bed as my cum floods her body in an orgasm that won't quit.

"Yes!" she screams, feeling the hot jets pour into her and she comes again, clenching around me with a level of magnitude that surpasses anything I have ever felt before or likely will again.

I let the last of my seed drain into her before I flip us over again and settle, her lying down on me, her head on my chest.

"That was worth waiting for," I murmur, kissing the top of her head.

"And sooo worth watching. You haven't lost your touch, dear husband, have you?"

I freeze as I hear the voice that sends a chill over me.

Annabelle looks up in surprise and then her eyes harden, and she looks at me with such anger, my heart aches.

"I can explain," I say quickly, knowing that I should have come clean earlier, but we got swept away.

"Husband?" she spits, and climbs off me.

"Annabelle, wait."

Her anger turns to sadness and then there is a blinding flash of light that makes me cry out and cover my eyes.

"Annabelle!" I shout, but there is no reply.



## Annabelle

I have Leviathan by the throat, pinning her up against the wall as my hands flash with magick. I dress myself in black leather pants and jacket, which is far better than confronting this bitch as naked as the day I was born.

She gives me a vicious smirk, even though the voltage of power burning through her must hurt like fuck.

“Jealous little bitch, aren’t you?” she manages to grate out.

“Not of you,” I growl.

“Your actions speak otherwise.”

“Annabelle!” Aleister shouts, coming closer, his eyes covered from the glare of the magick streaming from my hands.

It is a testament to Leviathan’s strength that she hasn’t curled up into a ball and died right now.

“Kill her!” he shouts at me.

I give him a frown and pull back on the power so that he can look at me.

“I can’t do that,” I inform him, still hurt and pissed off that he failed to mention that he is still married, and to this cunt no less.

“If you don’t kill her now, you will regret it!” he yells.

“Why haven’t you killed me yet?” Leviathan asks drolly.

I give her a scathing look. “Are you as stupid as you look?” I bark out, clenching my fists into her dress and then slamming her back up against the wall. “I need you to lead me to Lucifer so that I can destroy that depiction once and for all.”

“He can never be destroyed!” she spits out. “And you just gave your game away, sweetheart. Now who’s the stupid one?”

I roll my eyes at her.

“You really are a dumb cunt,” I inform her. “Do you really think I would reveal my plans to you and still allow you to walk free?”

Her face pales. She knows now that I’m not going to kill her, but throw her back in the hole she

was dredged out of by Razor's foolish magick.

"Don't send me back!" she cries, terror on her face suddenly, surprising me. "Kill me rather than send me back!"

"Oh, see now you've just shown *your* hand. Why would I kill you when I can torture you for eternity knowing that you'll wish every second of every day until the end of time, that I'd killed you."

"When he rises, and mark my words, little girl, he *will* rise again, he will free me and then I will eat your fucking face off!" Her beautiful features distort into a hideous Demonic mask of hatred.

"He will never rise, and you will be locked away forever, bitch. Buh-bye now." I step back and before she can attack me, I whip my hands around, bringing them together to form an orb. She is sucked into it, screaming in agony as her essence is squashed into the magickal sphere and then I throw it in the air and it vanishes, back to the hole that she was let out of. I seal it with a click of my fingers, never having loved my Devil power so much as in that moment.

"See you around," I state to Aleister and then flame out before I burst into tears at the humiliation that is wrapping itself around me.

"Wait," I hear his voice, beseeching me in desperation but I ignore him.

There is only one place I can go to discuss this new feeling that is overwhelming me. I look up at Gregory's office door and knock loudly, pushing it open without waiting for him to call out.

"Annabelle?" he asks, coming to me with a look of concern. "What's wrong?"

"Everything!" I cry and thump my fists on his chest. He stumbles back as I hit him too hard and I throw him an apologetic smile. "Why are males such assholes?" I sigh and sit down.

"If only I could answer that," he says, sitting on the coffee table and putting his hands on my knees. "Want to talk about it?"

"Ugh! Not really, but thanks. It helps to know that you asked and would listen if I started bitching."

"Always and not just because it's my job. You know that, right?"

I stare into his eyes and know he's telling the truth. "I do. I..."

I don't get to finish what I'm saying as suddenly the ground beneath us starts to shake.

We exchange a startled look and then I grab his hand.

"What's that?" he asks with a frown. "A Hell-quake? Is that even a thing?"

"I'm not sure," I lie. I have a fairly good idea what that is. I can feel it in my gut. My power is connected to all of the creatures of Hell and right now, it is going berserk. "We need to go," I add.

I flame us out to my bedroom to be met with the faces of three very worried males, two of whom did not have permission to be in here.

"What the fuck?" I snap, letting go of Gregory. I fix Elijah — who is standing looking out over the sin bin, and, ugh, Killian, who is seated in my armchair without a care in the world — with a vicious stare. "This is my fucking bedroom, and how did you even get into this part of the residence to begin with?"

"I let them in," Drescal says, sweeping over to me and kissing me soundly on the mouth. "What's he doing here?" He gestures absently to Gregory.

"He isn't safe on his own," I inform them. "These two, however, are big enough badasses that they don't need *my* little old protection."

Elijah snorts with amusement. "This is the new me, darlin'," he drawls. "I'm happy to let you take this one."

I can't help the giggle that comes out. "Asshat," I murmur.

He beams at me as I stride over to the window. "Fucking hell," I comment looking down over a

riot to end all riots. Magick is flying everywhere, fists and claws, fangs and talons are all out and the Demons are going at each other Hell for leather.

“Do I need to ask who is responsible for this?” I ask rhetorically.

“Razor’s faction,” Drescal points out unnecessarily. “B.T.W, dear Anna. We need to have a fucking conversation about that.” He gives me a grim look.

I have the grace to look down, abashed by his reprimand. “Uhm, yeah, seems that Elijah filled you in.”

“He did,” he says unnecessarily.

I look up as there is a growling in the doorway, to find that Musmortus has joined the party. Elijah goes over to her quickly and pets her, scratching her behind her ears. She enjoys his attention for a few seconds, but then gets down to business. She stands in the doorway guarding it, with her teeth bared.

“Okay, this is getting serious,” I state, “I’d better go down there...”

I turn to make a move, but I feel myself go lightheaded and drop to the floor.

I blink and then I’m looking down at myself, sprawled all over the floor and gulp.

“Aww, shit,” I complain, stamping my foot.

I try to fire off a Hellfire orb, but nothing happens. “Dammit!”

“Err,” Drescal stammers as he looks down at the me on the floor.

With a puzzled look, Elijah picks up my prone body and places me lightly on the bed, arranging me comfortably to my surprise, even brushing my hair off my face.

He sees me watching and hurries back over to the window.

“You can’t go down there now,” Gregory says, the only one with knowledge of what has just happened.

“No kidding,” I mutter. What the actual Hell is going on with me? “First things,” I suddenly blurt out. “What *are* you two doing here?”

“We wanted to talk,” Elijah says, giving Killian a hard glare, which he ignores and looks at Musmortus instead.

“Drescal let us in when we ran into him downstairs amidst all that,” Elijah continues, indicating the window.

“You’ve got a good spell up here, Princess, but it’s not gonna hold forever against them,” Killian decides to inform me.

“That’s *Queen* to you, asshole,” I growl, but I’m wasting my breath. He doesn’t give a flying fuck. It’s written all over his gorgeous, disinterested face. “Aleister!” I suddenly go cold.

“Who?” Drescal asks.

“The Gargoyle Master,” I say. “He is...uhm...well...I don’t even know right now. All I do know, is that he has to be in here with me. Us,” I hurriedly add.

“Oh,” Drescal says in understanding. “I’ll go, but then you need to explain why there are two of you, one of you comatose and the other without power.”

“I will,” I say and watch him leave.

He returns shortly with a distraught looking Aleister, who lights up when he sees me.

“You are protected, Annabelle, the Gargoyles are looking after the residence, but...” He looks between me and the other me on the bed with a confused look.

“I have a weird power that splits me into two, but this form has none of it,” I say shortly, folding my arms over my chest and daring any of them to say anything.

None of them do.

Except Killian.

He snorts with amusement. “So you are basically useless,” he states.

“Fuck you,” I retort and then stumble back as Shax rushes into the room, ducking around the huge frame of my pet Hellhound.

“Belle, we need to talk.” He takes in all of the men in my room, one by one with a shrewd eye.

“Now isn’t a good time,” I grit out.

“Clearly,” he sneers at them, but straightens his face when he looks at me. “What is going on out there?”

“Razor’s faction has kind of spun out of control,” I say.

“Hm.” He looks at the me on the bed. “Wait here. I’ll get Mom.”

I don’t get a chance to say anything as he disappears. I don’t know what she is supposed to do about this. It’s *my* responsibility to end this attempted coup.

“I’m going down there,” Elijah says decisively. “We need to do something to stop this.”

“I’ll come too,” Drescal says.

Elijah gives him a mocking look. “Oh, yeah? What are you gonna do to stop this? Get them all to fuck you?”

The taunt seriously pisses Drescal off. He squares off with the Master of Hellhounds and I feel that the fighting going on down there is the least of my worries right now.

“I’m a nine-hundred-year-old Demon,” Drescal spits out. “If you think that doesn’t count for anything, come over here and find the fuck out for yourself.”

“Stop!” I implore them as Elijah was prepared to do precisely that. “Neither of you are going down there.” With a smile that I definitely know looks like a grimace, I turn to Killian. “War? Be a sweetie and go down there to make them stop.”

He looks up at me with a raised eyebrow. “Even if I could, I wouldn’t. This is your mess, *sweetie*, fix it.”

The challenge is ripe in the air, making my nostrils flare.

“If I could, I would,” I retort having fuck all else to say. “Why can’t you though, just out of curiosity?”

His scathing look at my interest in him almost makes my cheeks burn with humiliation. It does not get tempered down when Aleister steps closer to me. I pull away from him, hurting him and thus myself through the bond that was strong before we had sex, but now is a force to be reckoned with.

“I didn’t create this conflict. Me going down there will only amp them up.”

“Oh,” I say, totally getting that.

The six of us fall into a grim silence as the noise from the riot downstairs gets even louder. The residence shakes, alerting us to the fact that they are now trying to get through the barrier and to me.

The silence is broken when Shax returns with our mother, whose beautiful features are creased into a worried frown. Surprise registers on her face as she sees the two of me, then she slowly takes in all of the men in my bedroom, her sharp blue eyes finally landing on me.

“Annabelle Pandora! What in the blazes of Hell are you up to in here?”



## Annabelle

“Uhm,” I blink and falter under my mother’s wrath. “It’s not what it looks like?” I squeak out knowing that it came out like a question, which only makes her face more pinched.

“Oh, please,” she scoffs. “I know that it looks exactly like it is.”

“Okay,” I say, lifting my chin up and putting my hands on my hips. “Yes, all of these men are mine, Mother. Well, except for the miserable cunt in the armchair.” I wave dismissively at Killian.

He grunts in response to my insult.

My mother gapes at me, as I take in the surprised look from Gregory. I give him a sultry smile which makes his cheeks blush.

“All of them?” she asks, looking at them again. “Whatever for?”

“They each give me something different. Drescal gives me the seduction, Gregory listens to me and makes me want to make myself better, Aleister and I...” I shake my head as I can’t explain what we have to anyone yet. “Elijah gives me a challenge but is willing to submit to me. It’s...do I *really* have to explain this to you?”

She purses her lips at me. “Me? No. Your father didn’t want this for you though. He didn’t want you following in my footsteps. He expected you to...” She bites her lip.

I scowl at her. “Conform? A traditional one-on-one with a little heir in tow. Fuck that.”

“Indeed,” she murmurs. “We need to talk about this, alone, please.” She gestures to the other me on the bed.

“Whatever you have to say, you can say it in front of them,” I inform her.

She hesitates.

“I trust them. They are my circle. Well, except for...you know...” I point to Killian.

“The miserable cunt?” Mother asks, giving Killian a big beam which he returns.

*Err. Say what, now?*

I blink, but then realize that I’m being silly. Of course she knows who everyone is in here. She was the Queen of Hell up until six months ago.

“You would do well to have War in your corner, dear,” Mother says, looping her arm through



mine. "He is a powerful ally."

"Tell him that," I mutter.

"Hmm. Regardless, if you are sure you can trust these boyfriends with your private business, I can help you."

"B-boyfriends," I splutter.

She shakes her head at me to shush. I catch Shax's eye and he looks antsy, like he has somewhere else he wants to be. I give him an inquiring glare, but he looks at our mother instead, ignoring me.

"You can explain this power?" I ask her.

"Yes. When you were little and anxious or angry, you would do this. It was your way of dealing with your emotions, of pulling yourself out of your body, having no powers and just being "normal". Your words! Not mine," she exclaims before I can blast her.

"Oh," I say, trying to take that in. "I don't remember."

"You were only about three or four. Your tantrums were, uhm..."

Killian does nothing to hide the snort of pure amusement. "Legendary, is the word you are looking for, Axelle."

Mother looks back at me with an apologetic look. "Yes, quite."

I give Killian a filthy look.

I suddenly feel so very young amongst all of these much older males. Even Gregory is older than me and that makes me feel rather juvenile.

"Well!" I huff. "So glad that I was such a source of amusement for you all."

"Annabelle," Mother chides me. "It's nothing to be upset about. You grew out of them and, so we thought, this power a long time ago."

"But I don't get it. I'm not stressed about anything."

"Something else might be causing you to feel the need to split yourself." She surreptitiously gives the men another look.

"Oh," I say again, getting her meaning. "That's all very well, but how do I get back? I can't go down there and sort out this mess with no powers."

"I'm afraid, that's up to you," she says quietly.

"Dammit," I exclaim and look at Shax. "Have you changed your mind about giving me that key?"

Mother catches the question, her eyes boring into her son's intently.

He sighs. "Even if I gave it to you, what are you going to do with it? You don't know what it opens."

"No, but I know someone who does! Leviathan!"

Aleister lets out a strangled moan.

I give him a sad smile. "I wish that you'd told me about her."

"We didn't really have the time. I was going to when the time was right. Know that, Annabelle, please."

"Fine," I let out a breath. "I get it. I wouldn't want to admit to being married to her either."

He chuckles and comes to me. "Am I yours, Annabelle?" he asks with a smirk.

I lift my head up for a kiss. "Yes, of course. But back to Leviathan. I know she knows where..."  
Shit. I nearly blurted it out about Lucifer. I groan when I realize that Aleister would've heard every word Leviathan and I said about Lucifer. I give him an intense gaze, which he avoids.

Crap. I'm going to have to come clean.

"...Dad is," I finish lamely.

"I agree," Mother says, giving me a knowing look. "Shax, please, if you have the key, give it to

your sister.”

“Oh, fine,” he sulks. He takes his knife and pulls the ornate handle off. He upends it and the key slips out onto his outstretched palm.

“Godammit!” Sid’s voice resounds around the room. He appears next to Shax, almost whole, and gives him a narrow-eyed glare.

We all gape at Sid for using *that* word in my presence.

“I knew it had to be somewhere magickly protected,” he carries on. “I knew the information was behind something.”

Shax looks from him to me, connecting the dots, the fury on his face making me flinch in my powerless body.

“You used him to get into my head?” he roars at me, taking a step closer. “You utter bitch, Annabelle! I am your *brother*.”

“I know,” I whisper. “I’m sorry. You wouldn’t give it to me, and I had to keep looking. You know I can’t sit on something. I have to act.”

“You know what,” he spits out at me. “You’ve just made what I have to tell you a fuck load easier. I’m leaving, Belle. I’m leaving you and Hell to go and live my own damned life.” He chucks the key at me, which I catch and grip tightly, staring at him in shock.

“You can’t leave me,” I state. “You belong here, with me, with *us*.” I gesture to Mom.

“Not anymore,” he growls and storms out.

“Shax, wait!” I lunge forward, but Mother holds me back.

“Let me,” she says quietly, her disappointment in me etched on her face.

“Fuck!” I roar as she disappears after Shax.

“Sorry,” Sid says, sheepishly. “I guess I messed that up.”

“You think?” Elijah snarls.

“No,” I say going to him, giving Elijah a death stare. I take Sid’s face in my hands. “This is all my fault. You didn’t want to do this, warned me it was asking for trouble. You did what I asked, that is all.”

He gives me a sad look, but nods anyway.

“What the fuck, Annabelle?” Drescal shouts. “Do you know what he is?”

I spin around furiously. “I know *who* he is, and you will leave him alone. All of you will.” I include the other men in my anger.

I get glowers back, but none of them defy me.

“I have to get back into my body and sort this shit out!” I shout suddenly as the residence shakes again under the force of the uprising going on downstairs.

Gregory comes to me and grips me by my elbows. “Take a deep breath. One, two, three and smile,” he murmurs.

I stare into his eyes and do as he says.

The next second, I’m falling back into my body and I wake up on the bed. I sit up, giving him a huge grin.

“You did it!” I exclaim.

“No, *you* did it,” he replies, coming over and taking my hand. I can see the questions in his eyes about everything that I said to my mother about us. I’ve swept the carpet out from under him, I can see that, but I want him. He gives the *woman* part of my essence what she needs.

“I promise we’ll discuss it all later,” I murmur to him. “Right now, I’ve gotta...” I point to the windows.

“Go and do your thing, sweetheart,” Drescal drawls, helping me up and leading me over to the windows and kissing my hand. “This, I gotta see.”

I giggle and catch Elijah’s eyes. He gives me a swift nod and hands me the key that I’d dropped when I re-entered my body. I take it and nestle it in between my breasts. “Nobody move,” I say. “I’ll be right back, and we can sort out how this is going to work.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Elijah says, giving me a little salute that makes me roll my eyes at him fondly.

“Step back, please.”

They do as I ask, and I let my flame wings unfurl slowly, with maximum sexy impact. I beam at the hollers and cat calls that the men send my way and then I flap them, lifting off and flame out to the other side of the window. I slowly let myself fall down to the ground, where I incinerate half a dozen of my minions before the rest realize that I’ve finally shown up and start to flee, screaming for their lives.



### Annabelle

I smile as I see the Demons running for their lives. They know that their asses are about to get kicked at best and eradicated at worst. I have to make an impact and there is only one way to do that.

I have to let loose the She-Devil. The *real* one to show that I mean business.

The sin bin is now completely empty of Demons, so I stride forward, breathing deeply to steady myself. I'm prepared to do this, but I may struggle to come back under control. I've never gone this far. I've never had to but this uprising needs to be nipped in the bud before anyone gets any bigger ideas.

I shove open the double doors that had slammed closed behind the last fleeing Demon, and march out into the courtyard, past the kennels, and through the humongous gates, further out onto the scorched land that surrounds my residence. The little flames that flicker at my feet make me smile and I flap my wings to cause a hot wind that ruffles my hair. Several hundred Demons are waiting outside, not having got as far as the residence for this rebellion. I remember what Dad said about this. The Demons try to start a coup every few years or so. They get too big for their station and it's up to the Devil to put them back in their place. Since the Devil is now me, I have a feeling I'm going to enjoy this more than I should.

I pause, hands on my hips to show them that I'm here and to give them a second to reconsider their actions.

Some do, most don't.

Arrogant fuckers.

I turn my head, my hands at the ready, as I feel someone walking up behind me. I drop my defensive stance when I see it is only Killian.

"Don't get too close unless you want to burn," I drawl, flapping my wings gently.

He stares out across the landscape and steps right up next to me, his hands behind his back. "Those wings are pretty, Princess, but they won't hurt me. Like you, I am a part of this place. I am... inevitable."

I blink at him and then turn to look where he is. "I see. So why aren't you out there leading this

charge? I get the impression that you dislike me being Queen.”

“Ruling Hell has never been something that I’ve wanted. It’s not my place. My bloodline started and will end with me, there is no honor in taking away what is rightfully yours.”

I try not to look impressed by his words, instead I scoff at him. “Honor? How noble, War.”  
Silence.

“I find it amusing that you think you *could* take it from me,” I point out after a beat.  
He shrugs.

“What are you doing here? Feeding off the conflict?” I ask.

“I came to see if you needed help.”

“You mean Elijah sent you,” I retort.

“No, I am here of my own volition.”

“Thought you couldn’t do anything about conflict you didn’t create?”

“I can’t stop it, but I *can* redirect it. I can force it into themselves. They will have an inner struggle which will eventually make them go insane.” He turns to look at me, those beautiful white eyes, boring into mine. “Do you want to make them suffer, Princess?”

“Oh my, you know how to get a pussy wet, don’t you?”

He smirks at me.

“Is your dick hard looking at all of this?”

“I don’t get aroused by war,” he says, almost as if he is confused by the question.

“Because you *are* war,” I say, getting it. “It’s who you are.”

He nods.

“Thanks for the offer, but I don’t need any help. I’ve got this.”

He steps back and I strip off my clothes. I see no reason to burst out of them when I shift.

I walk forward and let the feeling wash over me. The anger that these idiots have tried to take what’s mine. The fear that I felt when Shax said he was leaving me. The guilt over my Dad. It all wells up and I feel the first signs of the shift descend.

I flap my wings and take flight, the urge to annihilate clawing at me. Cloven hooves, a spiky tail, a goat’s head, all appear. I must look hideous, but also quite terrifying. The Demons are looking up at me in surprise, almost as if they didn’t know I could do this. I stop the shift, knowing that it can go so much further now than I ever thought. I want to. I want to go as deep as I can, but I know that eradicating all of these Demons underneath me in one fell swoop would be foolish. It would take a long time to recoup the losses.

The power of the Devil rises up in me and I let out a bellow so loud, they cover their ears and fall to their knees.

“Bow down to me!” I roar, bringing orbs of fire to my hands.

Most do, but there is always one fucker who thinks he is better than everyone else.

He is usually the one that dies first.

This time is no different. I throw the Hellfire at him and he screeches in agony as he burns away, his essence torn from his body to disappear into the Wastelands.

“Any more of you who think you can beat me now?” I taunt, hoping that someone does. I need to destroy, I need to annihilate, I need to obliterate everything in my sight. Especially as Killian is watching. I think he needs a lesson in being humbled by a greater power.

Sadly, no one does, but just to please the Devil inside me, I let out another roar, this time pouring Hellfire from my mouth, catching the Demons closest to me with it and eradicating them to the Wastelands as well.

“Let this be a lesson in who rules you!” I yell. “I am the Demon Queen and you will not have mercy if you rise against me again.”

I’m practically talking to myself as the would-be battlefield has emptied so damn quickly, it’s disappointing.

I turn around and fly back over to Killian, landing next to him and shifting, fully clothed again in my black leather pants and jacket.

“Nicely done, Your Majesty.” He gives me a mocking bow.

“See how long it lasts,” I mutter. If my Dad’s words were anything to go off, in a few years I’ll be out here again, but next time I *will* sate the beast within.

“Hmm.” Killian murmurs and then turns on his heel to march away.

I follow him on foot, chewing my lip. We haven’t resolved the Elijah issue and now is as good a time as any.

As he strides across the courtyard, I call out to his retreating back, “I will have him, you know.”

He freezes for a second, then he turns towards me, his face grim. “Why do you want him?”

I don’t answer that right away as I don’t *have* an answer. At least not one that I can put into words. “There’s something between us,” I say eventually. “I wish that I could explain it to you, but I can’t. I *feel* something for him and if you knew anything about me, you’d know that ability doesn’t come along with every Demon, or human,” I growl before he can say anything about Gregory, “that I cross paths with. In fact, it simply...doesn’t. Except in the case of the males upstairs.”

“You’re rambling,” he says.

“I know. But I’m trying to make you see that I’m not out to hurt him. It’s the last thing I want to do. Yes, he is an arrogant asshole that needs a kick up the ass to let him know I’m the boss, but deep down, underneath that...” I let out a breath. “I see how he is with the hounds,” I add gently. “I know the arrogance isn’t all that’s to him. I want to get to know him.”

“The way I know him,” he says.

“I don’t want to come between you...”

“You already have. We’ve both given him ultimatums.”

“What did he counter with you?” I venture.

“That I ask to become a part of whatever the fuck you’re doing upstairs.”

“And will you?” I hate to say it, but if he says no, I’ll be disappointed.

“I don’t ask for pussy,” he states darkly.

“What do you ask for?” I practically pant.

“Nothing,” he replies and turns to walk away again.

“Fuck you!” I hurl at him. “This pussy could please you like no other!”

“Pussy is pussy!” he calls back, not looking over his shoulder.

“So, fuck my ass, you’ll find *that* to your liking?”

He stops and turns to me with such a look of shock, I mentally high five myself.

He shakes his head as he laughs quietly. “You are brazen, aren’t you? I don’t think I’ve ever met a female quite like you.”

“Of course you haven’t,” I scoff. “Demon Queen, remember.”

He comes closer, almost stalking me. “Oh, how could I forget.” He stops when he is inches from me, looking down at me from his huge height advantage. He leans in closer.

I part my lips, waiting for him to kiss me.

He brushes his lips past my cheek. “Your feet are burning,” he whispers in my ear.

“What?” I ask startled, looking down and lifting one high-heeled foot up automatically.

I snort when I see what he means. “Nope, that happens when I walk over the ground. Kinda dying to see what happens on Earth.”

“Mm. Me too,” he murmurs.

Then he grabs my hips, dragging me closer to him. He bends down to kiss me, fisting his hands into my hair.

I kiss him back after a second, devouring his mouth with mine as I claw at his black shirt. He lifts me up and practically throws me against the wall of the kennels. I gasp from the bone-jarring thud, then he is in front of me before I drop to the ground, holding me up by my waist.

“I’m indestructible,” I murmur to him. “You can do whatever you like to this body and you won’t hurt me. You want that, don’t you, Killian?”

He gives me a smoldering look. “Say my name again,” he demands quietly.

I lick my lips. “Killian,” I purr.

“Again,” he demands more forcefully, pressing his bulk against my body.

I wiggle to get my legs free so that I can wrap them around him. “Killian,” I growl, gripping the sides of his head so that I can pull his face closer to thrust my tongue into his mouth.

He squeezes my ass hard, making me wriggle in delight, then his fingers are in the front, flicking the button undone and unzipping my pants.

I’m a second away from clicking my fingers to remove them when he grabs them on each side of the zipper and yanks them out to the sides, rendering the leather all the way down my crotch to give him access to my pussy.

“Oh, fuck,” I moan into his mouth at the sexy move that has left me panting.

His strength is immense. All of these Demons have great strength but none that nearly matches mine. I can feel it when I run my hands up his forearms as his hands go back to my ass. It’s calling to me. I wonder if mine is calling to him.

I lose all train of thought, though when he takes my hand roughly and moves it to his own zipper. I hastily get him free, slipping his cock out with a groan when I feel the size and weight of it.

“If anyone is going to do the pleasing, it’s going to be me,” he whispers in my ear, slamming my hands up against the wall above my head and holding them in place with one big hand as his other guides his cock inside me.

I am practically creaming myself already as he thrusts high up into me. I scream as he fills me up with at least thirteen inches of Horseman cock.

“Fuck,” I rasp as he fucks me hard and fast, holding me in place with one hand on my wrists, the other on my hip. With only the wall at my back holding me up, I let him fuck me roughly, bruising my lips with his as he kisses me deeply.

As he speeds up, he lets go of my wrists and takes a hold of my backside again, moving us away from the wall.

“Take over, Princess,” he growls low. “Show me what this pussy can do.”

I give him a wicked grin, knowing that I’m getting to him already. He is panting hard as I place my hands on his shoulders and use them as leverage to ride him as hard as I can. My thigh muscles are aching as the first orgasm tears its way through me, pumping through my veins, wetting my pussy so much we can both hear the slurping noise as I continue to screw him even though I want to hold still and surf the wave of ecstasy until I die in his arms.

“Annabelle,” he murmurs as that climax ends and another one starts up almost immediately. His cock is covered with my cum, making it easy to keep fucking his enormous length this way.

“Be with me,” I pant, writhing in such pleasurable agony as my climax doesn’t end. “You want

this, you know you do.”

“We’ll see,” he whispers in my ear and then strides forward with me still in his arms, crashing us through the double doors, knocking them off their hinges.

My arms are wrapped around his neck, even as he rejects my ass backward attempt to get him to agree to be part of my circle. I don’t let the humiliation stop me though, as he throws me onto a torture rack in the sin bin and then flips me over.

“On your knees,” he growls.

I smile slowly, knowing exactly what it is he wants from me. Right now, I don’t give a flying fuck. I will give it to him so that he keeps fucking me the way he is.

I lose my pants and let my wings pop out, getting on all fours.

“Why the wings?” he asks, grabbing my hips.

“You said they were pretty,” I murmur, almost shyly. “Plus, you are the only male that I can fuck with them out.”

“That I am, Princess,” he rumbles, pressing his cock against my pussy entrance and sliding in with a loud grunt.

He pulls and shoves on my hips, making me fuck his dick while he just stands there. I’ve never been treated this way before and it makes my clit twitch. I never thought that I would submit to anyone. I didn’t think that there was anyone out there that could make me feel like a dirty little whore and his Princess at the same time.

“Oh, that’s it,” I pant as I feel yet another orgasm about to rocket through my body. “Use me, that’s it, use me to please yourself.”

He stops for a moment and then letting out a deep, dark growl, he starts to pump his hips against me, fucking me now, making me tremble.

“I know what you want,” I pant. “Master.”

“Uhn,” he moans, slamming against me.

I rub my clit furiously, needing the twitching to become an all-out throb under my fingers as Killian hits my G-spot with his monster cock.

“Do you submit to me?” he rasps.

I know he is so close to letting go.

“Is that what you want?”

“DO YOU SUBMIT?” he roars.

“Yes, Master,” I purr.

He lets out a loud, guttural groan and shoots his load into me, big spurts of cum flooding me as my clit starts to throb and my pussy clutches desperately at him.

He pushes down on my lower back as he drains himself into me. “Fuck, Annabelle, fuck. Yes, Princess.”

He withdraws from me suddenly, but I stay where I am, on all fours.

He walks around and crouches in front of me. “Do you want me to fuck your pussy again, Princess?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want me to want only *your* pussy?”

“Yes,” I growl. The thought of another female doing with him what we just did, makes my blood boil.

“Then I’ll fuck your pussy again, Princess. Only yours. I have no need or desire, to take another female to my bed. Besides, you have outdone yourself today. The last female I fucked was a goddess,



but you have far outmatched her abilities. However, don't ask me to fuck your ass. I do not crave anal with a female. We will cunt-fuck and that's it. Do you understand me, Princess?"

"Yes," I say steadily.

"I'll be yours to make a claim on," he says, leaning closer and brushing my wayward hair out of my face. "On one condition."

I part my lips, knowing what's coming.

"You allow Elijah the freedom to continue his relationship with me. He will not go against what you say, so you will go upstairs now, tell him that I have agreed to be yours but that he can still be with me. Are we clear, little whore?"

I gasp quietly as he utters those words to me. Any other being would be incinerated by now, but he has only made my cunt drip with juices. "Yes, Master," I say softly.

"Very good, my Queen," he says gallantly, holding his hand out for me to take so that he can help me. He kisses my knuckles and lets my hand go. "You are fascinating, Annabelle. I'm looking forward to discovering more about you."

"Same," I mutter like a dumb-fuck.

He has completely turned my head. Made me feel things that I didn't think I was capable of.

"I will leave you to speak to your men, tell them that I will be joining your circle. Make no mistake, though, Annabelle, that when we are fucking, you answer to me. I will defer to you as my Queen in all other aspects, but I want you to be my filthy whore when my dick is in your cunt."

"I agree," I murmur and then watch as he walks away.

"Oh, and the wings," he says, turning back briefly. "It's fucking hot screwing you with them out. I like that it's *our* thing. The others are missing out."

"Oh," I breathe, almost drooling as he disappears.

I stretch out my back with a happy smile. So, it's not exactly how I thought this would go down, but his terms are certainly acceptable to me. I'm not so stupid or naïve to know that he is doing this for me. Nah, he is here for Elijah and that's fine. For now. He will soon accept that he belongs with *me*.

For the first time in my life, I'm happy to wait for something because I know it's right.



### **Killian**

I stalk past Drescal to get back into the residence, after he opened it for me. I don't know if he saw me with Annabelle but I'm guessing he did, judging from the look on his face. Not jealousy, but definitely envious of me having gotten her into such a submissive position. He goes to her and I leave them to it. I need her to speak to Elijah before I face him again. He needs to hear what she has to say.

I wander around the downstairs of this residence, down a dark hallway with paintings adorning the wall and pornographic statues scattered about. I have never been to the new residence, having been on Earth for the last eight months, but I recognize this section as one taken from the old residence. It leads to the huge dining hall, if I'm not mistaken. I keep walking and find myself ducking through an archway that does lead to the Dining Hall. It is eerily quiet, but I like the peace, the absolute contrast to what I am. I sit down in one of the chairs and close my eyes. Living in Hell is a terrible stress on the mind. I have enough to deal with creating conflict on Earth, I don't want to come home to it as well. I have isolated myself as much as possible in my private apartment off the main blocks where the regular Demons live. I also enjoy the sanctuary of the kennels as much as I can. It was on one such visit there that I came to enjoy Elijah's strength of character around four hundred years ago. Skirmishes, battles, even war, were so much more commonplace back then. I was constantly back and forth, and it was wearing me out to the point that I needed to either find someone to take it out on or quit. Seeing as the latter wasn't an option, Elijah's physical strength and ability to take what I had to give him, soon made him an invaluable part of my life here in Hell. It didn't take me long to care for him. He is quite easy to care for. It doesn't surprise me that Annabelle thinks so too. All you have to do is look at him with his Hounds to know he is the man you want near you. He will take on every burden he can to make the life of those around him easier. It makes coming back here less difficult.

I prefer my life on Earth. No one knows who I really am. I live a second life up there which is a secret even from Elijah. I need it to settle the daily struggle of causing strife amongst the humans. I don't have anyone up there that could take his place, they are all too breakable, too fragile both in their minds and their physical strength, but I've had many dalliances over the centuries. Both with

males and females.

I definitely prefer the males. They are stronger, more resilient as a rule. Only now, being with Annabelle, oh, I know she can give me what I seek. I can literally throw her through walls, and she will beg for more. Not even the goddess, who was trapped on Earth due to a story I didn't listen to, had that kind of power. But it is more than that with Annabelle. She has something about her that I find intriguing, surprising. It has been a long, long time since anyone has had the ability to shock me, and yet she does with her words, so hot, so bold. I definitely see the upside to this arrangement. She is a female that I can see myself being with, in the *real* sense. Not that I will ever admit that to anyone, not even Elijah. Not yet anyway.

"Hey," Elijah says from the archway.

I turn to him and open my eyes. "Hey. Have you spoken with Annabelle?"

"Yes," he says, his eyes shining. "You did it. You got her to submit to you, didn't you?" He lets out a loud laugh.

I smirk at him. "All it takes is a real male, *puppy*."

"Fuck you," he throws back at me, but he isn't really upset. He sits down next to me and takes my hand. "Thank you for doing this."

I shrug, deciding to come clean. "I went out there for you, E, but she is...she is something else altogether."

"I know," he says with a soft smile.

"Yeah, I get it now. She is alluring and feisty and the power..." I breathe in deeply. "Mine is connected to hers. I'm made from Lucifer's blood, *her* blood, the blood of Hell. I want to tell you this so that you know. I don't want to hide it from you."

He frowns at me and pulls his hand away, which is what I was afraid of. "Connected? What do you mean?"

"Just as I explained," I say patiently.

"Does she know?" he croaks out.

"I think so. She didn't say, neither did I but it's there, E." I sigh. "What have you gotten me into?" I add with a sad laugh.

"Don't tell her," he blurts out. "Not yet, anyway. Everything is still so new; I don't want that to fuck this up."

"It won't," I say, gripping his hand again. "She really cares about you. She was having you regardless of what I, or anyone else, had to say about it. You don't need to worry about this. I will never let what I have with her come between what you two have, or what *we* have. Never."

He smiles at me and leans forward to kiss me.

I snake my hand up his thigh, but he stops me from touching him further.

"Not without her," he mumbles.

"Excuse me?" I ask incredulously.

"Not without her," he grits out louder.

"Is that what she said?" I demand getting pissed off.

"No!" he says quickly. "This is on me. You know how I feel about you, Lian, but now that I'm with her, I feel that doing this without her would be wrong. I dunno." He shrugs.

"I see," I mutter, disappointed that he feels that way. "So we will never be alone again?"

"Don't look at it that way. Picture yourself fucking me as I fuck her," he says softly.

I can't help the groan that escapes my lips. Oh, it's a fucking hot image, that's for sure. "But I want you to myself. Call me selfish."

“Sometimes, she can just watch, or be there doing something else. She doesn’t have to be involved, I just want her there, so she is secure, so she knows that I, *we*, aren’t excluding her.”

“She *has* put this idea into your head, hasn’t she?”

“No, not at all. I find myself very protective over her. I can’t help it. I want her to be happy.”

I chew the inside of my lip and then sigh. “Fine. I hear you.” I sit back mutinously, hoping that I can comply with this demand. I’m not used to taking instruction. I give it. I do what I want, when I want. I have never had to take another person into account, and I don’t think I like it. But I’m not walking away either so I’m going to have to take it on the chin. Perhaps over time I could have a word with her, get her to allow Elijah to be with me alone.

“Come,” he says. “We should get back to her. She is upset about the Shax thing.”

I nod and stand up. I keep hold of his hand as I swirl us upstairs in a bolt of lightning to see to our woman.

*Our* woman.

I can’t help the small smile that plays at my lips. I can’t help that those two words please me.



## Gregory

I'm overwhelmed.

It's really the only word that fits what I'm feeling right now.

Annabelle and I were flirting, I've fantasized about her on numerous occasions, I feel something for her, but she kind of blindsided me with her statement.

I look at her now, in her bedroom, surrounded by the men that she clearly has sex with and feel so inferior, I want to run and hide.

"Where is Sid?" she asks suddenly, looking at me as if I have the answer to this.

As it happens, I do. Sort of. "He said he was going back to the cube." I have no idea what that means, but she does.

She nods and smiles her thanks. "We should talk," she says, coming to me.

"We have time for that later. You're upset about your brother. You need to deal with that first."

"I don't know what to do," she says quietly. "I betrayed him, and he wants to leave me."

"Let him go," I advise her as I have *nothing* else to say. "He will return, but even if he doesn't, he is his own person, uhm, *being*. Doesn't he deserve to do what makes him happy?"

The other men are staring at me in horror. I get why. They think that Annabelle is going to remove my head with her teeth for being so bold. But she won't. She listens to me, she said it herself in front of all of them *and* her mother.

"Of course!" she exclaims, getting agitated. "But why can't he be happy here?"

"I can't answer that. You need to find him and speak to him, clear the air."

"He doesn't want to speak to me," she pouts.

"He will. You are his...other half," I say carefully. I don't know if these men are aware of the bond between the twins, but I highly doubt it. Annabelle wouldn't risk her brother's life with such pillow talk.

Her eyes widen in warning, but when she realizes that's all I'm saying, her face relaxes. I can't help but feel mildly smug.

*Not so inferior now, eh, Gregory.*

I clear my throat at my inner voice's triumph. A small one, but if I've learned anything by being thrust into this situation, it is that a win is a win down here.

"You're right!" she says determinedly. "I'll make him talk to me."

"Weeelll, maybe tone down the "make him" part," I venture. "Just go to him and see why he wants to leave. It wasn't a snap decision, he has been thinking about it for a while, that much was obvious."

"I prefer my way," she growls at me, not liking what I had to say.

"All ways are your ways," I say with a soft smile. "My Queen."

She preens at me, happy with the affirmation of her place here. I know that she is feeling like she is being torn in half. I know that her fear of Shax being hurt out there without her to protect him, is eating at her. I know that she feels like she is losing herself if he leaves and that she can't afford to wobble, especially right now. She needs support and I will give it to her. I *want* to be what she claimed me to be.

Hers.

But I don't think it is something that we can just jump into. Or at the very least, *I* can't. I'm not like them. Not that I really know how these Hell creatures work, but I doubt they feel love the same way I do. The Seven Deadly Sins will be the same for us all. That much I am sure of, but the rest? No, my human self has deeper emotions, a deeper psyche, morals, a *conscience*. Taking a leap of faith with her is one thing, but I have to know that I'm doing it for the right reasons, that I love her and that I will renounce any life that I had back on Earth to be with her. I have to be *sure* before I can allow this to move forward in the way that I think she wants it to. That's something else I need to clarify with her. What is she expecting of me?

"Can we have a bit of talk before I go and find Shax?" she murmurs, somehow picking up on my thoughts.

"Sure," I say, knowing it's important to her or she wouldn't have said it. It's one of the things that I admire about her. She speaks her truth. Okay, so she doesn't have consequences to deal with, not like the rest of us anyway, or maybe just humans do for that matter. It must be very liberating.

"Leave us," she says to the other men. "This is personal."

"Are we not all one big happy family?" Drescal complains, but it's good-naturedly.

She gives him a pretty smile which he responds to in a way that I find fascinating. She could ask him to do anything now and he'll do it.

"Five minutes," she says. "Promise."

They file out, leaving us alone and she looks at me with those gorgeous green eyes.

"I know what I said earlier was heavy, but I feel quite possessive of you, Gregory," she says with a soft laugh. "I meant everything I said about you making me want to be better. I know that this wasn't your choice, that I made you stay here to help me, but I'm so glad that I did because I couldn't imagine you not being here now. I get that you need time to adjust. You are a human here and I can't even imagine how that must feel for you. Know that you can tell me, or talk to me about whatever, whenever. This will go both ways from now on. I want you to be happy and I hope that you will be here, but if you don't want to stay, then I will return you to your life on Earth." She looks down, hiding her upset over that thought.

If I had *any* doubts about my choice to stay here, that would have blown it away. She is willing to forego her own happiness for me.

"I'm staying," I say firmly. "But I need time to process what that really means for me, along with the very important, and upsetting fact that I will age and die and all of you will go on as if I was never

here.”

Her eyes widen again, but this time flood with sadness. “I-I didn’t even think of that,” she admits, embarrassed.

“Why would you? It’s not something that concerns you,” I say, perhaps more brusquely than I meant to. “Sorry,” I add quickly. “It’s just...difficult.”

“I get that, and I don’t want you to get old, die and leave me.”

“Neither do I,” I point out.

“I can find a way...”

I hold my hand up to stop her train of thought. “No, don’t find a way to make me immortal. I am nowhere near being able to wrap my head around that concept.”

She nods, but I’m not convinced. She will find a way and then I’ll be forced to face my fears about living forever in Hell. It makes it easier to think there is a shelf life on this, even if it is upsetting and morbid.

“Go now and find Shax. I’m not going anywhere but I’m not jumping headfirst into this either.”

“I accept that,” she says. “I’m disappointed as the thought of corrupting you plagues me, but I accept it.”

The twinkle in her eyes makes me laugh. “You will get your chance, Annabelle. I promise.”

She gives me a kiss on my cheek and then she flames out, leaving me in her bedroom alone. I turn to leave via the door, but the massive frame of Killian, I think his name is, blocks my way. “Got a minute, Doc? We need to talk,” he rumbles out.

I try not to show my fear, but I don’t think I succeed very well. He is the most terrifying creature of Hell that I’ve come across apart from the twins. “S-Sure,” I stammer, hoping that he isn’t going to smash me into tiny pieces with his huge fist.

“Sit,” he growls, and I do as he says.

I wait for him to start as he paces up and down, a man with a lot on his mind. When he does, I’m surprised by his revelation, but thankful that it is something I can fix.



### Annabelle

I send myself straight to Shax. I'm surprised to find him and my mother in the caverns that run deep under the residence. They are here for our protection, should we ever need them. No one can get in without the Devil's power, and apparently also Dark Angel power.

He has his arms folded across his chest and Mom has her hands resting lightly on them as they both turn to look at me.

"Fuck off," Shax snarls at me.

"I know that I deserve that but please, Shax, don't leave me," I implore him.

He sighs and pulls away from Mom. "I'm going regardless of whether you'd betrayed me or not. I have to see what the other side is like, away from here."

"Away from *me*, you mean?" I ask bitterly.

He looks away. "Indirectly, away from you. What you did to find the key was low, Belle, really low, but...I knew that keeping it from you would make you do something stupid. I should've trusted you."

I'm not sure if this means he forgives me or not. We've never had a rift in our relationship before. It's uncharted territory.

"Where are you going to go?" I croak, wringing my hands slightly.

"Earth. I'm not sure where I will settle. I like New Zealand."

I give him a horrified look. "Earth?"

"I need a neutral place, where else am I going to go?" he snaps at me.

"Err," I falter because I have no clue. "What happens if you decide you don't want to come back?" I ask softly.

He shrugs. "I haven't got to that point yet," he says shortly.

He is being evasive. I know it as well as he does.

"I can't convince you to stay, can I," I state. It isn't a question. I have come to the realization that he is going and I'm going to have to let him.

He shakes his head.



“Be careful out there,” I mutter.

He gives me a scathing look.

“I’m not asking for myself, you asshole!” I spit. “I will be worried every second of every day that you are gone. I can’t lose you completely.”

I fling myself at him, wrapping my arms around him tightly. He wraps his around me and squeezes. I know that I’m forgiven now.

“I’ll miss you.” I choke back the sob. “Please, please be safe.”

“I’ll miss you too,” he whispers. “I will, I promise. I’m a lot harder to take down than I look.” He pulls away and smirks at me.

“I know that, but...”

He holds his hand up. “I’ll be fine, Sis.”

I nod and then with a shaky smile at our mother, I vanish from the caverns, straight to my bathroom to do something that I’ve never done in all my life.

I cry.



SOMETIME LATER, I CRAWL OUT OF MY HIDING PLACE TO FIND ELIJAH, KILLIAN, ALEISTER AND Drescal, sitting around my bedroom like they own the place.

I raise an eyebrow at them, hoping that they didn’t hear me crying. Oh, the shame.

None of them comment or give me looks of pity, so I lean casually in the doorway with my arms crossed.

“What is this?” I ask.

“Killian has something to say to you,” Elijah blurts out.

“Oh?” I fix my glare on the humongous Horseman of War. He doesn’t flinch, he gives me a level look back but there is a hint of something in those lovely eyes. “What is it?”

I swear if he decides this isn’t for him, I will kick his ass *and* that of his horse to the pits of Hell and back. I may have started out not wanting him, but after our encounter earlier, I’m a little bit obsessed with him. Especially getting him to treat me like a little slut again.

He clears his throat and moves forward, marginally. “I’m leaving,” he states and my heart drops to my feet.

“Oh?” I growl darkly, daring him to keep talking.

“It’s not what you think!” Elijah exclaims. “Fuck’s sake, Lian. Didn’t Gregory advise you on how to do this?”

I frown at him. “Gregory?”

Killian looks over at him with an eye roll. “He did, but theory is easier than practice.”

“Cut to the chase. Why are you leaving me?” I bark out, covering up my hurt. I can’t bear it. First my Dad, then Shax and now Killian. What did I do wrong here? Not to mention, I will also kick Gregory’s ass to the pits where he can stay if he was complicit in making Killian leave me.

I take in a deep breath and calm the Devil’s thoughts. Acting on rage, is what makes one look weak. I refuse to look weak when being dumped, *in public* no less, by a man that I’ve had sex with *once*.

“I’m not leaving *you*, per se. But I will be leaving Hell again to go on assignment back on Earth

shortly.”

I try not to let the relief show on my face. “Of course,” I grit out. “How shortly?”

“There is trouble brewing of its own accord. I will be needed to push it over the edge, but I don’t know when. Roberta will give me a few hours notice.”

“So, you’re going, but you’re coming back, here to me?” I clarify, still leaning casually in the doorway even though I feel like letting loose my claws and destroying the room in my anxiety over waiting for his answer.

“Yes, of course,” he scoffs. “We discussed this already.”

“Lian,” Elijah warns him quietly.

“Lian?” I ask with narrowed eyes. Such familiarity. I wonder suddenly if I’ve made a big mistake in trying to get in between them.

I think Elijah realizes this as he comes over to me and pulls one of my hands away from my chest and takes it in both of his, kissing my knuckles.

“He is bad at this, beautiful. He has never had to worry about anyone else when he goes. I asked him to go to Gregory to try and help, but baby steps, I guess.” He smirks gently.

“I’m fine,” I tell them all as breezily as I can. But I give Elijah a grateful smile so that he knows I appreciate his input. “I know you have work to do,” I add lightly to Killian directly.

“Pah, work,” Drescal scoffs, having made himself comfortable on my bed. “*I* retired to be with her.” The dig is out there before I can wish it away. The last thing I want is the men picking at one another.

“Your job was to fuck other women,” Killian points out, quite blandly. “I should hope you’ve retired. Our Queen deserves that level of respect, and more.”

Drescal scowls at him, but I can’t help the girlish beam that crosses my face. I loosen my tense shoulders and stand up straight.

“No bickering,” I murmur with a look of happiness as I take in these men. I’d hoped that Gregory would also be here, but he is right. He isn’t like us. He is a human and he needs to deal with this in whatever way that humans do. I won’t pretend to get it or understand, but if he wants to discuss it with me, I will give him the respect of listening and taking on board what he says.

“Are we all on the same page about this...” I ask, suddenly full of nerves.

“This being all of us in a relationship?” Elijah asks with a frown.

I focus on Aleister now. He has been silent. I know that he is still worried about his lack of forthcoming about Leviathan. I’ve absolved him, but I guess he needs more from me.

He stands up from the armchair he was squashed into and comes closer. “I believe we are. We had a quick talk while you were...out...” He chooses the word carefully. “We agree that we are here for you and only you. Well, except for whatever you’ve agreed on with Elijah and Killian.”

I chew my lip as I have something to say that might not go down so well. “You are all here because I feel something for you that surpasses anything that I have felt before. You all serve a different purpose, as I explained to my mother, and, yes, we need to figure out the details of that. But I need you all to know that I’m not done. I don’t know if I will need one more or five more males to fulfil my every need. It’s selfish, I know, but I want to be happy and in love. I want what my mother has with my Dad and her other men.”

“Has?” Killian murmurs and I realize with a sinking heart what I just said.

But then I also realize that it doesn’t matter.

“Do you all understand what I’m saying?” I ask.

I get a unanimous ‘yes’ to my surprise. I thought there would be some complaints or concerns.

“Gregory helped us see what this means to you in two sentences,” Drescal says quietly.

“Oh, he did, did he?” I say with a little chuckle. “Dare I ask?”

He shakes his head. “Let us have some secrets,” he replies with a sexy smirk.

I take a deep breath and then a huge leap of faith that makes my hands shake. “Speaking of secrets...uhm, about my Dad...”



### Killian

I stare at Annabelle impassively as she spins a tale of deception so intricate, I'm impressed. Marginally concerned, but impressed, nonetheless.

The other males, perhaps less so.

"Wait!" Drescal says, looking confused.

It doesn't surprise me. Everyone knows that Incubi are just a pretty face.

"Are you saying that Luc isn't dead? That you didn't kill him to take his power? What does that even mean? That you aren't the Devil?" He fires these questions at her and I see her stumble, mentally. She is distraught that he is questioning her rule.

"Of course she is," I scoff, having her back as that is what it means to be with me. Whether you are right or wrong, I won't fuck you over unless I have a damn good reason.

I don't.

I have the opposite.

"I saw her shift outside, not to mention the stories I've heard since I returned, about her earlier days as Queen. You've all seen that she has the power. Do *not* question that."

I feel her eyes on me and cast my gaze to her. Those emerald eyes are filled with something that I have seen a thousand times before, but never, ever paid attention to.

Adoration.

It hits me hard.

Fucking hard.

I want to go to her and wrap my arms around her, protect her from everything and everyone. I never want her to come to any harm and just like that...I fall.

If I was mostly doing this for Elijah before, with a few benefits for me on the side, I am now with her for *me*. She has done what no one, not even Elijah has been able to do and that is make a crack in the rough exterior that I hold close and never drop, even for him. He gets a glimpse of what's behind it sometimes, but that's my limit.

Until now.

I *do* go to her, wrap my arms around her, hold her close to me, drawing in her scent. “It makes no difference *how* you got the power, just that you have it. Your birthright. Actually, I’m quite pleased that Luc isn’t dead. We always got along,” I add with a smile as I pull back and cup her face. “I hope that he still feels the same way when he finds out about *us*.”

She snorts with amusement. “Thank you,” she mouths at me, taking my hand and kissing my palm. “Same here,” she says out loud in response to my last sentence. “But I have to find him first.”

“We will help you with that,” Elijah says, also coming to reassure her. “The hounds can find almost anything.”

“I tried with Mouse, she didn’t come up with anything,” Annabelle says with a sigh, digging between her tits and pulling out the key that Shax threw at her. “This key that Shax took from you opens the door that he’s behind. I’m sure of it.”

“But Luc gave that to me,” Elijah says, confused. “How could he give it to me if it opens the door he is locked behind?”

Her face falls. “What?” she croaks. “He gave it to you?”

“Err, yeah.”

“Dammit!” she roars.

“Look, Annabelle has trusted us with this information. I, for one, am committed to helping her find her father and keep it a secret until we do, and then we come up with a plausible story at that point. Are you all prepared to do the same?” I ask.

I look at each of them in turn, receiving a verbal confirmation.

I look at Annabelle.

She looks like she’s wrestling with something else, but she gives me a quick grin and says, “Thank you. I know this is shocking and unexpected. I didn’t want to keep it from you now that we are officially doing this.”

“We will find out *how* Luc gave the key to Elijah, what it opens and get to the painting,” Aleister says. “You said before that you thought Leviathan could help? I can make her talk.”

I watch as Annabelle goes apoplectic and I hide my smile. I recall now that the Gargoyle used to be married to Leviathan. Oh, how that must be biting her on the ass right now.

“Over my dead body!” she screeches and fires off a ball of magick that hits the window overlooking the sin bin, shattering it into a million pieces.

“Hey!” comes a plaintive cry from below.

I frown and cross over to the gaping hole, along with the other men. We peer down and see a male Demon waving at us with both arms.

“Devlin!” Drescal calls and waves back. “Come up!”

“I can’t get in!” he shouts back.

“Anna, let him in,” Drescal turns to her.

“In a minute,” I interrupt before she can reply. “Annabelle, if he can help, let him. You told us about this for a reason, let us help you. You trust him, do you not?”

“I don’t trust *her*,” she growls deeply.

“He will be fine,” I brush it off.

She fixes her livid eyes on mine, but then turns to Aleister with a fierce grimace. “Fine,” she grits out. “But if I find out that she has done anything except *talk* to you, you are both dead meat. Got it?”

He gives her a soft smile. “Got it.” He goes to her and she kisses him lightly.

“Hellloooo?” Devlin calls up.

Her face brightens slightly as she hears his voice. I narrow my eyes at her. She has a soft spot for

this Demon, that much is obvious.

She snaps her fingers, a noise that resonates around my head along with the two sentences that Gregory said earlier, and I remain calm in the face of this new male that has come sniffing around.

*She is your Queen; you owe her loyalty and respect above all else. If you want to be with her, then you will accept whatever she throws at you, and then some.*



### Annabelle

“Annie!” Devlin shouts in my face as he appears in my bedroom, after I let him in.

I grimace at him. “Don’t call me that,” I whine. “I hate it.”

“Ah, love, can’t change it now,” he chuckles, knowing I don’t like it, I’ve told him that many times. “Come here.”

I step into his open arms to a bit of bristling going on around me, except from Drescal. He knows the score.

I give Devlin a big squeeze. “Missed you, babe,” I say, pulling away and admiring him openly to his delight. He is tall but not Demon-tall. A shock of black hair that he spikes up, bright blue eyes that are full of mischief and dressed in black jeans, a tight black t-shirt, biker boots, black Ray Bans and a black leather jacket. He has a British accent that is more Sex Pistols, than Gregory’s Hugh Grant.

“Missed you more, love,” he says, bending to give me a lingering kiss on my lips. “So, what’s the what out there?”

I sigh. “Long story.”

He nods knowingly.

“When did you get back?”

“A bit ago.” He gives me a searching look. “There’s been rumblings, love.”

He pauses to bump fists with Drescal and then pulls the sunglasses down his nose to take in the rest of the males. His eyes land back on me, twinkling with amusement.

“Rumblings?” I ask with a frown, ignoring his silent question regarding the males.

“The dead are dancing, love. I wondered if perhaps it was you making a move, you know, to walk the Earth.”

I blink and take that in. Devlin is a necromancer. He can bring anything dead back to life. He is quite skilled as he has been doing this for a while now. Five hundred years, I think. He himself was killed and brought back to life by an immensely powerful necromancer who took an interest in Devlin’s wicked ways. That’s why he is still in his human body. He is the only one of the Demon classes that gets to keep his human body, along with his memories of his life. Only a great

necromancer can make another necromancer as the power is just too great for any old fucker to wield. Lucifer was the original one, obviously. That means that *I* also have that power, although I have never used it. Devlin showing up here is fantastic timing though, as I figure this might be a way to keep Gregory around a bit longer, so that he doesn't age and die and leave me. Okay, so yeah, he *still* has to die, but then he would be just as alive as Devlin when I bring him back. It's only zombification if you don't do it right. Unless that's what you require, of course.

"Annie?" he prompts me as I get lost in my thoughts a little.

"Uhm, no plans to walk the Earth. Yet," I say with a smile.

"Earth?" Elijah mutters and then his eyes shoot to mine. "Anna, we need to talk."

"Okay," I say and wait for him to start.

He gives Devlin a fierce glare, marching over to where we are standing near the bed. "Get out," he growls.

"Hey!" I snap. "Don't be so rude. Dev is welcome here."

"Oh, yeah, Annie and I go way back." He smirks at me.

Drescal lets out a choking laugh, which he turns into a cough as Elijah's stormy gaze lands on him and he takes another step forward.

"Down, puppy," I murmur to Elijah, putting my hand on his solid chest. "Like I said, we are old friends."

"You trust him?" he rumbles, giving Devlin such a scathing once-over, I fear that Dev will take offense and do something stupid.

He does.

I shake my head at him as he gives Elijah a smug look that even *I* want to wipe off his face.

"She trusted me to bust her cherry, which I did on one amazing night, all those years ago. Such a lucky fucker that she chose *me* for that honor, eh?"

Elijah's face goes even darker as the mental image of an innocent me being de-virginized by Devlin, is not to his liking.

Devlin chuckles and takes my hand. "Ever since then, she can't get enough of me."

"Fuck you," I retort with a laugh.

"Don't deny it. You know you're thinking about it right now."

Well, he's got me there. "It's kinda hard not to when you bring it up."

"You are involved with this male?" Elijah asks stiffly.

"You could say that," I admit. "I mean, when he's here we are close."

"We party hard," Devlin says and once again fist bumps Drescal.

I roll my eyes at those two. Best of buds and they have shared me on more than one occasion.

"I'm up for a spit roast whenever you are, love," he adds.

I avoid looking at any of my other men as I daren't even. I can feel the menace without seeing it full on.

"I haven't heard that you trust him," Killian points out, approaching slowly and taking in every inch of Devlin, who is vastly shorter than my fearsome Horseman.

It gives me pause. Do I trust Dev? I don't have a reason not to but that has never been a good enough reason in the past. Do I feel differently now that I've learned to open up a little, especially with something so important?

I'm saved from having to answer that for a moment when a hulking great big-assed Demon appears in my doorway.

"Forgive the intrusion, Your Majesty," Roberta says, "But I am here now to give you an update."



“On what?” I ask, puzzled.

Roberta’s eyes fix Devlin with a death stare. “Didn’t the little shit tell you? I told him to tell you as he said he was coming here.”

“Tell me what?” I ask, stepping closer to her.

“I was getting to it,” Devlin states. “We got sidetracked.”

She sighs. “We’ve put Hell into lockdown. After you shut down the rebellion here, anarchy reigned in the center. I guess everyone was still all riled up and what not. Anyway, Darius and his army are getting all the Demons back into their living quarters, where they will stay until they learn some fucking manners.”

“I see,” I say, trying not to laugh.

Roberta peers around the room with her beady eyes. “You all should be in your own living quarters,” she barks out. “But it’s too fucking late now. If Darius sees anyone roaming around outside, he has orders to annihilate on sight.”

“Orders from whom?” I ask dangerously. “Only *I* have the responsibility to make that order.”

“Me,” she says steadily and gives me a challenging glare. “If you want to overturn my decision, be my guest.”

*Bitch.*

I hear some of the males snicker at the sheer audacity of this female. But she knows I won’t kill her on the spot for insubordination for two reasons. She is right for a start and secondly, she is indispensable. Probably the only Demon in this place that is.

“Very well,” I say stiffly. “Darius will have this well in hand, I’m sure.” He is the most ferocious creature that I’ve come across in Hell since I’ve been here. He used to be my father’s Personal Guard, but he got demoted when I decided I didn’t want one, well, except for Mouse, of course.

I frown. “Where is Mouse?” I ask, looking around.

“She is with Darius, Your Majesty. She is enjoying herself immensely.” She actually lets out a genuine laugh briefly which startles all of us, even Killian. She sobers up quickly. “But seeing as none of you, except for the Queen can transport yourselves anywhere with the lockdown, you will now have to stay here or face annihilation. Good thing you have the room...good day, Your Majesty. I will keep you apprised of the situation.”

I just nod as she disappears, leaving me with five males and a hanging question.

“So, do you trust me, love?”

“Kind of have to now that we’re roomies,” I point out with a huff.

“True, it’s rude to exclude,” Devlin says, jumping onto the bed and making himself comfortable. “What’s the sitch?”



### Annabelle

I look around and decide to take this someplace a little less comfortable. “Let’s go to the Dining Hall,” I say and head for the door. I fear that if we don’t go somewhere there is no bed, we may all end up in a tussle that I’m not sure I want Devlin to be a part of.

Yet.

Don’t get me wrong. He is hot. Seriously hot in that 70’s punk rock style which does it for me in a big way. I always thought that if I had to live on Earth, it would’ve been back then.

Plus, he makes fun out of a fucking death march. I *always* laugh around him. We have an amazing time in and out of the sack, but that is what makes it great.

It’s casual.

No strings, just a really good time, usually, okay always, followed by fantastic sex. Sometimes with Drescal which makes it even better. I get the sensual *and* fun out of it.

*Uhm, why aren’t I jumping at the chance to include him again?* I’ve kind of lost where I was going with this.

“Anna,” Drescal murmurs in my ear. “I know what you’re thinking.”

I give him a fierce glare and march away from him down the stairs. How can he, when I don’t even know?

*Where was I? Oh, yes. The other males.*

They are all here because this *isn’t* casual. There *are* strings attached and I want it that way. I guess part of my hesitation in grabbing Devlin by the cock and leading him straight to my bed is that he will leave me again in the morning...and I’m done with that. I don’t want casual anymore. I want my sex to have meaning and feelings behind it.

Ugh. When did I become such a *woman* about these things?

*When you got over yourself and grew the fuck up, bitch.*

“You need to shut the fuck up, right now,” I growl at myself. My brain shouldn’t be left unoccupied, it wanders towards dangerous self-reflection.

“Huh?” Devlin asks, having caught up with me halfway down the stairs. “I didn’t say anything.”

I let out a Devilish growl, yes, Devilish with a capital D, so he knows to leave me alone for a minute.

He does.

Shows that he knows me.

*Dammit.*

I'm making excuses now. I haven't even given him the opportunity to stay, automatically assuming he will leave.

"So," I bark out as we all arrive in the huge, foreboding Dining Hall. I sit down at the head of the table and the males find themselves a chair to pull up. "Someone get Gregory for me? He should be a part of this too."

No takers.

"That wasn't a request," I point out and Aleister jumps up to go and find him.

Killian sneers at Elijah. "Not you, *puppy*?"

"Fuck off," he snarls back, but then thankfully Gregory and Aleister return and sit down.

"I'll start at the beginning again," I say and fill everyone in again on what happened to Dad. Once everyone is up to speed and also having had the story recounted for some, I sit back. I know that I have to come clean about the rest of it. I just need an opener.

"I mentioned Earth and you went all growl-y," Devlin says, pointing at Elijah. "What's up with that?"

Elijah looks at me earnestly.

"Look, he knows as much as you do now, so we're going all in," I say, leaning over taking his hand briefly before I sit back again.

"I think Luc is on Earth," Elijah states. "I also think there must be another key. He couldn't have locked himself away and then come to me to give me the key. It makes no sense, but I *do* think that he gave it to me for safe keeping for you when the time came for you to open whatever it has locked."

"Okay, why Earth, though?" I ask.

"You said Musmortus hasn't been able to track your father down. She should have if he'd been here. I don't think he is here. Now your little friend over here says that the dead are rumbling. They know something is coming. It *is* you, Anna, you have to go to Earth to bring your father home."

"Once I find whatever the key opens, though. Who knows what it is? It could be any fucking thing." I feel myself getting angry and count to three, plastering a smile on my face.

I catch Gregory's eye and he gives me an encouraging nod.

It relaxes me to the point where I can stop digging my nails into the wooden table.

"You said that Leviathan can help with that," Aleister says, "But how? She has been imprisoned all this time."

I feel my cheeks go slightly warm. "Err, yeah, about that..."

"What aren't you telling us?" Drescal asks. He is sitting on my right-hand side, so he laces our fingers together. "You've trusted us so far, why not all the way."

"This next part is...I *cannot* stress to you enough how sensitive this information is. I mean the bit about my Dad is bad, but this is...I don't know if I can tell you." I lock eyes with Gregory, a few chairs down.

"All in," he repeats my words back to me.

I grimace at him. But I know he's right. I can't give them half a story. They need to know that when we find Dad, we are more than likely going to find Great-Grandad too.

"Whatever it is, you can trust us," Aleister says.

“Okay, here goes. My father wasn’t the only one locked in a painting for his power. The original Lucifer is also somewhere out there and I’m fairly sure he is waiting for me to release him and take his power back.”

Silence.

Not even a breath, not even a blink from any of them.

“Fucking hell,” Devlin finally states.

“Yeah,” I agree, thankful that the ice has been broken.

“You are saying that Lucifer is alive?” Killian clips out.

“Alive is the wrong word. He is trapped in a painting. Or a part of his essence is. He needed to give up almost all of it to get trapped in the painting in the first place.”

“How?” he barks out.

“If you need the whole story...”

“I do!”

I give him a fierce glare, which does nothing to quell the anger in his eyes. But I don’t get the impression that he is angry with me.

Interesting.

“I’m not too clear, only what my parents told me. Apparently, my great-grandmother was a bit of a psycho. Suppose that’s a given though being married to him...anyway...when she started failing at life after giving him a disappointing son, she cooked up this plan to let their son take his power, but keep him on simmer until a new Demon Bound, that was stronger than her, could be found so that Lucifer could then swoop in and take....”

“What’s a Demon Bound?” Devlin pipes up.

“Good question,” Drescal adds, giving my hand a squeeze.

“Basically the Devil needs to find a female that is strong enough to withstand mating with him in his completely natural form and also, for her to be able to hold onto the evil seed that is needed to create the new heir of Hell. I have no idea how the reverse will work for me,” I give a nervous laugh, “seeing as I have no seed with which to impregnate someone...”

I get revolted looks back at that statement.

“So, Axelle was Luc’s Demon Bound, and she lived stronger than ever,” Killian says to move this story along and way from evil sperm.

“Yep. Strongest to have ever lived. Literally, but on a short list of three. Grandmother died in childbirth and Great-grandmother, who devolved from Lucifer’s beautiful wife into the ancient crone, wanted to use my mother to get him out of the painting so that he could impregnate her, and they could bear a child. This one supposedly “worthy” of the honor. I killed her.”

“Wh-when?” Gregory asks askance.

“A few minutes after I was born,” I say, quite proud of this fact.

“How?” Devlin asks incredulously.

“My wings,” I say smugly.

“Huh.”

“The point *is* Lucifer is out there waiting for me to set him free. I have ‘his’ power, so I, along with my mother, are the only two who can, that I know for sure. Doesn’t mean that there isn’t someone else out there who can and *will* release him.”

“Like Leviathan,” Aleister says quietly.

“Got it in one.”

“It makes sense that he is on Earth somewhere then. She is tied to Hell; she cannot walk the Earth.

Even in death, she will never leave here. If she could've found him, she would've released him centuries ago."

I take that pertinent piece of information in and then give him a moue of distaste. "Really? She will haunt this place if I kill her?"

He nods. "It is why she wanted you to kill her when you cornered her; she can never really be gone. She would be free as a specter rather than imprisoned for eternity."

"Crafty bitch," I growl.

"Now you see what I had to deal with," he says with a small smile.

"Poor you," I commiserate with him.

"So, find Luc, find Lucifer, is that about right?" Killian interrupts our 'moment'.

"Yep."

"Then I am all in," he says standing up.

"What's your beef with Great-Gramps?" I ask, giving him a narrow-eyed look.

"That's between him and me," he growls, seriously pissed off.

"Well, this has been all heavy and shit," Devlin says. "Any chance of a shag now, Annie?"

All eyes turn to him. I giggle as the other males grimace.

"About that," I start.

"Anna," Drescal murmurs. "Bring him in, it'll be fun."

"That's up to him," I mutter back.

"Bring me into what?" Devlin asks, raking his gaze over me. "You got yourself a little orgy party planned, baby?"

"More than that," I say.

He raises an eyebrow at me. "I see," he says. "Were you going to ask me to join the party?"

"Do you want to?" I venture cautiously.

"What are the rules?" he asks in a low voice, leaning forward.

"I claim you as mine," I reply, also in a low tone. "You don't stray from my bed unless one of these males takes your fancy. You don't get to leave in the morning."

His sparkling blue eyes flash with a dangerous desire that I've never seen there before.

He licks his lips as he contemplates my words.

Then he sits back and lifts his feet up onto the table. He digs a cigarette out of his jacket pocket and lights it. "Well, about fucking time, Annie. This necromancer has wanted you to man up for years and see that I can rock your world for good, baby. I'm fucking *in*!"

My eyes widen at this sudden turnaround. "Seriously?" I ask, because I'll be damned again if I take that as a given. He has never given me any indication that he felt this way.

"Serious as a fucking heart attack," he says and then looks around, his eyes landing on Gregory with interest.

"Hands off," I warn him.

Devlin locks eyes with me but understanding floods his features. "Gotcha," he says, standing up and then pulls a pair of handcuffs out of his back pocket, holding them up for all to see. "Now, who's gonna let me cuff 'em and whip 'em til they start to beg?"

I raise my hand slowly, seductively and all eyes land on me again.

The mood changes instantly.

I have gone from being the predator to the prey. I see Gregory slip out of the Dining Hall before I am swept up, stripped of my clothes, laid out spread-eagled on the dining table with my hands cuffed above my head, for my males to ravish me however they see fit.

Until it's my turn, of course, and then they had better watch out...there's a She-Devil about.



### Annabelle

“I have a fantasy of you,” Devlin whispers to me as I wiggle on the table. Drescal is licking my cunt as Elijah finger-fucks me and it is driving me wild.

“Oh, yeah?” I pant. “What’s that then?”

He tweaks my nipple, then twists it so hard it sends a bolt of lust straight to my clit. I arch as the climax tears through me.

My hands are cuffed above my head, so my shoulders ache as I buck through the heat whirling through my veins, making my head go light.

“Oh, yes,” Devlin purrs in my ear. “You are perfect, Annie.”

As the orgasm dies down, I give him an ingratiating smile. “Tell me your fantasy, Dev. I’m here to please until I decide it’s my turn.”

He laughs darkly. “Are you sure you want to hear it?”

“Now? Even more.”

He leans in closer and lowers his voice. “I want to fuck you while you are completely still. Held down. I want to ride you so hard while you just lie there and let me.”

“Don’t like active partners?” I giggle, his words having made my heart beat faster.

“Not this time,” he says, placing his hand in between my tits and pushing down hard. “No moving,” he states louder so that the other men can hear. He looks at Elijah. “You’re a big boy. Hold her down for me.”

Elijah gives me a questioning look, but at my nod, he agrees and moves around to push down on my hands with his great strength.

“War? Be a dear and use your magick to hold me still,” I say, with a wicked smirk at Devlin.

Killian, who has thus far just been watching this show from the chair that he hasn’t moved from for a while, flicks his wrist and I feel myself pinned to the dining table, not able to move a muscle. I know that I out power him and could get myself out of it, but I don’t want to. I want to give Devlin his fantasy and a really big part of me wants to feel helpless again. Ever since that night in the sin bin it has plagued me. I have *never* been helpless a day in my life. Not even as a hours’ old baby. Suddenly,

I want what Aleister accused me of engaging in when he came to me the morning after the Gargoyle and Razor had sex with me. I want dark and dirty playtime. I want to be running for my life, chased down. *Hunted*. I want to feel fear, I want to be afraid of what they will do to me when they find me. I want them to catch me and force me to service them. I want them to use me, hurt me.

I see only one way to achieve this and it is to astral project out of my body.

But now isn't the time for that. My filthy dark thoughts won't be well received. I doubt any of these men will do as I want them to. I have to prep them, prime them for the ultimate chase. I shiver as I think about it. My nipples peak painfully. I try to move, but Killian's magick is holding me in place. If I pushed back it would break, but I don't want to. I can give the depraved part of myself a little taste by playing this out the way Devlin wants it.

"Oh, love," he says, stripping off his clothes. "You're really going to let me do this?"

I nod, having the ability to move my head, but that seems to be it.

He groans loudly and takes his hard cock in his hand to tug a few times.

I see Killian lean forward in his chair, taking more than a passing interest in this now. Maybe he won't be so hard to convince to play my debauched game with me. His breathing is steady but deep.

As Devlin leaps up onto the table and crawls over to me, I get a little spike. It's not enough to satisfy the new craving, but it's a start.

He slides his fingers over my slippery clit and into my pussy, enjoying finger-fucking me for a just a moment. I want to writhe against the hard wood, but I can't. My breath quickens. I find his eyes and adopt, what I think, is a fearful look on my face.

His eyes go wide, and he stops what he's doing, freezing as he takes in my features. Then he chuckles. He sees that I'm putting it on, and he gives me a lazy grin. "Oh, really, sweetheart? You got a deep, dirty fantasy you aren't telling us?"

"Maybe," I whisper. "Please don't hurt me."

He closes his eyes and shakes his head. Opening them again, he licks his lips. "Don't," he says darkly, looming over me.

He braces his hands on either side of me.

"Please," I whisper.

"*Ahna*," I hear Drescal murmur urgently.

"Let her play," Aleister says, surprising me.

He too, has mostly been watching this spectacle, but him speaking up now has made my insides twist.

His eyes bore into mine. "Is this because of the other night?" he asks.

I nod, licking my lips.

"You want to feel powerless, knowing you have the power to stop it anytime?"

I nod. He totally gets it.

I look back at Devlin. His blue eyes have gone black. I didn't know they could do that. I guess I have never really seen the dark side to him.

"You want this, don't you, baby?" I ask.

He is panting, his dick is twitching.

"Please!" I scream when he doesn't answer me. "I'll do anything! Please don't hurt me!"

"Oh, fuck," he groans and thrusts his cock into me hard.

I close my eyes, giving him what he wants on a much larger scale than he's imagined. He is rock-hard inside me. I can already feel the climax starting to build. But that would kind of ruin it if I came all over his dick right now.



“Oh, Annie,” he murmurs as he pounds into me.

I cry out, wishing that I could move, to join in, but this feeling of utter helplessness is turning me on. Big time.

He pumps a few more times and then he is coming inside me quickly with a loud grunt. “Oh, that’s it, baby.”

“More,” Killian says quietly, still seated unmoving in his chair. He moves his eyes from me to Elijah, who moves away from me and goes to him. He drops to his knees. I can’t really see what’s going now, seeing as I can’t move my head that far, but I’m guessing that he is about to give Killian a blow job as Killian watches me get fucked as I lie helplessly on this table.

I’m not wrong.

His sharp intake of breath is a give away.

“More!” he demands to Devlin. “Fuck her ass while she can’t move.”

Devlin lets out a soft moan and flips me over.

“Ow,” I let out a muffled cry as my cheek hits the wood painfully hard.

“Don’t, Annie. Don’t say things like that, not right now,” he murmurs to me.

I hide my smile. He has some seriously fucked-up fantasies, but they seem to fall in line with my fucked-up fantasy too.

He looks at Killian. “Can you suspend her somehow so that Drescal can fuck her mouth?”

I’m guessing that he can, as suddenly, I’m uncuffed and on all fours, but still not able to move myself. “Fucking Hell,” I breathe out. I watch as Drescal quickly pulls his dick out of his pants and without a second thought shoves it in my mouth. Devlin lubes up my rear hole with pussy juice and then he drives into me, balls deep. I’m spit roasted like a suckling pig, not being able to move as these two males use me.

I close my eyes and just *feel*.

Aleister joins in then. He slips his fingers into my pussy, his thumb on my clit. I groan and now I’ve had enough. I want *my* turn.

Pushing back against Killian’s magick, I let out a roar of triumph as Drescal stumbles back. I pull myself off Devlin’s cock and stand up on the table.

“There she is,” Killian murmurs before he closes his eyes and comes in Elijah’s mouth with a soft moan.

I gasp as I realize what Killian’s fantasy was. He wanted to see me take back my power. I shiver with delight and then click my fingers at Aleister.

“On the table, Gargoyle.”

He does as I instruct, a smile on his face. I run my hand over his body, making his clothes disappear so that I can climb on top of him and slide my pussy over his engorged cock.

“Back to your posts,” I command Devlin and Drescal.

They do so quickly and with loud moans of desire.

Before Drescal guides his cock back into my mouth, I look at Elijah. “With Devlin, if you please, puppy. I want my ass filled up with double dick. I want to come so hard, the whole of Hell will hear me.”

He doesn’t need asking twice and with a satisfied smile on my lips, I open up for Drescal to fuck my mouth until he comes.

Aleister thrusts up, coming hard as Devlin and Elijah nearly split my asshole wide open. I shudder, feeling the orgasm build up and rain down on me in a torrential downpour of pure fire and delight.

“Killian,” I pant, with my eyes closed. “I need you.”

I feel myself dragged off the three dicks and the table to be settled on my Horseman’s lap, his dick at my cunt as he now lies back on the table.

“Let them keep fucking me, Master, please,” I beg him opening my eyes to stare into his.

“As you wish, Princess,” he murmurs, then looks over my shoulder at them. “Fuck her ass until she screams.”

I’m pushed forward as Killian rams his monster cock inside me. I’m so wet, I’m dripping as I’m nailed by three huge thrusting dicks.

“Fuck,” Devlin pants. “Oh, FUCK!” he roars and shoots his load into me, followed closely by Elijah.

Released of the double anal, I start to ride Killian hard. He lets me for a few moments before he growls at me and rolls us off the table onto the hard stone floor.

“Oof,” I cry as my back hits the unforgiving slabs.

“On your knees, bitch,” Killian whispers to me and I do as he says.

He pounds into me from behind, making me come for a final time, my pussy clutching his dick in desperation for more.

“Uhn,” he groans and then unloads into me. “You’re a filthy whore,” he murmurs. “Letting them fuck your ass like that. Such a dirty slut. Go and clean up.” He withdraws from me and slaps my ass hard. Then he kisses my ass cheek and I smile.

I have never felt quite so satisfied in all my life. Any doubts that I had about how this circle would work, are washed away.

As I stand up, I catch a glimpse of Gregory in the shadows. How much of this did he see?

We lock eyes. He gives me a slow smile and then he slips back out before any of the men notices he is here.

“I’m going to shower and then get to bed. Something tells me the Daily Dealings are off until this lockdown is over,” I say to the men. They agree and head back upstairs with me to figure out where the Hell we are all going to sleep tonight.



### Aleister

It was hard to leave Annabelle, fast asleep in her bed, but I've ignored my duty for long enough. The pull of both Roberta and the Gargoyles has been clawing at me for a while now. I step outside the residence and shift. I spread my wings and take flight. If Darius wants to come up here and drag me out of the sky to throw me into lockdown at the Rooftop, then good luck to him.

You know, seeing as he can't fly.

I fly away from Annabelle's residence and towards the center of Hell. It is quiet. Eerily so. It is dark and the air smells of anger and fear. I fly over the center of Hell and do a quick sweep over the pits. This is where the worst of the worst live. Those shunned and thrown out of society, those that have been recycled, but are no good to be put to work to earn their living down here or on Earth, which are the most coveted of jobs.

There are Demon Guards surrounding the place, so it is reasonably quiet, save for the wails of the stricken every now and again. I turn and head back over the center to the Admin block where Roberta reigns supreme. She has served for centuries and no one knows the Demons that have come through here as well as she does.

I land on the roof and shift again, heading straight for the door that leads down to the offices.

"Aleister," Roberta drawls as I enter her office without knocking. "How good of you to show up."

"Not exactly easy with the lockdown," I say lightly.

"Pah," she scoffs. "All you gotta do is spread your wings, Aleister."

"And the others who can fly?"

"Clipped. For now."

"My Gargoyles?"

"Obviously not. They are needed as lookouts. That's why we needed you. You have to instruct them. Igor is not, how do I put this delicately...*you*."

"On it," I say and turn to head out. Her next words stop me.

"You are with the Queen now?" she asks with a false sweetness that belies a deeper, more menacing meaning.

I turn back to face her. “Is that any of your business?”

“It is if you intend to live with her in the residence.”

“I can’t leave my Gargoyles.”

“So you *won’t* be living with her then?”

I give her a hard stare. “Not unless the Gargoyles move with me.”

“She will be disappointed, I’m sure,” she says derisively. “But at least she won’t be alone.”

There it is. The dig she has been dying to get out since she saw us all crowded into Annabelle’s room.

“No, she won’t,” I say, not rising to the bait.

“She has allied herself with a powerful set of males,” she says, almost as a warning, but to what?

“So she should,” I retort and then I leave, not giving her a chance to make whatever point she wanted to.

I go back up to the roof and shift again, this time to go to the Rooftop and to organize the Gargoyles. With this lockdown in place, the Demons will be getting nastier than usual and chaos will reign down at some point. The Gargoyles need to be out there to spot it before the whole society of Hell degenerates into anarchy. Annabelle will be forced into severe action if that happens which will have catastrophic consequences for us all.

Most of all her.



AFTER A QUICK BUT THOROUGH BRIEFING, I HAVE ORGANIZED THE GARGOYLES INTO SECTIONS OF HELL and on shift rotation. I will have to check in constantly with them over the next few days. It will be draining, linking to each of them in turn to see what they are seeing, feel what they are feeling.

“I’ll be at the Queen’s residence for the next few hours,” I tell Igor before I leave again. “I’ll be back before day breaks.”

He nods stoically. “I will contact you if I need you.”

I nod and shift, heading back to the roof of the residence before I return to my human form and slip inside.

Turning the corner from the stairs that lead to the roof, I bump into Shax.

He gives me a narrow-eyed look. “Thought this place was on lockdown.”

“It is. I was still with your sister when Roberta shut us down,” I say carefully.

He raises an eyebrow at me. “*With* her or just with her?”

“*With*,” I reply.

“Hmm. I see. Look after her while I’m gone. She is difficult and demanding and will drive you up the wall, but she’s a good girl,” he says quietly.

I chuckle. “I can’t wait to find out.”

He shakes his head at me with a tut. “You’ll learn,” he says and stalks off, his bag slung over his shoulder and giving me a backhanded wave.

I debate with myself whether to say anything. I don’t know Shax at all. I know of him, as he seems to know about me, but I risk it and call out softly, “Don’t be gone long. She will worry until you get back.”

He stops and turns to regard me closely. “It’s your job now to make sure she doesn’t,” he states and then he is gone.

I feel a slight chill at his ominous words. He made it sound like he wasn't going to come back. There is no way that I can tell that to Annabelle. In fact, I'm going to keep this entire encounter to myself.

I quietly creep back into her bedroom to see her still flat out and surrounded by her males. I smile, glad that I'm one of them, but knowing at the same time that it *is* going to be difficult with her sometimes.

Not that it matters. I'm here now and that is all that matters.

I make myself comfortable in the huge armchair and close my eyes. I let myself fall asleep for in a few hours time, I will be on duty for a really long time.

It is going to be a trying day and I have a feeling that it is going to get worse before it gets better.



### Shax

I try not to think about leaving Annabelle and my family. I've said my goodbyes to my parents and now it's time for me to go in case I change my mind.

I round the corner that leads to the stairs and then stop.

"Shax," Shadow says quietly. She is standing uncertainly next to an open door that leads to a cleaning closet, dressed in her usual jeans and long-sleeved tee.

"What do you want?" I say with a sigh. I can't deal with any more emotional bullshit right now. Then I frown. "How did you even get in here? I heard all winged creatures had been clipped."

"Bannister heard it was coming and warned us," she says, mentioning the Head Griffin by name which further pisses me off. "I slipped out before the lockdown went into place."

"Why?" I ask her, lowering my bag to the floor.

"I feel terrible about how we left things," she says, coming a bit closer. She has her own bag, held in her hand behind her back.

My heart thumps.

"I realized after our conversation that I was taking advantage of you," she ventures.

I frown harder before the penny drops, hopefully right side up. "You mean taking for granted?" I ask quietly.

"Yes," she says with a soft smile. "I knew you would always be there when I wanted you to be. I *took you for granted* and I'm sorry. After you shouted at me and asked me to leave before, I was hurt. I didn't like it."

"No one does," I say lightly.

"I want to come with you on your travels," she states, holding up her bag. "I have no possessions except for these clothes, but maybe we can fill this bag together?"

I stare into her beautiful yellow eyes and swallow.

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes. As long as you promise I can shift when I need to."

"I will find us a place where we can fly together," I tell her and go to her, crushing her between

the wood paneled wall and me. My mouth finds hers as my hands disappear up her tee. She hates underwear, says she has no need for it, so I find her tits bare, her nipples peaked and ready for me to pinch.

She moans into my mouth and kisses me back fervently. I rapidly undo the button and zipper on her jeans and shove them down a bit before getting my own pants open and my dick out. It is quick, hot and just what I needed as I thrust up into her tight pussy, her legs unable to part much for me due to the denim restraint.

“Yes, Shax,” she pants, running her hands into my hair. “I’m sorry I was horrible to you.”

“It’s okay, baby,” I rasp as I already feel myself coming. “It’s okay. I love you. Oh, fuck, yeeees!” My soft cry is muffled in her waves of light brown hair. I feel her shudder at the same time that I flood her and feel a sense of satisfaction that I got it done for her even when I was focused solely on me.

I withdraw and do us both up quickly. I grab our bags and then her hand. “Let’s go.”

She grins at me excitedly and my heart soars. She really wants to do this. I wasn’t sure if it was because she felt bad about before, but I know now that it’s not. She wants to be with me.

I flap my wings, transporting us to the Wastelands first, and then suddenly we are standing on top of the mountain, having left Hell behind us.

Shadow gasps at the sunlight and the snow under her feet. She walks away from me, shivering but in absolute delight as her footsteps make a crunching noise.

I smile at her as I see her delight. She throws her arms out and spins around laughing, then she pauses and makes a noise that sounds like pure lust as she takes in the view.

“Can we fly here?” she asks me, not taking her eyes from the expanse of sky and crisp white mountaintops.

I nod at her, wanting to give her everything her heart desires. I see her shiver again and I click my fingers, bringing a warm coat to my hands. I help her into it, and she looks up at me in wonder, seeing, feeling and experiencing all of these new things.

I curl her hair behind her ear with a smile and bend down to kiss her lightly.

I turn when I hear a noise behind me, pushing Shadow back, protecting her.

“Shax,” Vazna says. “I’m glad you came back.”

“I didn’t come for you,” I tell him, annoyed that he has interrupted us.

Shadow peers out from behind me to stare at the Angel. She lets out a little gasp as she sees his white wings and gives me a fearful look.

“Come with me, somewhere we can talk,” Vazna says, holding out his hand for me.

I debate with myself on whether I should. But didn’t I come here because it was neutral, and so that I could decide for myself? However, if I don’t have all the facts, on the other side, how can I truly decide?

I look down at Shadow, her eyes wide and then cut my gaze back to Vazna. “Can she come?” I ask, indicating Shadow with my head.

Vazna takes her in. I don’t know if he is aware of what she is, but he gives her a friendly smile and says, “Of course.”

Shadow and I exchange a glance. She reaches out and grips my hand tightly, showing me that she is ready and prepared to do whatever I decide. Even though all of this is so foreign to her and her natural instinct is to go on the offensive, her complete faith in me makes me choke back a sob of happiness.

I take a step forward with her clinging to me, and I reach for Vazna’s hand.

“This doesn’t mean anything,” I say, needing to get that on the record.

“Of course not,” he replies with that same friendly smile on his face.

We clasp hands and thunder rumbles up ahead, the mountain shakes underneath our feet and then everything is shrouded in a fine mist.

“Where are we?” Shadow whispers fearfully, gripping me even tighter.

I look around with narrowed eyes. “Good fucking question,” I reply.





### Annabelle

*“Shax?” I call out, but there is no reply, no sounds, nothing except my own beating heart. I’m surrounded by mist, it’s bright and warm. I feel a hand slide into mine.*

*“Shax?”*

*“Sorry, no,” Sid says with disappointment etched on his face.*

*“Sid!” I exclaim. “Oh, look at you.” I take him in. He is completely whole, even in this weird dreamscape that I’m in. I know it isn’t real.*

*He looks down shyly. “It didn’t take long. Razor is terrified.”*

*“Good,” I comment stiffly. “About that...I don’t want you to take him.”*

*He gives me a searching look and then looks away. “I understand why. I just thought...”*

*“I don’t want to look at him when I can look at you,” I finish my thought quickly.*

*He brings his eyes back to mine. “Perhaps he was the wrong choice. I will find someone else.”*

*“No, Sid! I don’t need you to possess someone else. I just want you to be you.” I add softly.*

*“I wish I understood why,” he sighs. “But your wish is my command.”*

*I choose not to use this moment to reiterate that I care about him. Instead, I ask, “What is all of this?”*

*“I don’t know,” he says slowly. “This is coming from your brother.”*

*I give him a confused look as a large trunk appears at our feet. I look down at it, knowing exactly what it is. I reach for it, but my hand goes straight through it. “How?”*

*“I’m connected to him now. I don’t really understand it as I am out of his head. I still have a feel for him.”*

*“Oh,” I say, wondering what to make of that.*

*“You need to wake up, Annabelle. Things are going terribly wrong,” he says suddenly and disappears before I can ask about the box at my feet.*

*“Wait! Sid!”*



I MOAN AND STIR ON THE BED, OPENING MY EYES QUICKLY AND LOCKING THEM WITH SID'S. HE IS sitting on the dresser stool, pulled up close to me. He drags his eyes from mine to evaluate the situation, which is me surrounded by naked sleeping males. I don't bother to hide my own nudity. In fact, I want him to see my body.

I crawl over Elijah carefully so as not to wake him and slip off the bed.

Sid stands up so that his face isn't inches from my pussy, which makes me smile. He is so nervous, so shy. It's sweet and it makes me care even more for him. I step forward and take him in my arms, pressing my body against his. He doesn't move a muscle.

"Hold me," I murmur to him.

He carefully wraps his arms around me, and we just stand there for a few moments.

"I'm glad you're back."

"Me too," he whispers into my hair.

"Don't jump to conclusions about what you see here," I tell him, stepping back slightly. "I haven't given up on you."

He blinks slowly. "I..."

"Don't say anything," I say, putting my fingers to his lips. "You asked me if I could ever love you. The answer is yes. But you have to give me a chance. I'm learning and if you want me to love you, then you have to let me in."

"Annabelle," he whimpers but then shakes his head. "There is no time for this. Please, chaos is descending. You need to fix it. Fix it now!"

His desperation snaps me out of the mellow mood I had going. "What do you mean?" I ask urgently, wondering if this has to do with Lucifer and the box I saw in my dream. "The box?"

"See for yourself!"

I snap my fingers and clothe myself in black leather pants and a tight black tee. If I have to fight until the shift takes me over, then better to look kickass than naked.

I don't waste any time in flaming out beyond the residence walls.

"Unholy shit!" I exclaim, as I take in the scene with wide eyes.

It is deserted, there is no one out here, but Sid was right. Chaos doesn't even cover it.

I shiver from actual cold and snap my chilly fingers. I huddle further into the warm black coat, pulling the fur collar further up around my neck.

I turn around, utterly dumbfounded.

"Oh, Shax, what have you done?" I mutter.

I squint my eyes against the blinding light of the changed landscape. The snowflakes fall lightly to rest on my eyelashes, the cold breeze flicks my hair around me.

Hell has literally frozen over, and I'm fucked if I know how to fix it.

**The End**

**The 2<sup>nd</sup> Demon Queen Series Book: Pandora's Box is available for pre-order for delivery September 24th, 2020, exclusive to Amazon.**

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Eve is a British novelist with a specialty for paranormal romance, with strong female leads, causing her to develop a Reverse Harem Fantasy series, several years ago: The Forever Series.

She lives in the UK, with her husband and four kids, so finding the time to write is short, but definitely sweet. She currently has two ongoing series, with a number of spin-offs in the making. Eve hopes to release some new and exciting projects in the next couple of years, so stay tuned!

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